THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

OCTOBER 30, 1948

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How to Devour Your Husband

A Million Words A Minute

First authorized story of the latest transmission miracle

Page 13

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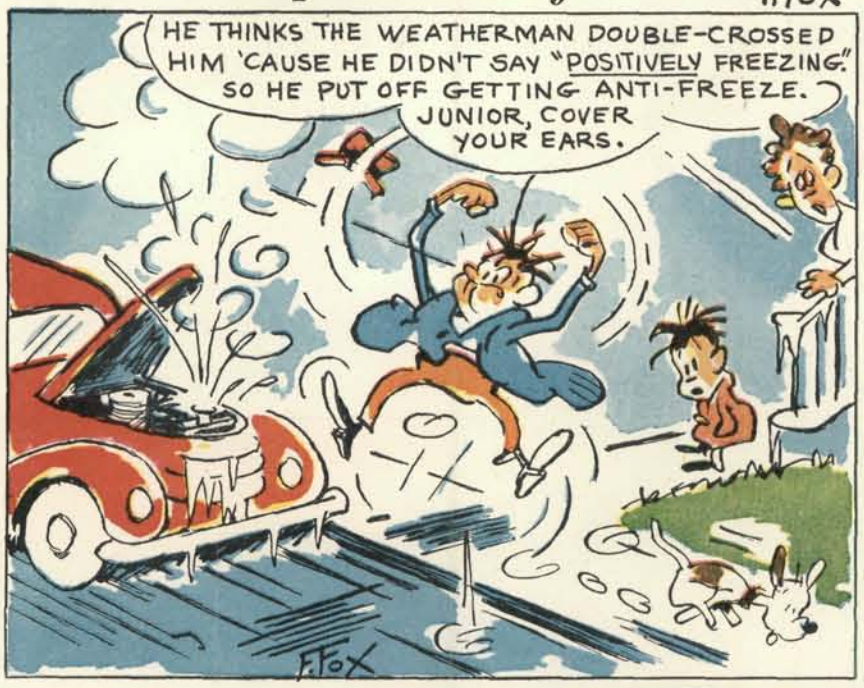
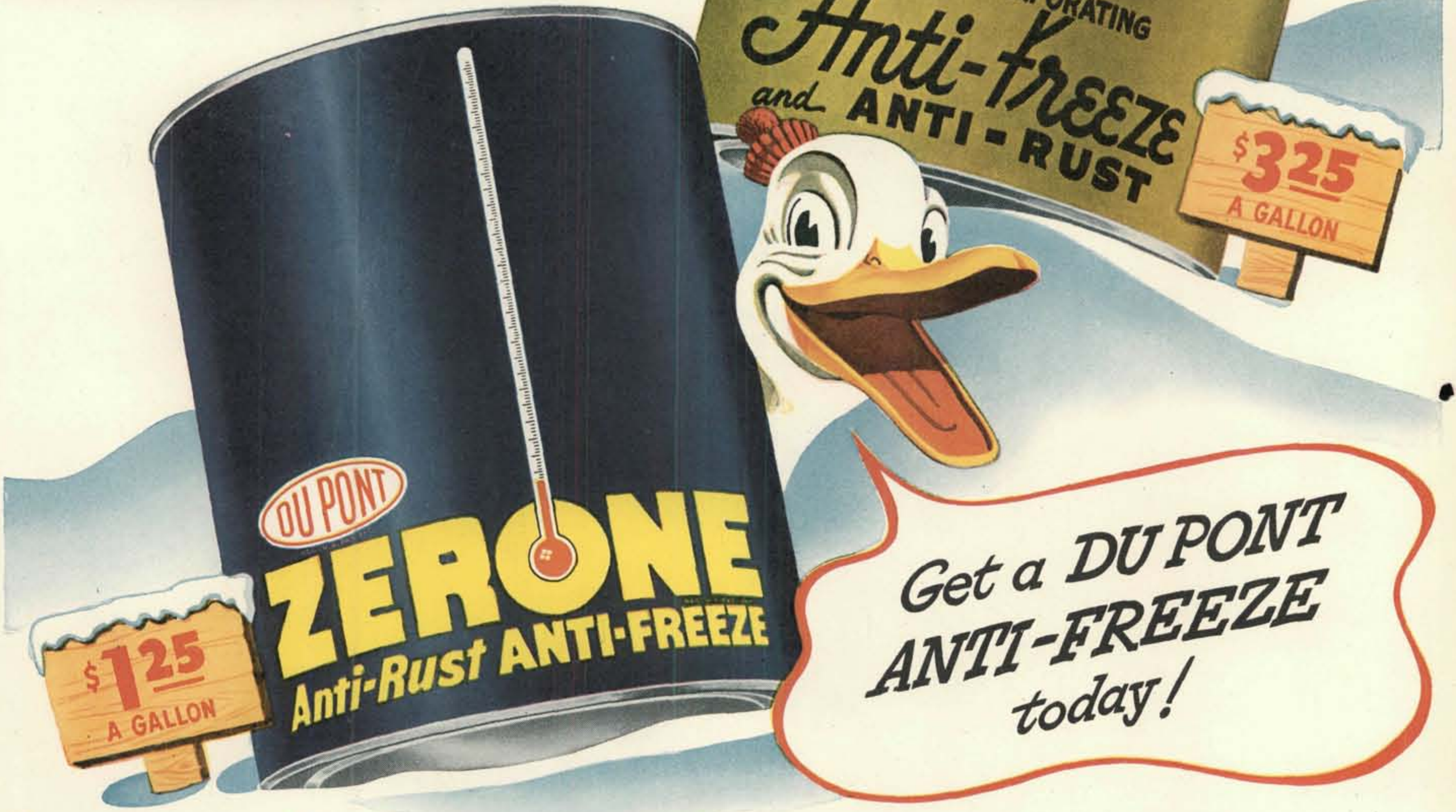
The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang by F. Fox


HE THINKS THE WEATHERMAN DOUBLE-CROSSED HIM 'CAUSE HE DIDN'T SAY "POSITIVELY FREEZING." SO HE PUT OFF GETTING ANTI-FREEZE.
JUNIOR, COVER YOUR EARS.
F. FOX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DON'T PUT IN A DROP of any anti-freeze until you've had the cooling system checked by your dealer. No repairs may be needed at all, but even *a simple inspection is worth what it may cost*. It's smart insurance against damage to your motor!

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Tex and Jinx, of radio fame, show how it can work for you, too

"With television coming along," says Jinx Falkenburg (Mrs. Tex McCrary) of NBC's famous "Tex and Jinx" radio team, "we've got to brush up on our camera smiles! So Tex and I follow the *Ipana* way to brighter teeth and healthier gums. *Because dentists say it works!*" This professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too — like this . . .

Here's the Ipana way that dentists say works! Jinx demonstrates, while Tex and young Paddy wait their turn. It's so pleasant—and easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all teeth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums gently as your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth — an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY...

Ipana dental care promotes Healthier gums, brighter teeth

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

**Latest national poll*

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

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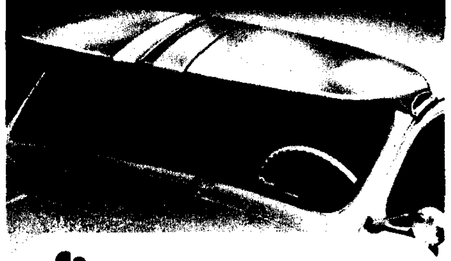
Motorola
KARVISOR
EXTERIOR WINDSHIELD SHADE • A DIETERICH PRODUCT



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For greater comfort and safety when you drive get a MOTOROLA KARVISOR today. You'll be cooler in summer and will NEVER AGAIN suffer from blinding glare of the sun. Karvisor is modern, streamlined as next year's car . . . is low in cost . . . and ADDS beauty to all cars, old or new. Made of Aero Metal Aluminum. Ask your auto dealer or service station to install one today. No holes to drill. Done in a jiffy.

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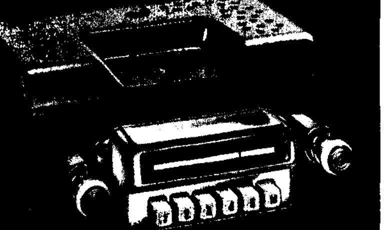

Motorola is the Auto Radio that performs with living room tone where ordinary auto radios often fail to play at all. You can have a Custom Built Motorola to Fit and Match your new car in every detail. See a Motorola dealer today. He's listed in your Classified Telephone Directory.

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MOTOROLA INC., CHICAGO

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

BOUQUETS FOR A NEW LOOK

DEAR SIRS: Wow! But isn't this New Look of Collier's something!

'Tis beautiful from front to back. Congratulations.

E. B. LEHMAN, Columbus, Ohio

. . . I have been trying for quite some time now to interest my teen-age boy and girl twins to take an interest in reading your enjoyable magazine instead of burying their noses in those trashy comic (?) magazines all the time, and I must say they both took a sudden interest in Collier's Sept. 18th issue. It was either the blue and gold color combination or the picture of the girl that finally convinced them there might be something more interesting to read in Collier's than in a comic (?) book.

If convenient, would you please be good enough to send me an illustrated folder of Yonkers, N. Y.?

MRS. DIETRICH, Chicago, Ill.

. . . You now look like a million dollars and cost only a dime. . . . How do you do it? BESSIE JUNEAUX, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . You've improved Collier's (if that's possible) several thousand per cent. . . .

HARRY LINKER, Miami, Fla.

. . . I just looked and looked before settling down to read it.

PHYLLIS BRADY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . You are to be congratulated for the New Look you have given Collier's. The September 18th issue was beautiful to the eye from beginning to end, typographically, pictorially and photographically. I think that made the articles and

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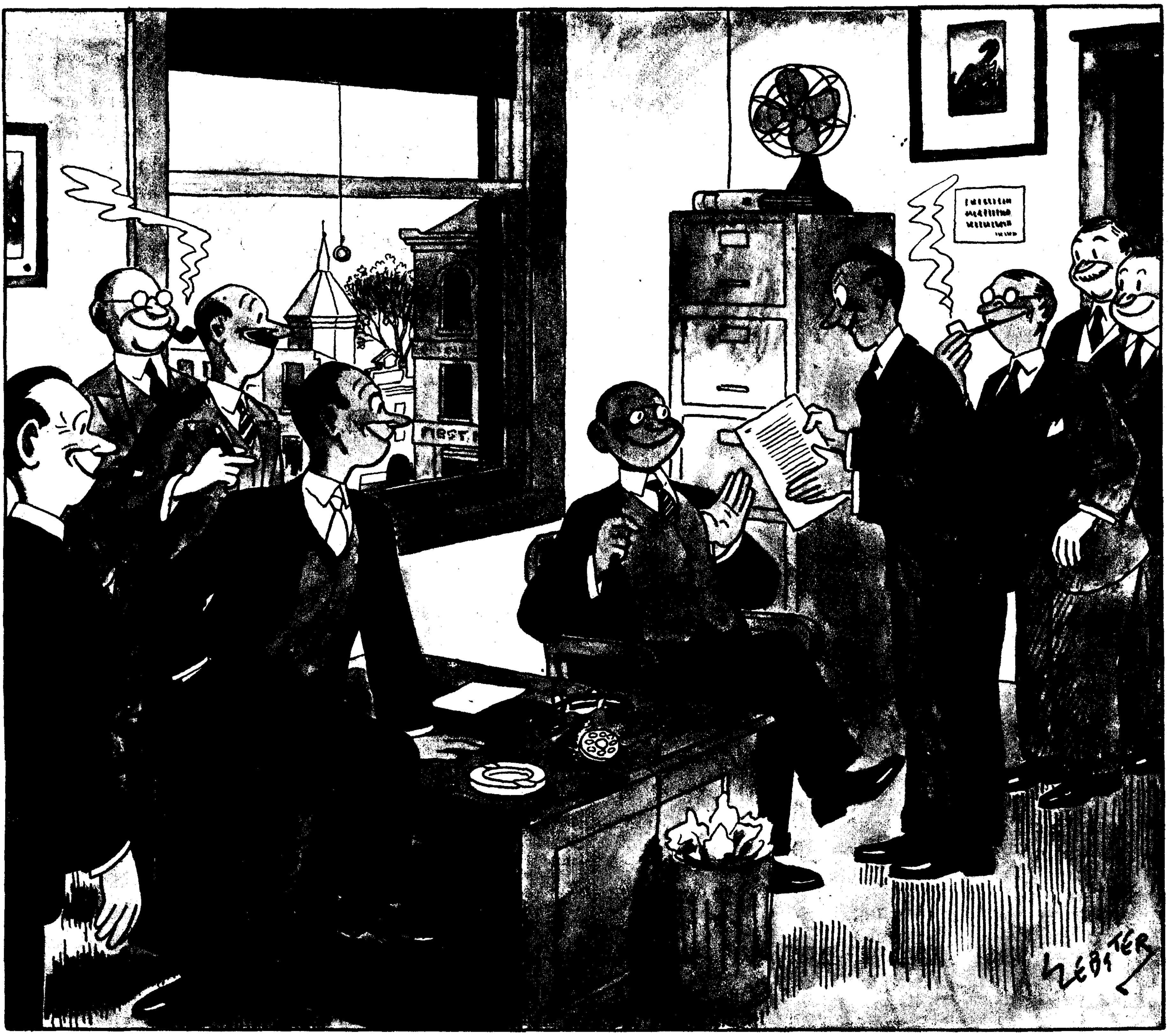

"He's always in there pitching . . ."

You know somebody like him right in your own town. His name is usually the first to come to mind whenever there's some worthy community project to be put over.

In fact, whenever you and other home-town businessmen get together, with a job to be done, you know you can count on him.

For he has a sympathetic understanding of other people's problems and a sincere desire to be of service to them. He is always ready and willing to pitch in and do his part on Red Cross drives, Community Chest campaigns, and similar welfare activities.

This is not surprising. Because of the very career he has chosen, he has become the trusted friend and adviser of countless people.

In the course of his daily work, he has counseled many a father and shown him how to achieve a measure of security for loved ones.

He has enabled families to face the future unafraid . . . has made it possible for children to stay in school and finish their education . . . and has helped many men realize their hopes and ambitions for a carefree retirement.

For, you see, he is a Life insurance agent . . . by nature and training, a good friend and neighbor.

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stories, always good, even better. Collier's is now both eye and brain entertainment. Good luck for the next 100 years.

Wilson Mackrow, Los Angeles, Cal.

... The new cover with those yummy colors looks good enough to eat.

Renee Freund, Jersey City, N. J.

HOW TO GET WHISTLED AT

Dear Sirs: Just came across your article How to Get Whistled At (Sept. 11th), and had to stop to ask if Ann Delafield's accomplishment (batting her green eyes at you, I mean) is a part of the Du Barry course. Just curious.

Mrs. Harold Gross, Merced, Cal.

Ruth Carson

We're in love with all the women we write about in Collier's.

... Who wants to get whistled at by Ruth Carson? Maybe I do, and maybe I don't. I would have to know what the young lady looks like, first.

Harold Laughlin, Tulsa, Okla.

THE WALLACE GRAB

Editor Collier's Weekly: Congratulations on your epoch-making article by Prof. Louis Budenz of Fordham University (How the Reds Snatched Henry Wallace, Sept. 18th), revealing the sinister and insidious methods of paganistic Communism in attempts to inoculate our schools and churches with its poison virus.

The most alarming symptom is when such men as Henry Wallace, with his followers and fellow travelers, are "taken into custody" by the conscienceless sowers of "world revolution." Unfortunately some of our gullible clergy and educators are becoming its victims.

Francis Trevelyan Miller, New York, N. Y.

... Congratulations for Wallace article by Budenz. Let us hope that it will reveal himself to himself—and to his followers.

Mrs. I. G. Ellison, Newport, Ore.

... Surely Mr. Budenz doesn't think we're so naïve as to fail to recognize the fact that Soviet "acceptance" of a candidate in this country is tantamount to political murder.

No, Mr. Budenz, the Kremlin certainly is sufficiently intelligent to mark their agents publicly as "enemies and *traitors* of Communism."

J. Q. Kon, Washington, D. C.

... Every Red-baiter is hiding something crooked personally or politically....

United Rank & File Veterans, Highland Park Post, St. Paul, Minn.

... How well they are using Wallace is illustrated by the recent Southern tour in which every step was carefully planned to arouse the South—not to get Southern votes, but to rally flagging interest among Negroes and independents in the North.

The Atlanta Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.

WE'ALL'RE CHASTISED, SUH!

Gentlemen: Congratulations on Mr. Bryant Williams' letter in the Sept. 11th Week's Mail. Why don't some people like Mr. Shane learn that the expression used in the South, you-all, is a colloquialism and is no worse than expressions used up North, like poil, moider and Moytle, in Brooklyn?

Only in some Southern states are all "r's" left out of a word or pronounced as "h's."

O. D. Yancey, Memphis, Tenn.

ALL ALL-AMERICA

Dear Sirs: Your new scheme for picking the Collier's All-America team (Sept. 11th) is the best way to pick an All-America team. You never can pick the best team from behind a desk just reading the sports page.

Fay said, "In the past, great players have been overlooked because they were on weak teams."

So if you have time, take a look at St. Bonaventure's team coached by Hughie Devore this fall. You may find one of your great players.

Jim Staggle, Troy, N. Y.

INSURE YOUR WEALTH

Dear Sir: Congratulations on your editorial Now Is the Time to Dig (Sept. 11th).

I am surprised, however, that in speaking of saving money and putting it where it will be safe "... in a savings bank, or into government bonds, or into stocks ..." you did not mention *life insurance*.

L. M. B. Morrissey, Hartford, Conn.

KINDERGARTEN FOR GROWNUPS

Dear Editor: Is Your Child in a Classroom Crisis? by the Barnetts (Sept. 4th) is just what I've been waiting for. I've been wondering just how to determine when my three-year-old will be ready for school (naturally not for a couple or so more years) and this article is the help I need. These two pages should be placed in the hands of all parents before they invade the kindergartens and first grades with their offspring in tow.

Mrs. Howard Vanderlip, Greenville, Mich.

... From the five questions asked about a preschool child's social maturity I should say that most of us—the Russians, the Arabs, the Israelites, the Central Americans, the Republicans, Democrats and Progressives—are not yet ready to enter first grade.

Jeff Fleece, Princeton, N. J.

OUR DISTANT CONTRIBUTORS

Dear Mister Collier's: Inside three "trying" in English poems I'm a Dutch girl, and, as everybody, or nearly everybody in the world, very fond of the kindhearted friendly and generous Americans. My heart is longing to see so much from "over there" but I guess there will be very little chance for it by now! Could not I do some work in repay for my staying? Could not I do some "good" for the coming "race" to the "presidentship"! Inside photo: No beauty—no beast! Just between 20 and 100... Guess, smart guys! Near 37 (old hussy?) The time of your life, some optimists say. But not for me Saroyan ... till yet. *Morituri te salutamus!* I hope it is said and written "plain."

Miss Nelly (P.) de Jong, The Hague, The Netherlands

CARELESSNESS

... The article, Carelessness ... the Child Killer (Aug. 28th), is subject only to endorsement but one may wish that it were more specific in its recommendations for improved safety practices.

It is suggested that most cases of parents backing the car over a child when coming out of the garage can be avoided if the parent will take the trouble to back the car into the garage. If it is better to back over the child when going into the garage than when coming out, I can see the point; otherwise it fails completely to make sense to me.

G. E. Johnson, Greensboro, N. C.

... That would only reverse the situation for the worse. Try backing the car in. The sun is bright and the darkness of the garage impairs your vision. Either teach the children to stay from behind the car or tie them down when you use it.

R. J. Quinn, Seattle, Wash.

Just to give your voice a lift

WHEN you make a long distance telephone call, your voice would soon fade out were it not for vacuum tube repeaters. They give your voice a *lift* whenever needed—carry it clearly from coast to coast.

Vacuum tubes and other electronic devices are playing an ever-growing part in your Bell telephone service. As the manufacturing unit of the Bell System, Western Electric makes millions of these intricate little things.

To produce them to highest standards of precision and at lowest cost, Western Electric has just completed its new Allentown, Pa., plant—latest addition to vast telephone making facilities in 18 cities. Now, and in the years ahead, this new Western Electric plant will help to make your Bell telephone service better than ever.

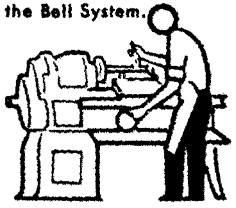
At Western Electric's new Allentown Plant, over 2,500 people work amid conditions of almost surgical cleanliness—for a speck of dust or trace of perspiration may seriously impair the quality of electronic devices they make!

To provide such conditions, the entire plant is air conditioned. The interior is completely sealed off and is slightly pressurized to prevent dust laden outside air from seeping in the doors. Temperature is maintained year 'round at 70° to 80°, with relative humidity of 40% to 50%.

Over 40 miles of pipes deliver 13 needed services to working locations. These are hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, city gas, city water, deionized water, soft water (cold, hot, cooling) high pressure air, low pressure air, process steam and condensate return.

The plant has its own steam generating, water softening and gas making plants and uses as much electric power as a city of 20,000.

MANUFACTURER
of telephone apparatus for the Bell System.



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of supplies for Bell telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR
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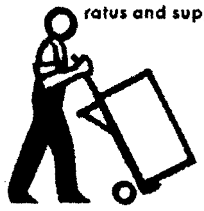

INSTALLER
of Bell System central office equipment.

Western Electric

UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

He's learning fast— he's got P.A.*

● He's learned that a woman appreciates a man with Pipe Appeal—that extra something that distinguishes a pipe smoker. And he knows that with Prince Albert in his pipe, he's got a mild, tasty smoke.

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal means Prince Albert

NEW HUMIDOR TOP
Locks Out the air—
Locks In the Freshness and Flavor!

When you pack your pipe with P.A., you're sure of getting a smoke that's really mild, really rich tasting. Prince Albert's choice, crimp cut tobacco is *specially treated* to insure against tongue bite. No wonder P.A. is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

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PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

The National Joy Smoke

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

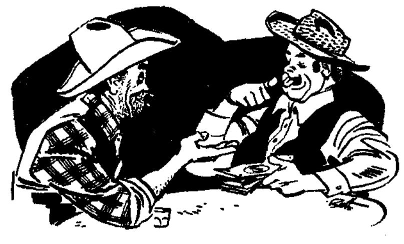
THE NIGHT LETTER in which the people of Birmingham, Alabama, wired birthday greetings to President Roosevelt on January 30, 1934, is the longest personal telegram ever sent in this country. It contained 41,000 names, was a quarter of a mile in length, required a total of 19 hours to transmit by high-speed automatic instruments and cost $421.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS before and after the Civil War, in the heyday of the horsecar, the street railways in a number of cities tried to prevent the resale and misuse of their transfers by an amusing method. Printed on the back were the drawings of four men and four women of widely different types and the one which the passenger most closely resembled was punched by the conductor.—*By Charles Donohoe, Philadelphia, Pa.*

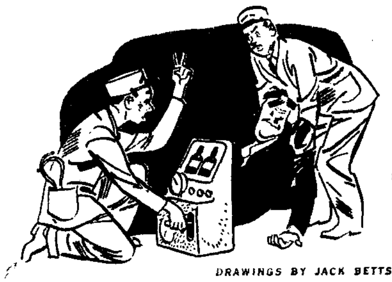
AMONG THE 1,072 American cities with over 10,000 population, 366 own and operate municipal cemeteries, exclusive of the potters' fields. These cemeteries range up to 508 acres in area, and the price for single graves in the best locations, getting perpetual care, averages $41.—*By William Carney, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

TO ASCERTAIN THE current prices of "used" 1948 automobiles, investigators posing as prospective customers recently called on nearly 1,000 used-car dealers and learned that, while the list price of 16 standard makes averages $2,457, the price of the cars quoted by these dealers averaged $3,239, or 32 per cent more.—*By George Ferguson, Astoria, L. I.*

A NEW PORTABLE electric machine, the first of its kind and now in production, automatically measures and permanently records the percentage of alcohol in the blood of an intoxicated person at the scene of an accident, completing its analysis of the individual's breath in eight minutes. Thus, in a court of law, this machine will provide more reliable testimony than that based on human judgment and memory.



WHEN A NEVADA mining prospector learned in 1859 that the claim he had staked out near Virginia City was valuable, he went on a drunk that turned out to be the costliest in history. During the course of the evening, he inveigled a "sucker" into giving him $2,000 and a bottle of whisky for his claim, which has yielded $100,000,000 of the $1,100,000,000 worth of gold and silver since taken from this property—the Comstock Lode, the richest deposit of precious metals ever discovered.



DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

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news about NYLON

BLOCKING, TACKLING, in the mud, on frozen ground—football players give their uniforms plenty of pounding. That's why light, tough, easy-to-clean nylon has its own cheering section. And how nylon wears—lasts through several football seasons!

SNOW'S FUN for Junior—and Mother's happy, too, when his snowsuit's nylon! Warm, sturdy, long-wearing—strong when wet—light and comfortable—nylon fibers are just as hard to wear out as Junior.

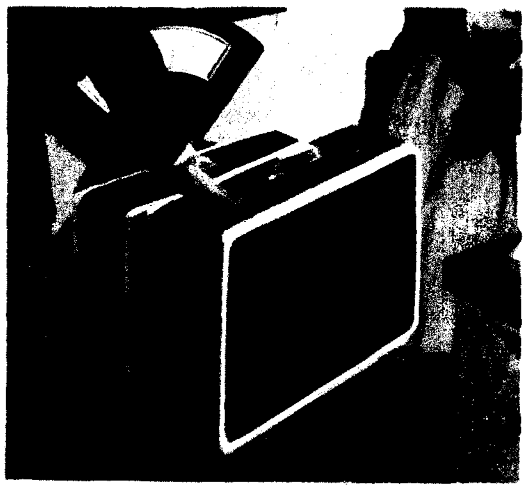
Du Pont makes the nylon fibers used in the products shown. The manufacturers of these products use nylon because nylon products can have these outstanding properties:

- √ STRENGTH
- √ LIGHTNESS
- √ ELASTICITY
- √ TOUGHNESS
- √ LONG WEAR
- √ EASY WASHING
- √ FAST DRYING
- √ FLAME RESISTANCE
- √ RESISTANCE TO MOTHS AND PERSPIRATION
- √ CAN BE "SET" TO HOLD SHAPE

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

TO MANUFACTURERS: Are there textile fibers in your product? Then you'll want to read "Nylon Textile Fibers in Industry." Write for this important new book!

NEW! FREE book for women, teachers, students—"About Du Pont Nylon." Write to Nylon Division, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington 98, Del.



YOU TRAVEL LIGHT when you travel with nylon. Light, strong, nylon fabrics for luggage make bags easy to carry, cleanable, tough to scuff or rip. Good travel companions, hard knocks won't hurt their service record.

RIDE 'EM, COWBOY! Roping and tying put terrific strain on a lariat—but nylon can *take it.* Nylon "gives," takes a shock without snapping. Nylon is tough, elastic, not weakened by mildew or soil rot. Try Nylon.

IT'S DREAMSTUFF—sheer-but-strong nylon tulle. Hard to tear, but so light and lovely. Your gown keeps fresh and crisp all evening, because nylon can be "set" to hold shape. When a dress looks lovely longer, chances are it's nylon!

FOR NYLON . . . FOR RAYON . . . FOR FIBERS TO COME . . . LOOK TO DU PONT

Liquid
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
KLEENER
SIMONIZ

Before winter comes You Should Simoniz Your Car!

KEEPS COLORS FROM FADING!

Simonizing insures your car's beauty... keeps it shining bright in any weather!

Snow, mud, and salty slush can quickly ruin the finish on any car. Simonizing stops this damage! It seals the finish from moisture and dirt. Only Simonizing gives full protection and adds a lasting sparkle of beauty, too! First clean your car with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener... it's the professional way to restore the original lustre. Dullness and grime vanish like magic. Then to keep your car always looking beautiful—follow up with famous Simoniz. Do as millions do... Simoniz your car before winter comes!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER

The Week's Work

This week's cover: *Sprout and Pup. Keith W. Jones, who shot it, explains: "The boy is my son Bill, 4½. He wasn't happy about posing for me till he found the new puppy was going to be his. Then he beamed and I got the picture."*

NCE again does the fearless Dr. Ralph S. Banay, the sociologist, psychiatrist and authority about women, take his life in his hands with a trenchant article on page 16, How to Devour Your Husband. The doctor explains his latest daring outburst as follows: "Having received about 4,000 letters after my article The Trouble with Women (Collier's, Dec. 7, 1946), I was greatly encouraged to continue my research, a somewhat hazardous field of the feminine psyche. To prove some of my findings, women obligingly hurled accusations of all sorts at my head, among which the mildest was misogynist, apparently a victim of mistreatment by women.

"I was imagined to be 'lean and hungry,' full of malice, while in reality, I peacefully unraveled the lives of many unhappy men and women, the rest of the time living a retiring life on a twenty-acre wooded plot in Wilton, Connecticut. There, incidentally, I recently wrote a new book dealing with the problems of adolescence: Youth in Despair. To appease some of your readers' requests after my last *Collier's* article, I am herewith enclosing a recent photograph."

FABIAN BACHRACH

Banay—Misogynist or Feminist?

ABOUT Clarence Saunders, originator of the Keedoozle store (p. 20), John Kord Lagemann asks what we'd think if our grocer addressed our wife as follows: "Fortune Smiles! It Beckons! It Calls You! Will you Come and Be Happy with Me? Let Us Clasp Together Fortune, and thus her Smile may be Blended with Our Own. Every Hour, Every Minute and Every Day will Hold for us Every Good Thing as a Match for every Good Act of our Own, and this Commingling of Hearts and Desires produces the Greatest Force known to Human Kind . . . etc., etc . . ."

Anyway, for years that's the way Mr. Saunders has made love to his Memphis customers in full-page advertisements for his super-supermarkets. They seem to have eaten it up. The above ad dates back to 1924, when the fantastic Mr. Saunders was opening a new "Clarence Saunders Sole Owner of My Name" grocery store—after losing millions and his connection with Piggly Wiggly.

And Mr. Lagemann urges us to be respectful of Mr. Saunders, whom he found folksy, and wonderful in person and advertisement. "You get to like this free-swinging, soul-scouring, love-making way of selling groceries. There are lines in Mr. Saunders' ads that are rough yet vital. Would *you* have announced a new business after bankruptcy with an ad headlined: 'FURIOUS BUT EXPECTANT'?"

As we say, we cut our own ends, but Keedoozling sounds as fascinating as we hope you will find Mr. Lagemann's fine article.

OUR Star Awardist of the Week, John Andrew Rice (You Can Get Just So Much Justice, p. 18), is a South Carolinian from Lynchburg. A 1911-1914 Rhodes scholar from Louisiana, Mr. Rice returned home to marry, have children and begin a distinguished teaching career, which has carried him to several universities. He is a co-founder of North Carolina's Black Mountain College; and he has received a Guggenheim Fellowship for research abroad. He began a writing career in 1939.

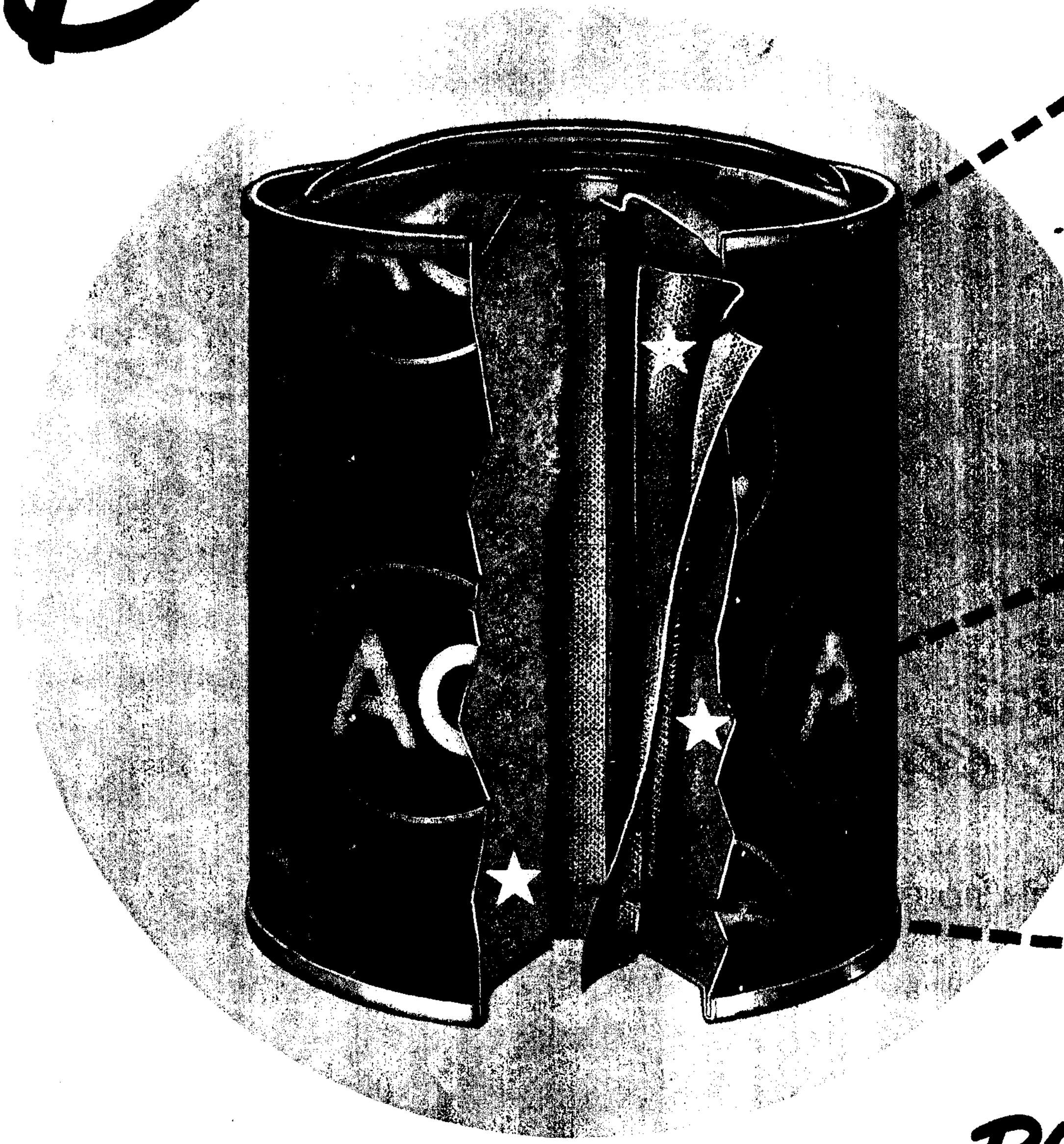
LEE ROGOW, our Short Shorter of the Week (Traffic Jam, p. 58), began his literary vocation on a trade paper in New York's fruit and vegetable market. Rogow knew nothing of the business, but was highly successful at writing personals about entirely imaginary individuals — terminating his connection shortly after the editor presented him with a single Bartlett pear as a Christmas gift.

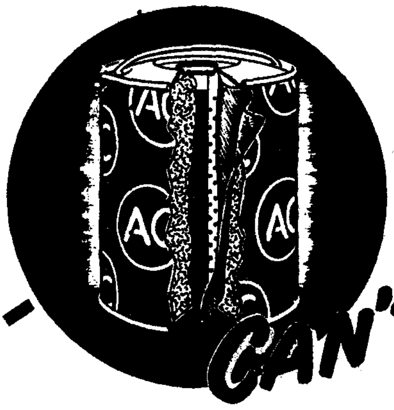
Then after writing theater publicity and ad copy, the Navy put the sleeve on Mr. Rogow. While four of his class at Midshipman School wrote novels at sea, Rogow acquired a magnificent coat of sun tan. As the war ended he was in command of a big rocket ship heading across the Pacific. "We were two days out of San Diego when the news of the surrender came," the gallant Mr. Rogow relates. "Presumably the Japs had an excellent intelligence service and had word we were coming."

After being demobbed, Mr. Rogow wrote more ads, until he maneuvered himself unwittingly into being "the hidden half of a madly successful newspaper column by-lined by a certain prominent gentleman who shall be nameless here."

Rogow, who is 29, likes to ski, is of NYU, and plays vicious charades, quit the column after his marriage. He's been chained to a typewriter ever since. . . . TED SHANE

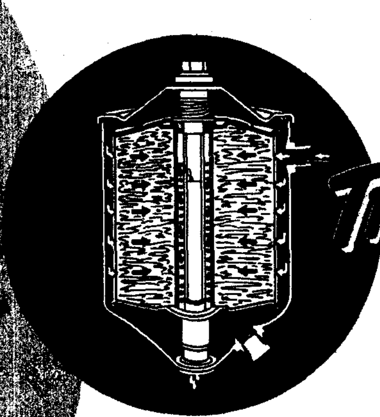
BE SAFE!





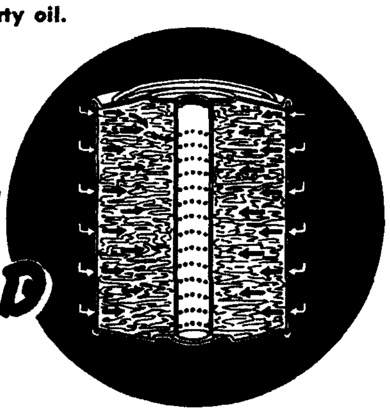
CAN'T ROT

AC's exclusive Glass Cloth Collector Tube Trap is acid-proof and can't rot nor corrode. For the full life of the element, it provides complete protection against pollution of your engine oil.



TRAPS DIRT QUICKER

The "outside-to-inside" flow of your oil through AC "Five-Star Quality" Elements means that more oil is filtered per hour because the maximum filtering surface is exposed to the dirty oil.



RAM-PACKED

An exclusive AC process precision ram-packs the filtering material to a uniform density. There are no "channels" through which dirty oil might escape, unfiltered. Oil *always* comes out clean.

You get *double* filtration with AC "Five-Star Quality" Oil Filters and Elements

To keep your engine oil clean and safe, AC offers you the "Five-Star Quality" Oil Filter and Element which actually filter the oil *twice*. First, oil must pass through the ram-packed, non-channelling filtering material. Second, it must pass through the acidproof, non-rotting glass cloth jacket which surrounds the collector tube. Ask your AC Service Dealer for the AC "Five-Star Quality" Element engineered for your oil filter.

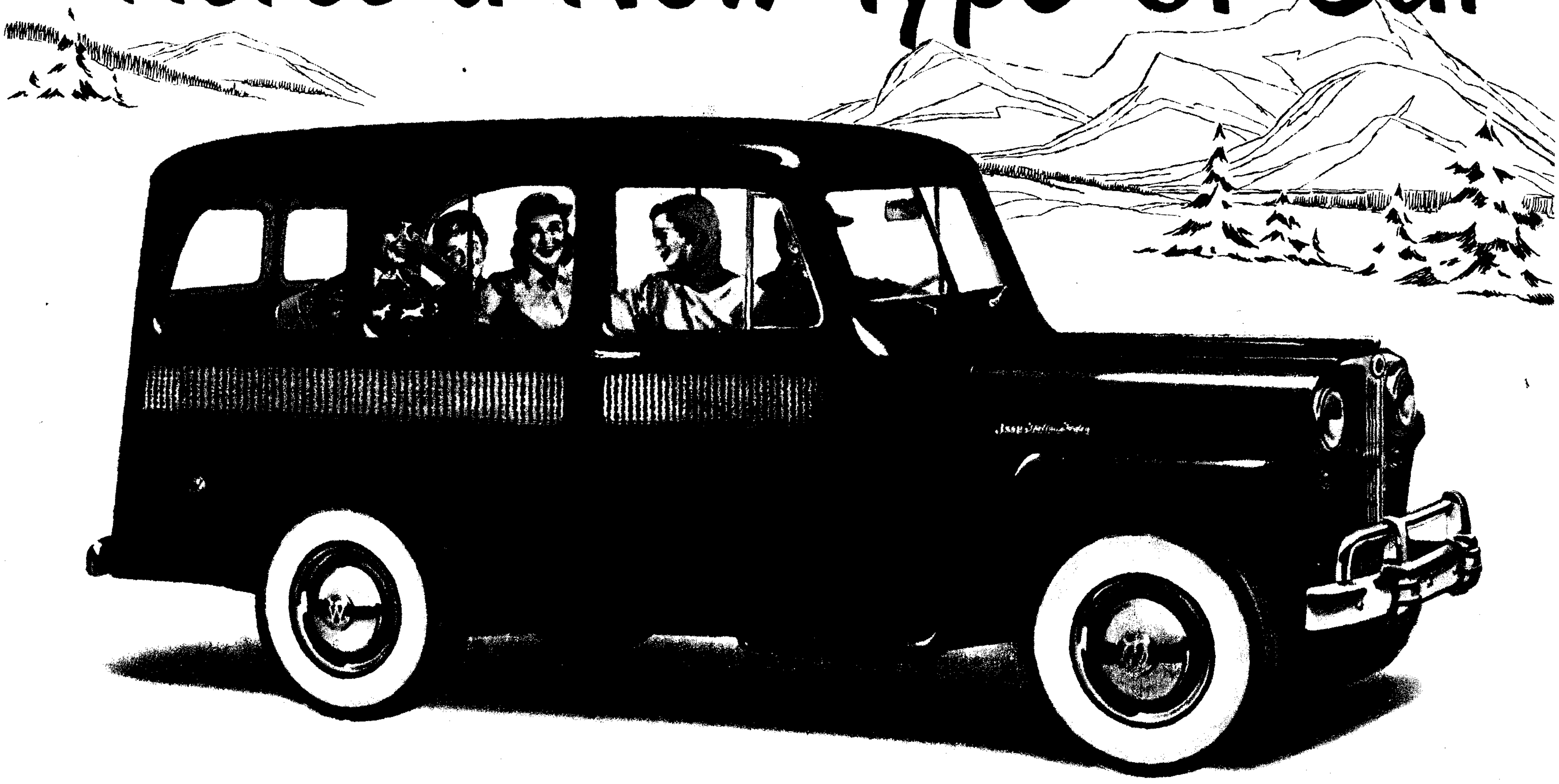
AC SERVICE OIL FILTER

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

AC Oil Filters

Here's a New Type of Car



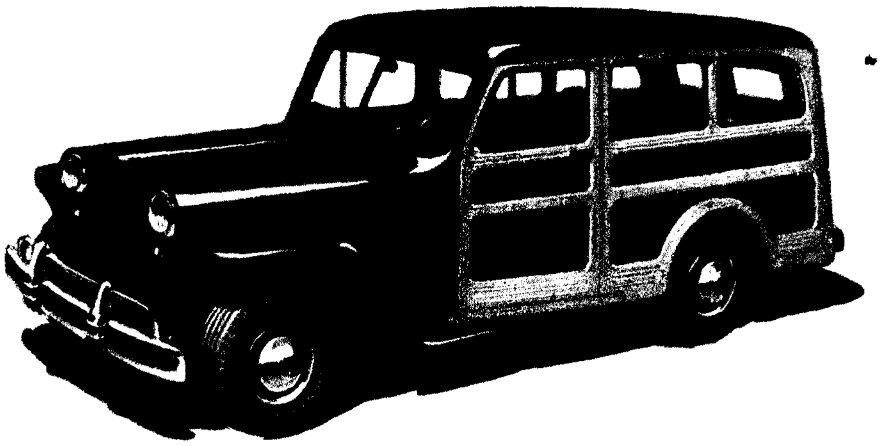
'Jeep' Station Sedan

DEEP UPHOLSTERED SEATS, interior roominess and road-leveling wheel suspension add to the smooth, luxurious riding comfort of the 'Jeep' Station Sedan.

SEDAN COMFORT AND STATION-WAGON SPACIOUSNESS

Willys-Overland is producing a truly different type of passenger car with many unduplicated advantages. Its all-steel body is really spacious—lots of headroom and legroom for six people, plus big luggage space—with wide, tall windows all around. The 'Jeep' Station Sedan is compact and easy to drive—highly maneuverable in traffic, parks in less space. With its 6-cylinder engine and overdrive, you get fleet performance at extremely low operating cost.

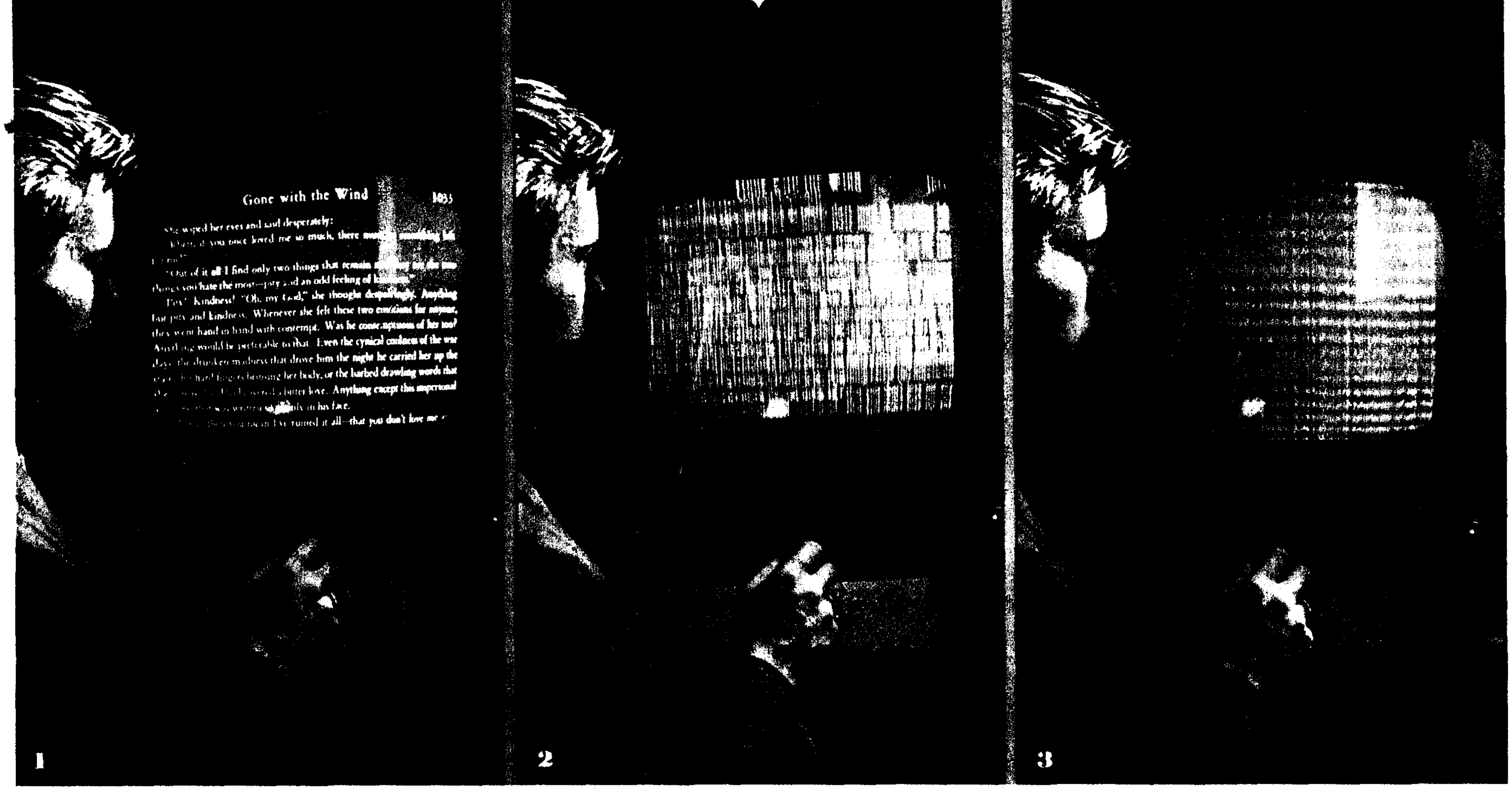
THE 'Jeep' *Station Wagon* is one of the most useful cars ever made. It rides six adults in comfort—and, with seats removed, it is practical for hauling bulky loads, thanks to its all-steel body and washable interior. The low weight of the 'Jeep' Station Wagon and its 'Jeep' Engine, with overdrive, give remarkable economy of operation.



WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS • TOLEDO • MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

VOL. 122, NO. 18
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
OCTOBER 30, 1948



Transmission by Ultrafax is guided by this monitor unit operated by Clarence W. Hansell. Picture No. 1 shows a page of Gone with the Wind before sending. In No. 2, transmission has just been started, and in No. 3, it is in full swing, hurling a million words a minute through the ether

A Million Words A Minute

A new era of communications is dawning. Soon not only word messages, but maps, musical scores, the snapshot of your firstborn can be flashed across the nation at the speed of the television eye—a whole page in a fifteenth of a second

By LESTER VELIE

WHEN David Sarnoff, head of Radio Corporation of America, was a telegraph operator at Nantucket, Massachusetts, he went swimming and was almost drowned. Going down for the third time, young Sarnoff thought of his mother. *In extremis*, there flashed before him not his life, but the telegram that would announce his demise to her. Sarnoff's drowning mind framed and reframed the message so that it would fit.

"Regret inform you son drowned today. Body held for instructions."

Exactly ten words.

This week in Washington, D.C., Mr. Sarnoff (he survived) sent a message which, contrary to lifelong habit, he didn't bother to count. For one thing, the message was some million words long. For another, RCA engineers had come up with a message-sending system which they declare will presently make word counting, and even the telegram itself, as obsolete as the pony express.

Using this revolutionary system—RCA calls it Ultrafax—Mr. Sarnoff's men flashed the 1,037-page novel, Gone with the Wind, from the Wardman Park Hotel crosstown to the Library of Congress. Time: under 90 seconds flat. Just about a million words a minute.

Only four words introduced an earlier communications miracle and only a handful heard Samuel F. B. Morse send the first telegraph message, "What hath God wrought?" With a fine sense of destiny, Mr. Sarnoff unveiled Ultrafax before Cabinet members, admirals and generals, Federal Communications Commission officials, telephone and telegraph and Post Office Department executives.

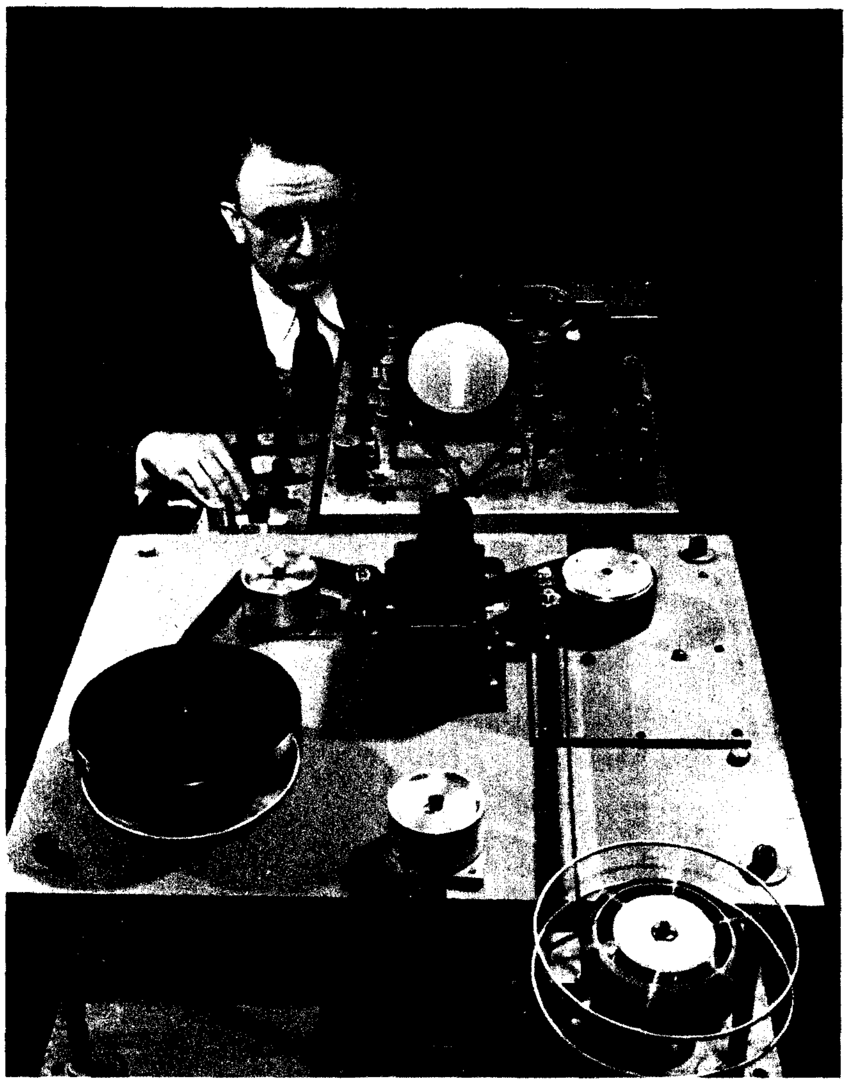
Watching the new equipment receive and record Gone with the Wind, a page in the flash of an eye, this audience learned that Ultrafax is the offspring of an inevitable marriage. If Joe DiMaggio, swinging a bat before a television camera, is seen almost instantly on a distant screen, why can't a message be held before a television camera and flashed across country with the speed of light? The message would require recording equipment on the receiving end to catch and retain the televised image—to make "stills" from the television movies.

Eastman Kodak engineers produced high-speed cameras and a new "hot photography" that develops and prints film in a matter of seconds. RCA engineers wedded the new photography to television. And Ultrafax was born.

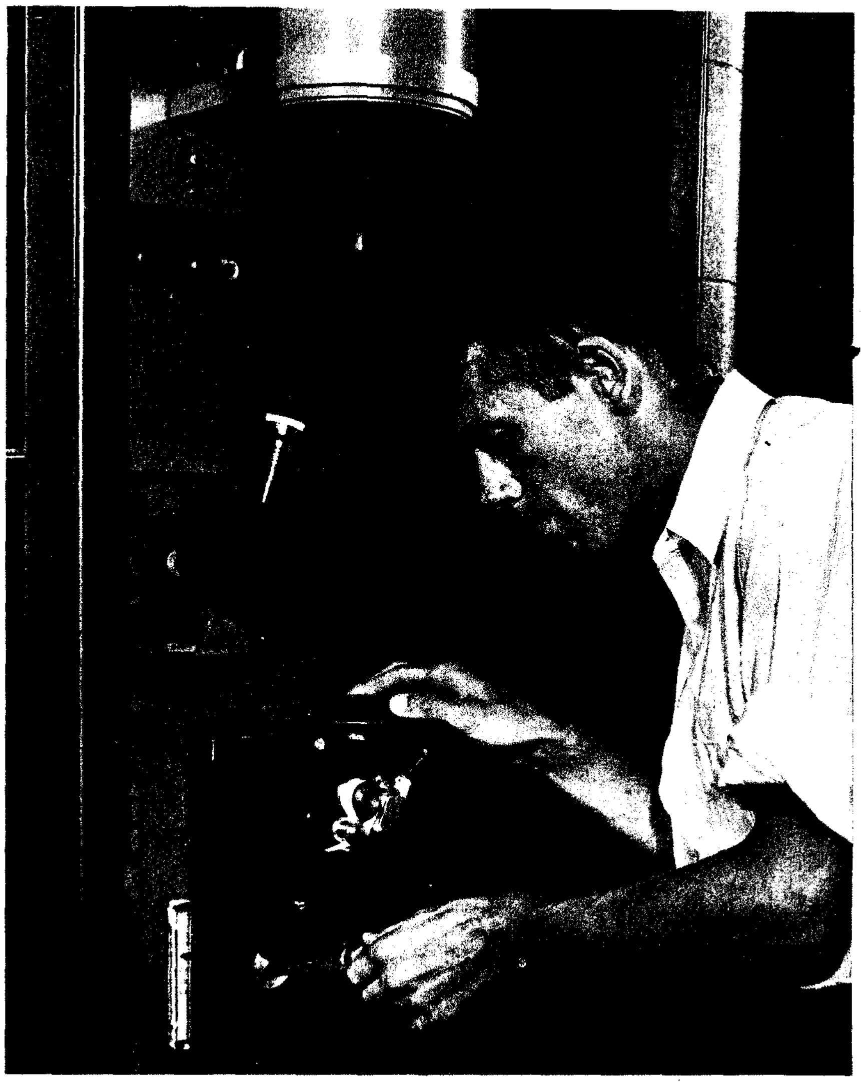
Ultra means "beyond," i.e., beyond any message-sending speeds hitherto known. Fax, of course, is for facsimile. We've had facsimile messages since the mid-twenties. But they've been so slow—a page in several minutes as against the thousand pages per minute of Ultrafax—that they've stirred no stampede among users.

How do you send a whole book through the ether? Here, simply, is how it is done. RCA engineers first reduced Gone with the Wind to microfilm just as the post office did V-mail during the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING



RCA's Donald S. Bond, who developed Ultrafax, operates the transmitter. It scans a message at the rate of a page in one fifteenth of a second



The receiving equipment takes the image from the ether, flashes it to a hot-photography camera, and a developed film is ready in 40 seconds

war, unreeling the forty feet of film beneath a television eye which scanned at the rate of fifteen pages a second.

The engineers could have torn the 1,000-odd pages from the novel, dropped them one after another on a belt traveling beneath the television eye at rotary-press speed, and achieved the same happy sending result.

In any case, the RCA engineers proved the era of dots and dashes, little changed since Samuel B. Morse introduced it more than a century ago, is drawing to a close. A new and exciting age of communication by radio pictures is on its way.

With Ultrafax, as the RCA demonstration proved, your message can be flashed with the speed of light exactly as you write it, in your own handwriting and with your own signature. Since the message is no longer broken down into dots and dashes but sent a televised page at a time, it doesn't matter whether you write ten words or a full page. The cost is the same. Might as well write a chatty four-page letter to your girl and get a four-page love letter back in an hour.

Messages Can Be Illustrated

You can't say anything but words in a telegram or over the long-distance telephone. Ultrafax gives you more leeway. You can draw a picture or send a map. If you want to invite a guest to your home in the suburbs, draw a diagram in your Ultrafax invitation, showing him how to get there.

The Hollywood producer needs a song for his new movie? From Broadway's Tin Pan Alley, the musical scores of a half-dozen songs are hustled to the nearest Ultrafax sending office and are on the producer's desk in a few minutes.

Suppose the San Francisco correspondent of a New York Chinese language newspaper is up against a deadline. With his writing brush he whips out his story in Chinese ideographs. No one has to translate it. No one has to understand it. Off it goes as fast as it can be scanned by the television eye—a page in a fifteenth of a second.

Page one of the New York Times, or the whole fat Sunday edition, weather maps, magazine illustrations, financial statements—Ultrafax can take all in its stride, which is 186,000 miles a second.

Sending picture messages at radio speed raises some exciting questions. The most exciting: Why lug tons of paper—letters, documents, advertising layouts and other business material—in airplanes at a pedestrian 300 miles per hour? Ultrafax can speed their images at 186,000 miles per second and end the paper lugging altogether.

Airplane mail, say RCA executives, is heading for the limbo already occupied by the carrier pigeon. For the radio age, only a radio mail will do. The RCA people have even done some figuring. With Ultrafax circuit you can send, from coast to coast in a single day, the equivalent of forty tons of air mail. During the war the Post Office Department reduced tons of overseas V-mail to pounds of microfilm and delivered photographed facsimiles instead of original letters into readers' hands. This provided a sort of preview of a radio-mail service to come. (It wouldn't be limited in size like V-mail.) In anticipation of such a service, David Sarnoff is dreaming of equipment that would photograph letters in their envelopes, thus insuring secrecy.

Well, what are we waiting for? When do we buy the first radio-mail stamp and drop our first radio-mail letter in the nearest mailbox? When will we be able to rush our latest manuscript by Ultrafax to the editor in New York?

The RCA technicians who demonstrated their Ultrafax this week couldn't say. The engineers had done their part of the job. Now the answers were in the hands of their demonstration audience. the Federal Communications Commission officials, the telegraph and telephone executives, the Postmaster General and the military generals.

Who would build the radio relay systems—the tracks in the ether—over which the Ultrafax traffic would flash? Where would the money come from? Would Congress modernize government policy to bring it in line with the needs of the radio age? All air traffic, radio, television and now Ultrafax are controlled by a law passed in 1934—before the first television set had been sold and while Ultrafax was still a dream. Ultrafax would gobble up the message business at the rate of a million words a minute. Where would all these torrents of words come from? If they came from the writers of letters, would the government that delivers our mail take Ultrafax over?

Next: The Big-Payoff Question

When these questions are answered, then the big question will be answered too: When will Ultrafax be working for you and me?

Ultrafax brings communications to the same turn in the road that transportation faced when the steam locomotive came along. Then, English investors put up most of the money to lay the tracks across a continent, and Americans, uninhibited by government regulation, did the rest. Now it is time for tracks to be laid again, this time through the ether.

RCA, already in the overseas communications business, could build the tracks and business of hauling domestic message-freight on them. But to lay these tracks—a continental network of radio relays—would require an estimated $200,000,000. This is quite a bit of change even for the Radio Corporation of America. It seems a safe bet that RCA will be content simply to manufacture and sell Ultrafax and radio relay equipment, and to let others provide the service.

That brings us to Western Union, which has a virtual monopoly of the domestic telegram business but is waging a bitter competitive struggle for its life. Western Union handles about 200,000,000 telegrams a year, which is about what Western Union and the old Postal

(Continued on page 98)

Beauty and the Drop Kick

By EUSTACE COCKRELL

Football is supposed to be a man's sport. But women have feet, too—and Annie Thurston had given hers a college education

WHEN I had come into the room, they had motioned me to silence and pointed to the telephone. No one was using it. They both just sat there watching it. I knew Jobbo Rourke, the coach, and I guessed that the florid-faced one at the desk was Swackhammer.

From where I sat and waited, I could see out of two windows. The east window disclosed a horseshoe drive, two small buildings and the little brown campus of Torgerson University. Three hundred and fifty students would crowd its classrooms to the limit, come the fall.

President Herman Swackhammer was still glaring tensely at the phone. I glanced at the stadium from the north window. Only a shade larger than the Yale Bowl, its great, gaunt unpaid-for bulk completely dwarfed the village of Torgerson, the meager buildings of the school. It fitted into the peaceful landscape like Carnera in a bassinet.

The phone rang and Swackhammer grabbed it. "Yes?"

Conciliatory squeaks emanated from the receiver. President Swackhammer gave an anguished bark and hung up.

"Parole board turned him down," he said bitterly. "They think maybe they can schedule Sing Sing and they can't spare him."

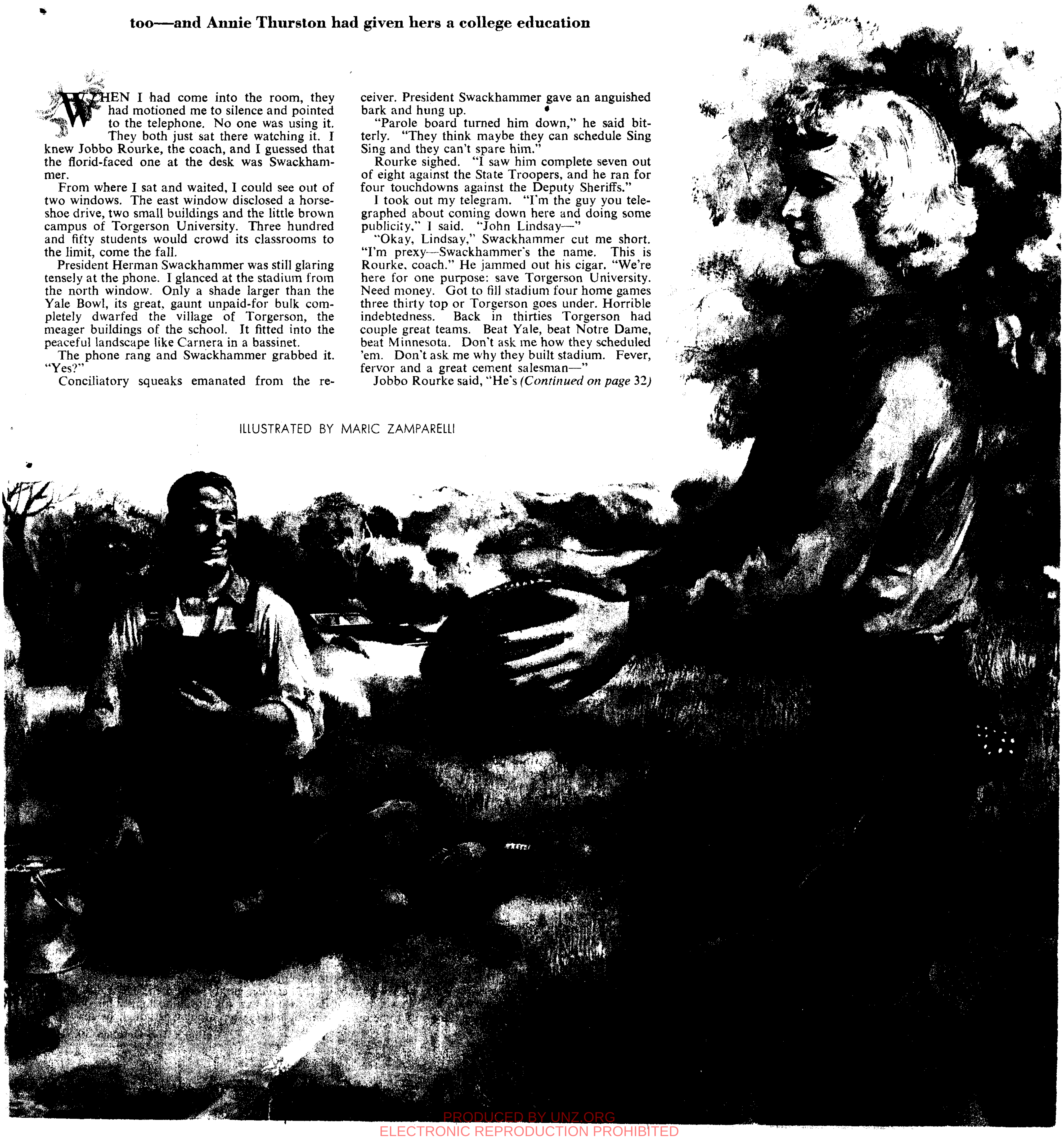
Rourke sighed. "I saw him complete seven out of eight against the State Troopers, and he ran for four touchdowns against the Deputy Sheriffs."

I took out my telegram. "I'm the guy you telegraphed about coming down here and doing some publicity," I said. "John Lindsay—"

"Okay, Lindsay," Swackhammer cut me short. "I'm prexy—Swackhammer's the name. This is Rourke, coach." He jammed out his cigar. "We're here for one purpose: save Torgerson University. Need money. Got to fill stadium four home games three thirty top or Torgerson goes under. Horrible indebtedness. Back in thirties Torgerson had couple great teams. Beat Yale, beat Notre Dame, beat Minnesota. Don't ask me how they scheduled 'em. Don't ask me why they built stadium. Fever, fervor and a great cement salesman—"

Jobbo Rourke said, "He's (Continued on page 32)

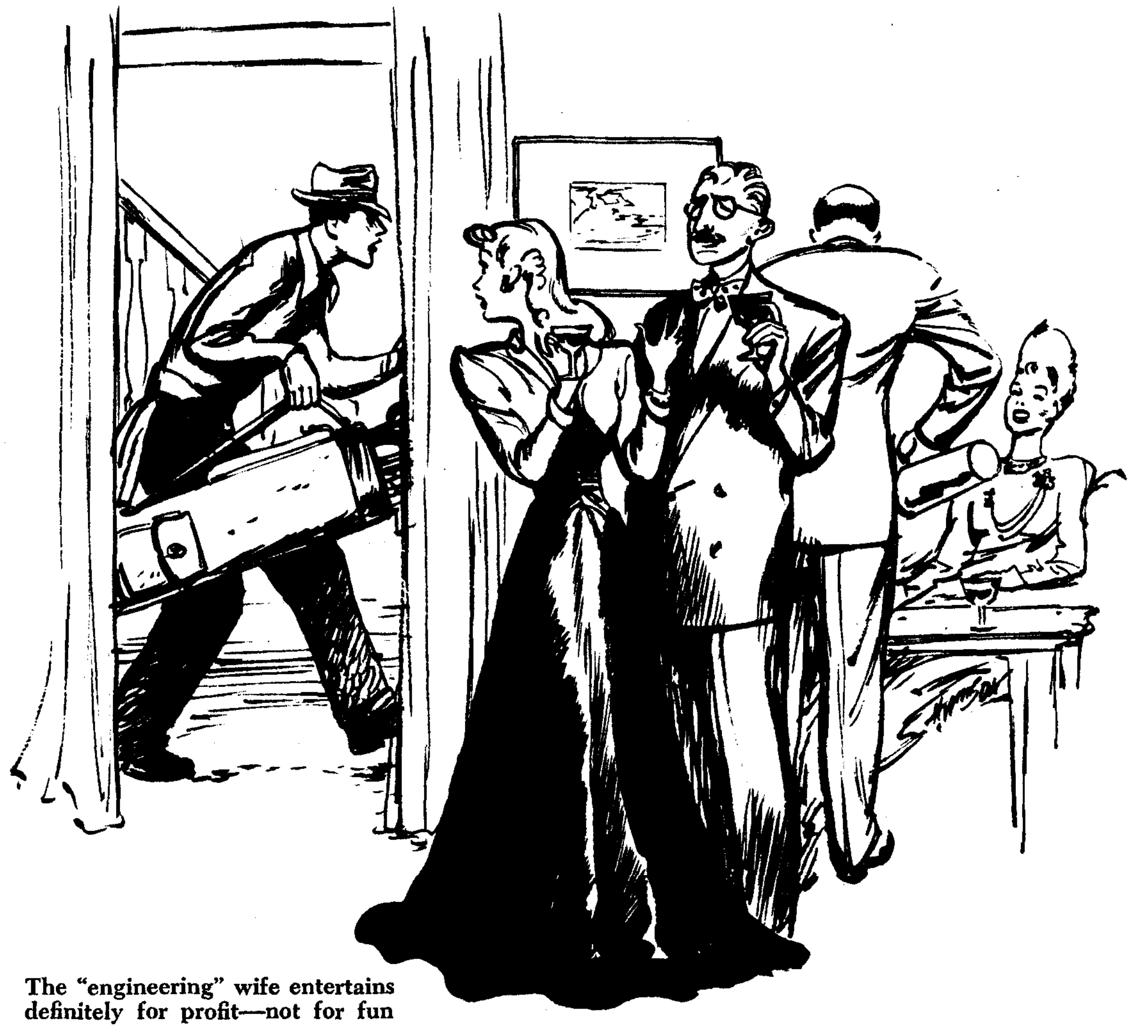
ILLUSTRATED BY MARIC ZAMPARELLI



How to Devour your Husband

By RALPH S. BANAY

This eminent psychoanalyst isn't writing about spiders. He's writing about the Modern American Wife, who consumes her husband's self-confidence, his male superiority, his independence—and her own chance of happiness



The "engineering" wife entertains definitely for profit—not for fun

MANY a young man leaves the altar dazzled and believing that he has fallen into the arms of his beloved, while actually he has fallen into her hands and is about to be devoured. And the bride may be as unaware of her emotional cannibalism as the bridegroom—until she learns the price too late to adapt herself to a less dangerous diet.

Young couples today face a different marriage relationship than did their fathers and mothers. A generation ago, marriage was a woman's whole life, while now it is just a part of her existence. Most brides today are carried away from the office or the shop or the studio rather than from the parental domain, since the majority of young American women are holding jobs or are launched on a career.

The domestic tranquillity of the past, where the roles of the husband-provider and the wife-homemaker were clearly defined and not interchangeable, has given way to an adventure in living together, with separate outside interests, different occupations and, perhaps, independent incomes.

Does this change mean that successful marriage depends on compromise? If so, who, in this period of transition, must make the most concessions? Can American women yield some of their new independence or *must they devour* their husbands by asserting it?

The blind wives who, in their drive for self-expression, consume their husbands and in the process destroy their marriage, fall into three types: one, the engineering wife; two, the prima donna; and three, the rival.

The engineering wife is the zealous, overhelpful mate. It takes less than half her time to run a modern apartment or house efficiently. She has been trained in office, business or profession to *produce.* She has leftover energies after her simple home duties are discharged, and she perhaps is charged with real executive ability. In her enthusiasm over her new job as wife, she is determined not only to be interested in what her husband is doing, but to take an active part in it.

She is eager to guide, to suggest, to direct, if not to take the initiative which should be properly his. She begins to channel her unused energies into *promoting* him. His business may be utterly alien to her experience, but she must share it, not only as counselor but as participant. If he is employed in a minor capacity, she first plants in his mind seeds of dissatisfaction with his status.

She proceeds to ferret out the names of those who are advancing more rapidly, upholds them as examples to her husband without really knowing the situation, the men, or the means that they may have employed for their own advancement.

She takes over in their social life too, and fills the house with friends chosen not for congeniality, but for what they can do to promote her husband's career. She tries to loosen the cherished ties of his old associations, saying, "Why do you spend so much time with Jack and Joe? Why can't you be friendly with men like Roger, who can do something for you? Being seen with a man like that will give you prestige and will impress people. It might make just the difference in getting your promotion."

This type of wife may even insist on entering her husband's business. Not long ago the wife of a scientist who was doing an important piece of research kept after her husband until he allowed her to join the group as an executive assistant. She had had no preparation for this specialized task. She quickly antagonized the other workers, who resented her interference, introduced expensive and ineffectual operating methods, and finally so disorganized a major part of the project that its operating funds were withdrawn. At this point, she retired. But her husband's reputation had been damaged, not enhanced, by her attempts at management.

The engineering wife is the family executive to the last detail. Not only does she allow her husband no voice in running the home (perhaps he cannot even have his favorite chair where he likes it best), but she supervises and checks on his every move, convincing herself that it is for his good. He must account for his time as well as for his spending money.

She criticizes him if he doesn't carve the chicken in the approved order of dissection. She telephones him at the office to remind him to bring home her dry cleaning, or to stop for groceries she forgot, when perhaps she could manage all this more easily than he. She protests repeatedly that three lumps of sugar in his coffee is too much for his health. But her underlying impulse is a *dominating,* not a *protective* one.

She may wait on him with devotion, taking out of his hands the routine things every man should do for himself. She may smother him with attention (I think of one young wife who within six weeks of her wedding day was cutting up her husband's plate of lettuce). Many a husband feels so hedged in by this loving surveillance that at the end of the day he turns homeward reluctantly, as to a prison in the charge of a female warder.

The engineering wife may be trying to shape her husband into a pattern not designed for him. Her aim may be beyond his achievement. What happens? She gradually wears down his self-confidence, his initiative, his will to plan his own objectives and to execute them.

He becomes empty, dispirited. He wakes up one day to find that his life is no longer his own. He cannot take a step alone. Although he may have been alert and capable, he begins to doubt himself and to overestimate his wife's ability. So he grows increasingly dependent on her.

Many a man submits and lets his wife take over to avoid friction. Life thus becomes more simple and agreeable. Ultimately, the husband is relegated to the role of a big, good-natured boy. This shift of power will come about ostensibly for "his own good" or for "our good" as his wife sees it, not for her personal ambition or pleasure. She may even complain of having to do everything herself, of not having a real man for a husband!

The prima-donna wife, however, the second type of marital man-eater, acts for her own ambition and pleasure. Marriage becomes a vehicle for her feminine ego. She, like the engineering wife, pushes her husband to the limit of his endurance. But she does it for the inner satisfaction it gives *her,* and for the outward evidence of success—*her success.*

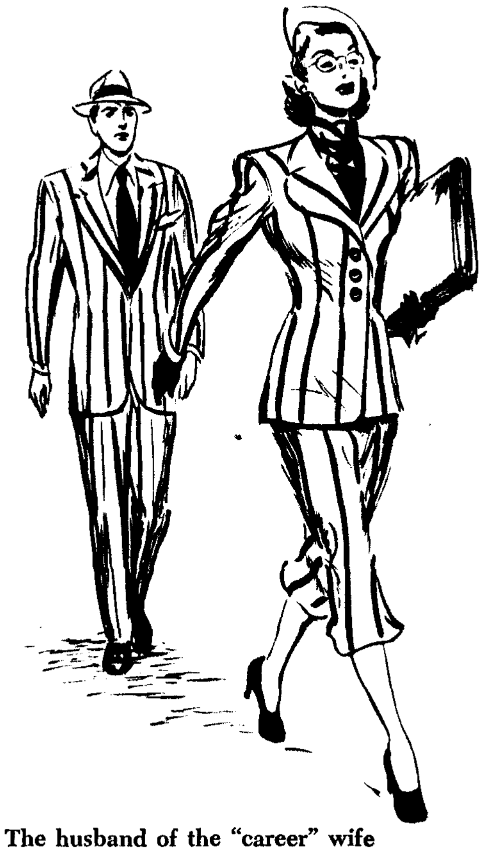
Stratagems of the Prima Donna

She may overrule her husband's better judgment in a business matter and insist on a shift to some insecure but glittering prospect, which soon collapses into ruin. Should this happen, she forever after reminds him of his poor judgment, his recklessness, or his inability to put the project across. Her own part in the failure is comfortably forgotten. Or if she is a cautious person, she may persuade him *not* to take a chance on a promising business venture, but to continue in his safe—if unrewarding—position.

Many business careers have been thwarted by a prima-donna wife's refusal to move to another locality because she wants to remain near her family or her friends. A man's yearning for country or city living may be brushed aside if the change means giving up a bridge club or a convenient shopping center. Sometimes these wives are unwilling to live in a house instead of an apartment, or vice versa. Their choice is determined solely by their own preference.

One man of our acquaintance had lived in a rented house for *twenty* years, while he saved and planned. At last he picked out a bit of acreage close by, which seemed the ideal site for the house of his dreams. But his wife opposed his plan, refusing to be "tied down" to the community. This type of wife never acknowledges the primary right of her husband to choose their dwelling place according to the needs of his career.

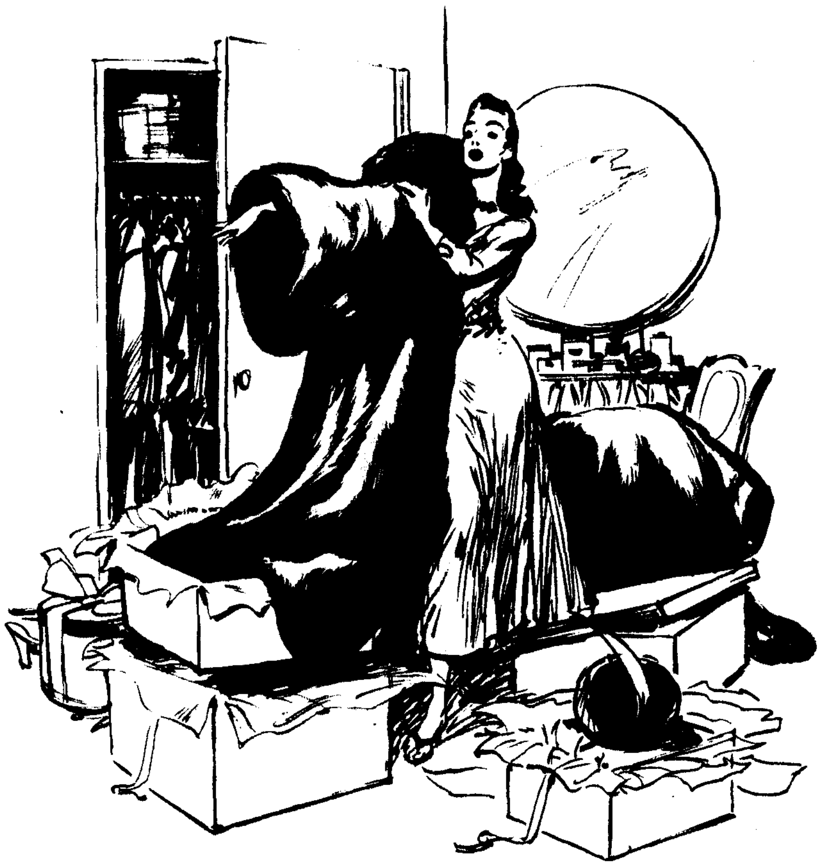
The prima-donna wife often disregards the limitations of her husband's income. She accumulates debt for luxuries out of all proportion to their budget. She joins clubs which have a high membership fee, or which demand a standard of dress or expenditure far beyond her husband's means. If he can barely afford a Persian lamb coat for her, she manages to wangle a mink because of the prestige it gives her. When he can't provide such luxuries, he is made to feel impotent and unimportant in comparison with the husbands of her friends.



The husband of the "career" wife must learn to play second fiddle

Her progress to power and position in her circle is marked by increasing stress and financial worry for her husband. It is *she* who counts, *she* whose wish must be law, *she* whose lust for power must be satisfied, whatever the cost. Any resistance on her husband's part is brushed aside as male stubbornness or inflexibility. Yet the prima donna considers herself a good wife.

Type number three of the husband destroyers is the competing wife, the rival. She must have her own career. She cannot be content to live her ambitions vicariously—through her husband's endeavors. Nor can she compromise on a partial expression. Her own career absorbs her completely even though at first it is extremely modest. If she has ability she will rise until she associates with business executives, or becomes one of them. The diminution of the masculine stature of her husband follows. The hero now shrivels to the role of economic and emotional midget.



A prima donna must have her luxuries. The price—bankruptcy or nervous breakdown—doesn't matter

The home gets a minimum of her attention because she must have time to be at her best; self-adulation feeds on admiration from others. She is so wholly absorbed in herself that there is no room in her heart for warm love toward her husband. Her career will shortly reduce her marriage to a state of pernicious anemia.

This is just what happened to Bob and Irene. Bob came back from the European theater with a distinguished Air Force record. Like many another war bride, Irene had taken a job while her husband was away. She had started doing simple clerical work with an advertising agency. But she had a flair for advertising, and advanced rapidly to an executive position. By the time Bob got home she had indeed become a Very Important Person. She lunched at exclusive clubs with wealthy clients, from whom she received flattering attention.

Bob was eager and excited to be home again. He loved and admired Irene, and was slow to admit the change in her, even to himself. His income—he was back on his job as a salesman in a responsible position—now seemed ridiculously small to her. She let him know how she felt by remarks like, "Bob, why don't you try to get a better job? Can't you do as well as the men in my office?" When it came to introducing her husband to her business associates, she was embarrassed about his work, his income, and their simple way of living. She talked more and more, and he talked less and less. She got into the habit of cutting in on him when he was telling a story or giving an opinion, and finishing it for him.

Bob lost interest in his work, and his sales went down. Normally a friendly fellow who played a good game of golf, he became indifferent about everything, secretive and morose. He dropped the university night course he had started with such enthusiasm. He shunned the people he and Irene both knew, and sought the solace of male company. And he began to drink heavily.

What had happened was this: Bob had begun to accept Irene's evaluation of him as a failure, a poor bargain as a husband, and as a man. He was reduced to a hollow shell, as if the devouring flame of her arrogant egotism had burned through his sensitive personality and utterly devastated it. His marital eclipse was complete.

Women before marriage readily display their wealth of affection, understanding, appreciation. They make a man believe he is a brilliant conversationalist by being good listeners. His hunger for affection being abetted, his inherent desire for independence is overcome, and he is propelled toward the altar. A woman *needs* to look up to and to idealize the man she loves. She should *try* to preserve at least part of the heroic proportions of the lover of her choice. It may be easy to destroy the very male qualities which first attracted her.

Today women are the product of an evolutionary emancipation which has enabled them to penetrate fields hitherto sacred to men. No longer are they held within the old triangular boundaries of *Küche, Kirche, Kinder.* They have gained strength of personality, aggressiveness, the ability to compete with men and with other women, and to divide their energies between the household and a career. But in the process, women have lost a great deal of their sensitivity, their softness and consideration.

Remedy Seen in Social Evolution

There are inherent dangers in this great change which threaten old institutions like marriage and motherhood. In time, a gradual social evolution will remedy this transitory state of seemingly increased masculinity in women, and bring to better balance the relationship of the opposing sexes.

Nevertheless, today a man can easily be submerged in the breakers as the tide of feminine liberation comes in. He has had to cast overboard some of his old prerogatives, even the illusion of masculine superiority. And he runs the risk of being washed ashore minus the independence of thought and action which is the outgrowth of centuries of social conditioning and inherited aptitudes.

It is possible that men will come to accept this decline of masculinity, and will eventually assume a secondary role in the relation of the sexes. The decline of men has not really begun as yet, but there are indications in both sexes that the psychological sexual differences may become less and less until, at some distant point in time, such differences as remain will be chiefly anatomical.

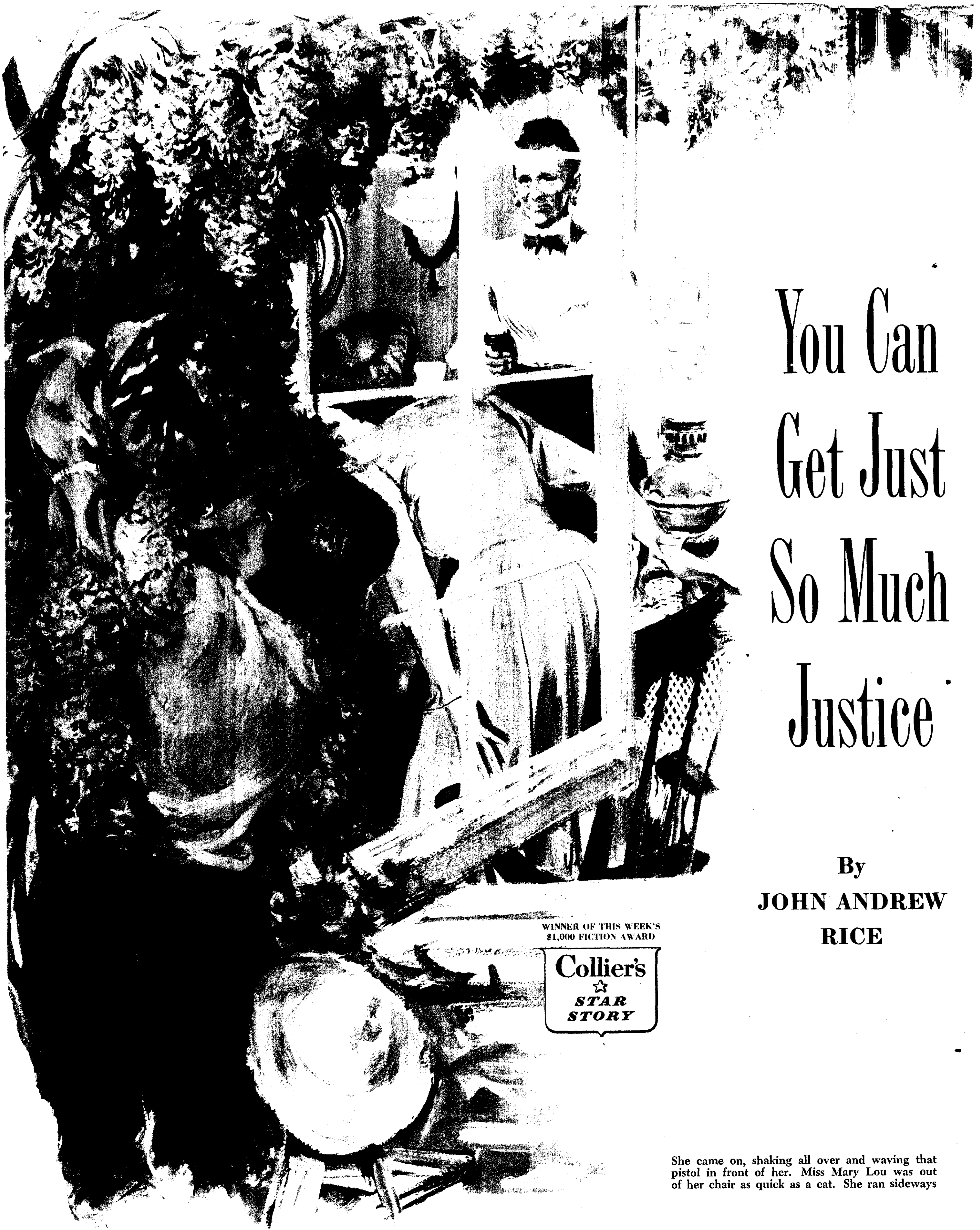
Until the leveling off reaches a resting point, many tears will be shed, much unhappiness and frustration endured in married life. Young people should be taught, *before* marriage, about ailing relationships and how to avoid them, instead of having to learn the hard way through soul-destroying conflict. The need for self-expression by both partners but at the expense of neither calls for a discipline which applies equally to both. Acceptance of this can make the marriage a truer and happier partnership.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD WILLIAMSON

You Can Get Just So Much Justice

By

JOHN ANDREW RICE



She came on, shaking all over and waving that pistol in front of her. Miss Mary Lou was out of her chair as quick as a cat. She ran sideways

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's ★ STAR STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

Suppose that you were the only witness to a killing—that only you could stand up in court and say: "They stood like this in the room and struggled thus for the gun, and I saw it happen." And then suppose that your lips were sealed by fear

WHITE folks are funny. White folks think we ain't there. I found that out when I was a shirttail boy and my ma went to cook for Miss Mollie. Most white ladies wouldn't let their cooks bring children along with them, but Ma said she couldn't take a job without I could come with her, because I was the only one she had. Miss Mollie said all right then, I could come with Ma and maybe I could help around the kitchen. That was when I found out that white folks think we ain't there.

Judge Tolliver, Miss Mollie's husband, used to come home to dinner at half past twelve, and first thing after they started to eat, Miss Mollie would ask him what case he was trying today and he would tell her. Ma wouldn't let me go in the dining room but she didn't need to, because she kept the door propped open and we could hear everything the judge and Miss Mollie said. After the judge had told Miss Mollie what the case was, she used to tell him what she thought about the case and sometimes she would say, "But, Judge Tolliver"—all the ladies used to call their husbands by their full names unless they was mad with them—"but, Judge Tolliver, that ain't justice."

Then he would say, sometimes sort of sad, "I know, Mollie. I know it ain't justice. At least it ain't all of justice. But you can't get all of justice. You can get just so much justice, and I guess we ought to be thankful for that." I can hear him say it now, "You can get just so much justice." I can hear him just as if I was still a shirttail boy listening from the kitchen, and I can hear Miss Mollie snort and say, "Well, for land sakes, I don't see why." I didn't see why, either, not then.

The funny thing about it was that they never seemed to know that Ma and me was listening to everything they said. But Ma knew. Once or twice she shut the door herself. The first time was when the judge was telling Miss Mollie about a rape case. I didn't know what the word meant, any more than I knew what justice meant, but I could tell from the tone of Miss Mollie's voice that it was something awful, just as I could tell that justice was something good. So when Ma heard the word coming from the dining room she looked at me sharp and shut the door, and she looked scared. That night when we got home I heard the word again. Ma was talking to Pa sort of low, so as I couldn't hear, but I heard the word "rape," and Pa looked scared too.

That was the first time I knew that words could scare people. But there was another word that didn't seem to scare anybody. People talked about murder just like they would talk about a drink of water, and when the judge was telling about a murder case, Ma used to stand close to the door so she could hear every word he said. I didn't know what that word meant, either, not then. And it didn't scare me, not then.

I worked in the afternoons, and during the summer I worked all day, but the rest of the time I went to school. And I went all the time and never missed a day except when I was sick. I went because Pa wanted me to. Pa was ambitious for me. He used to say, "Son, I want you to be somebody. I want you to learn to use your head." Pa was a mail carrier, got his appointment when McKinley was President, and he was proud of his job, but he used to come home at night dog-tired. I could tell when he was done up. He would say to me, "Muscle is cheap, son," and he wouldn't say anything more until he had cleaned up and had his supper.

Then, when Ma had lit the lamp and he had settled down in his rocker, it was just like being tired had started something in him. He would begin to talk, and the one thing he liked most to talk about was Mr. Washington. Nobody talks that way now. Nobody believes the way he did, or hopes. I've tried to tell people what Mr. Washington meant to him, but it ain't any use. You can't bring back hope. And even to me it's only something I can remember. I can't feel it any more. But I felt it then, and not only because of Pa. I took naturally to learning, and I felt it for myself.

School wasn't much. It kept for only four or five months, and the teacher didn't know more than enough to keep one jump ahead of the pupils. But that didn't make any difference, not to me. Ma couldn't read, but Pa could, and he taught me, out of the newspaper and the Bible. Many is the night I nodded to sleep with one of them in my hand, and sometimes Pa got sore with me and said, "Maybe you don't want to go to Tuskegee. Maybe you just want to be a mule, like the rest of us."

When I got big enough Miss Mollie began to teach me to be a gardener. She knew a lot about it, and there wasn't anything slapdash about her gardening. Everything had to be just so, and she would snatch me bald-headed if I didn't do exactly the way she told me. One day, when we were working around the azaleas and she had been telling me about how they had to have acid soil, she said, and I can see her now, leaning on the handle of the rake, she said, "Ben, you're a smart boy. How are you going to use it? What do you want to be?"

AT FIRST I didn't answer. I had never told anybody what I wanted to be. I stuck my head out of sight under an azalea bush and acted busy, hoping she wouldn't ask me again. But she did. She said, "You didn't answer my question, Ben," and when I made like I didn't understand, she said, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

I said, "I don't know yet, Miss Mollie." Then, when she looked like she expected me to go on, I said, "All I know is what I want to do next."

"What?" she said. "What do you want to do next?"

I stuck my head under the azalea bush again and said, "I want to go to Tuskegee."

"You do?" she said. "Well, I never. The judge was talking about Booker T. just last night. Judge Tolliver thinks Booker T. is a fine man."

"Booker T.?" I asked. "Who is Booker T., Miss Mollie?"

"You mean to tell me, Ben, that you want to go to Tuskegee and you don't even know who Booker T. Washington is, the man who started Tuskegee?" She slapped an empty glove against the handle of the rake. "Land sakes!"

"I forgot," I said. But I hadn't forgotten. I hadn't ever heard Mr. Washington called Booker T., but of course I wasn't going to let on to her. I looked out from under the bush and said, "Pa told me about him."

"I should think he would," she said, and after that she didn't say anything more about him, not then, because while we were talking Mrs. Staples had come in the front gate and over to where we were, and they began to talk without paying any attention to me. It was the way it had happened before. Mrs. Staples talked about something that ailed her inside, just like I wasn't there, and even when she did notice me, it was to ask Miss Mollie if I was a good gardener and could she recommend me. Miss Mollie said, "Not yet, but he will be. Want him to help you? He knows more about gardening than you ever will, Maggie Staples. I don't need all his time." Then she said to me, "Ben, would you like to work for Mrs. Staples?"

I said, "Yes, ma'am." It don't seem right that anybody can do to himself what I did with two words.

THAT night, when I got home and told Pa I had promised to work for Mrs. Staples, he didn't say anything at first. After a while he said, "Well, you got to begin sometime." He didn't say what he meant, but I knew. He meant that not everybody was like the judge and Miss Mollie, and I had to learn to get along with people like the Stapleses. Mrs. Staples was skinny and mean. She never had been able to keep a cook any length of time because she quarreled with everybody who worked for her. Ma had cooked for her for about a month, but she quit.

Mr. Staples was the biggest real-estate agent in town and he made good money. There wasn't anything Mr. Staples couldn't sell, once he got started. He was a big heavy man, and he laughed a lot, and folks said he was the biggest rounder in the county, but when he got home he seemed sort of small. He didn't laugh at all. As soon as he come in the door his wife used to light on him and whip him around the house with her tongue. Lots of times I heard her say, after I went to work for her, "Well, Mr. Staples, what you been up to now?" and before he could answer she was piling it on.

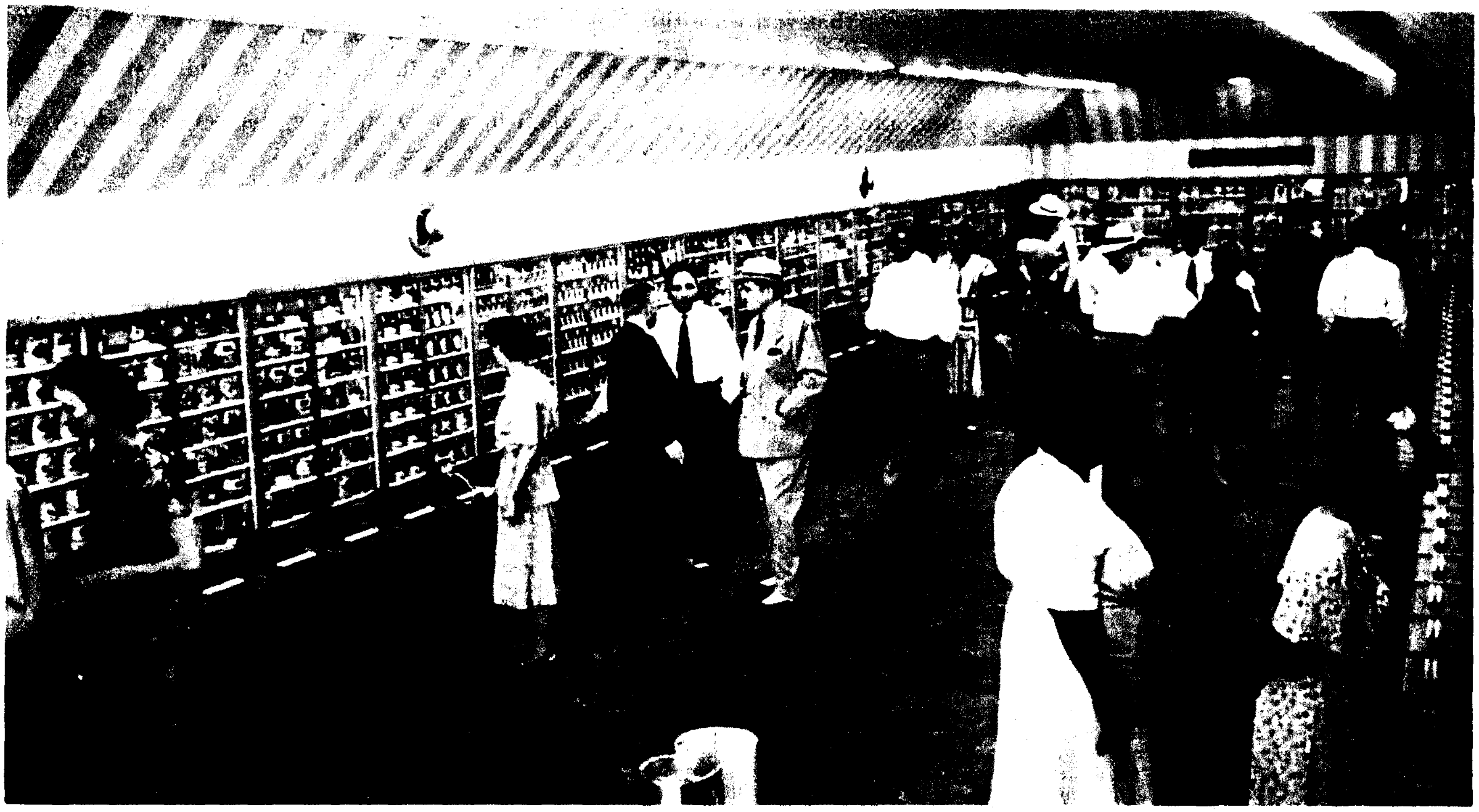
He would say, "Now, Maggie, don't carry on that way," and then she would yell, "Why not, I'd like to know, why not? You ain't decent, Bob Staples, you just ain't decent." Sometimes, when he couldn't stand it any more, he would run out of the house and jump in his buggy and drive off like a crazy man.

But I never told what I saw or heard. That was because of Pa. If I started to talk about white folks, Pa would listen, and as soon as he heard me say something that wasn't good about them, he would say, "Hush, boy. You can't help seeing and hearing, but you can help telling." So by the time I went to work it was sort of natural for me to keep my mouth shut. Pa never said it in so many words, but I knew that if I wasn't to tell him, I wasn't to tell anybody. I still wonder would it have made any difference if I hadn't learned to be so shutmouth. The only time I ever talked was when I couldn't help talking, and when Judge Tolliver said later, "Ben, you're not to tell anybody, not a living soul, what you've told me," I didn't, not even Pa.

Mrs. Staples' garden was a mess. What wasn't weeds was all shriveled up. I told Ma about it and she said, "Yes, and I know why," but Pa said, "Now, now," and she didn't say anything more. Ma hadn't forgotten the time she worked for Mrs. Staples, and whenever her name was mentioned Ma's face used to take on a hard look. I knew why. Mrs. Staples had told her she could bring me with her to work but after I got there Mrs. Staples made Ma set me in a chair and keep me there all the time, and at the end of about a month she told Ma she couldn't bring me any more. She said, "I don't like children around," and Ma quit.

I was too young then to notice much, but when I went to work for Mrs. Staples the first thing I noticed, one day when she called me in from the yard to move something, was that the house was chockfull of furniture, but it felt empty. It felt just the way a home feels that has

(Continued on page 73)



The size of the Keedoozle store display room is entirely misleading. Behind the glassed-in shelves lies machinery capable of serving 7,200 customers a day

From Piggly Wiggly To Keedoozle

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Clarence Saunders thinks he again has the key to cutting the food bill. The inventor of Piggly Wiggly has mechanized shopping. For no good reason he calls it Keedoozle

Clarence Saunders, 67, Paul Bunyan of the bargain counter, first tried his Keedoozle idea thirteen years ago. He failed twice, but now he's clicking

THE way they carry on about it down in Memphis, you'd think Keedoozle was the local version of Operation Vittles—and that's not so farfetched after all. Both are highly ingenious devices for delivering the goods across a pretty near insurmountable barrier. In Berlin it's the Russians. In Memphis, as in every American city, town and crossroad hamlet, the barrier is high prices. So far both countermeasures have confounded common sense by working out all right.

Keedoozle is a cross between a juke box and a rocket launcher, that manages to sell packaged groceries faster and cheaper than you can buy them anywhere else at the moment. The name and the contraption could have sprung only from the brain of Clarence Saunders, the Paul Bunyan of the bargain counter who also brought forth Piggly Wiggly and with it the vast brood of self-service chains his Keedoozle must now undersell.

And why that name?

"I got it out of my noodle," says Saunders.

A Memphis reporter invented the explanation: "Key Does All."

Against a percentage mark-up in other stores, Keedoozle sells everything at only ½ to 3 cents over cost—a saving of from 10 per cent to 15 per cent to the consumer. To rival grocers who said it was a come-on to attract crowds and sell franchises, Saunders advertised a characteristic answer: "Let other stores squirm."

That's good enough for Memphis, which has known Saunders for over 40 years, watched him make and lose two huge cut-rate grocery fortunes, and never known him to admit defeat.

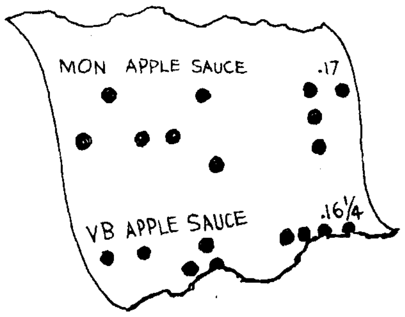
Every day hundreds line up in his store to shake hands with a hero of free and uninhibited enterprise. "We're pullin' fer you, Clarence," people tell him. "We shorely hope you make those millions." To people who have to make their pennies count, Saunders has always seemed just as glamorous in his way as, say, Clark Gable in his. Even while he was splurging on his private palaces, he never forgot that a few cents saved on the price of flour and molasses was like raising the price of cotton.

"Let's do some loving, let's do some kissing, let's go see Keedoozle," he wooed admirers when he opened up the first trial Keedoozle 13 years ago. It closed then because of mechanical difficulties, failed again to stick during the war because of parts shortages. Today, a ruddy, bouncing sixty-seven, he has all Memphis on pins and needles wondering whether this time Keedoozle will finally put its Grade-A Humpty Dumpty back on top of his wall. If it does,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN MALONE

shopping will never be the same for you again.

Technically, Keedoozle works something like a dial telephone in which groceries take the place of numbers. Instead of a dial you use a cameralike "key" loaded with paper tape. You pick the key up as you cross a comfortable, clublike lounge and enter a long showroom where groceries are spotlighted behind glass like so many precious jewels. When you see an item you want, you drop the key into a slot beneath the display and press a button marked with the code letter of the desired merchandise. There's a flash of light and a soft click as the mechanism beneath the slot punches a pattern of holes in your tape and prints on it the name and price of the item, like this:



After you've punched out everything you want you bring your key to the cashier. He tears out the tape, feeds it through a computing "translator" and hands you an itemized bill. The bill is stamped with your call number. The original tape, stamped with the same number, is dropped through a slot in the wall behind the cashier to the order clerk's desk.

As soon as you've paid your bill you wait in the lounge (seldom more than a minute or so) until your number is called and you pick up your order. From the lounge you can look through a big plate-glass window behind the cashier's desk and watch how your groceries are assembled.

You look down a long aisle along both sides of which two banks of metal chutes tilt down at a 40-degree angle to form a huge V over a central conveyer belt. The chutes are kept loaded with groceries from above by men working on a platform. Whenever a chute is less than half full a red light turns on automatically.

At the order clerk's desk your tape is run through another translator and—zingo!—your groceries cascade down from the chutes, hit a rubberized baffle and roll on to the conveyer belt. The belt carries them along at 600 feet a minute and dumps them into a cardboard box at any one of four "stops." Placing your identifying tape on top, an attendant lifts the box over to another conveyer, which rolls it out to the lounge.

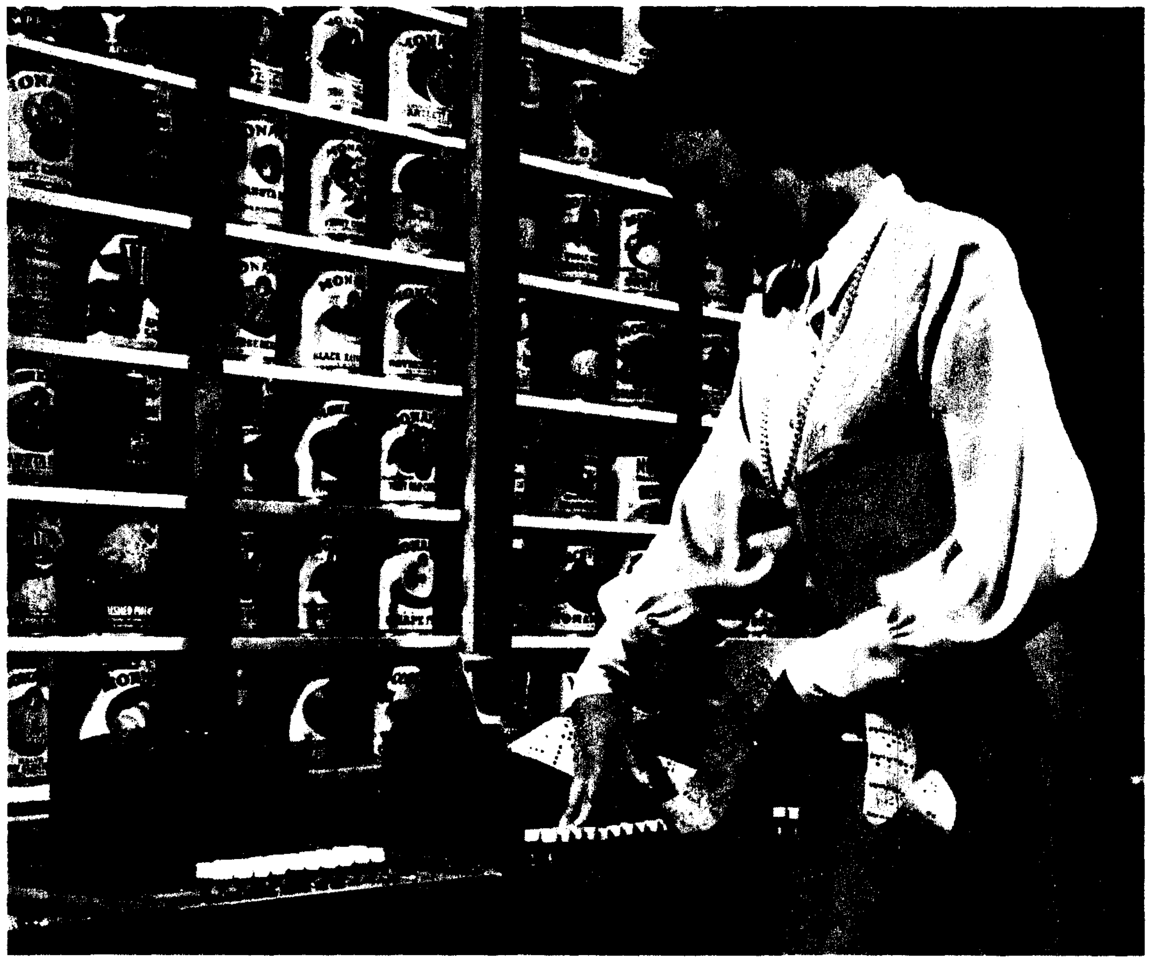
The real key to Keedoozle is a cribbage-board pattern of 33 electrical contact points—sandwiched one over the other like the grids of a waffle iron to form the translator. Rubber rollers feed the punched tape rapidly between the grids, making and breaking electrical contacts through the punched holes and thus operating the Keedoozle machinery. Different hole patterns produce different switching combinations. These run the adding machine and trip the electromagnetic chute releases. As if that wasn't enough, the tape also does all the bookkeeping by recording sales and profits on a set of 10 electrical counters.

The 33-point pattern looks like this:

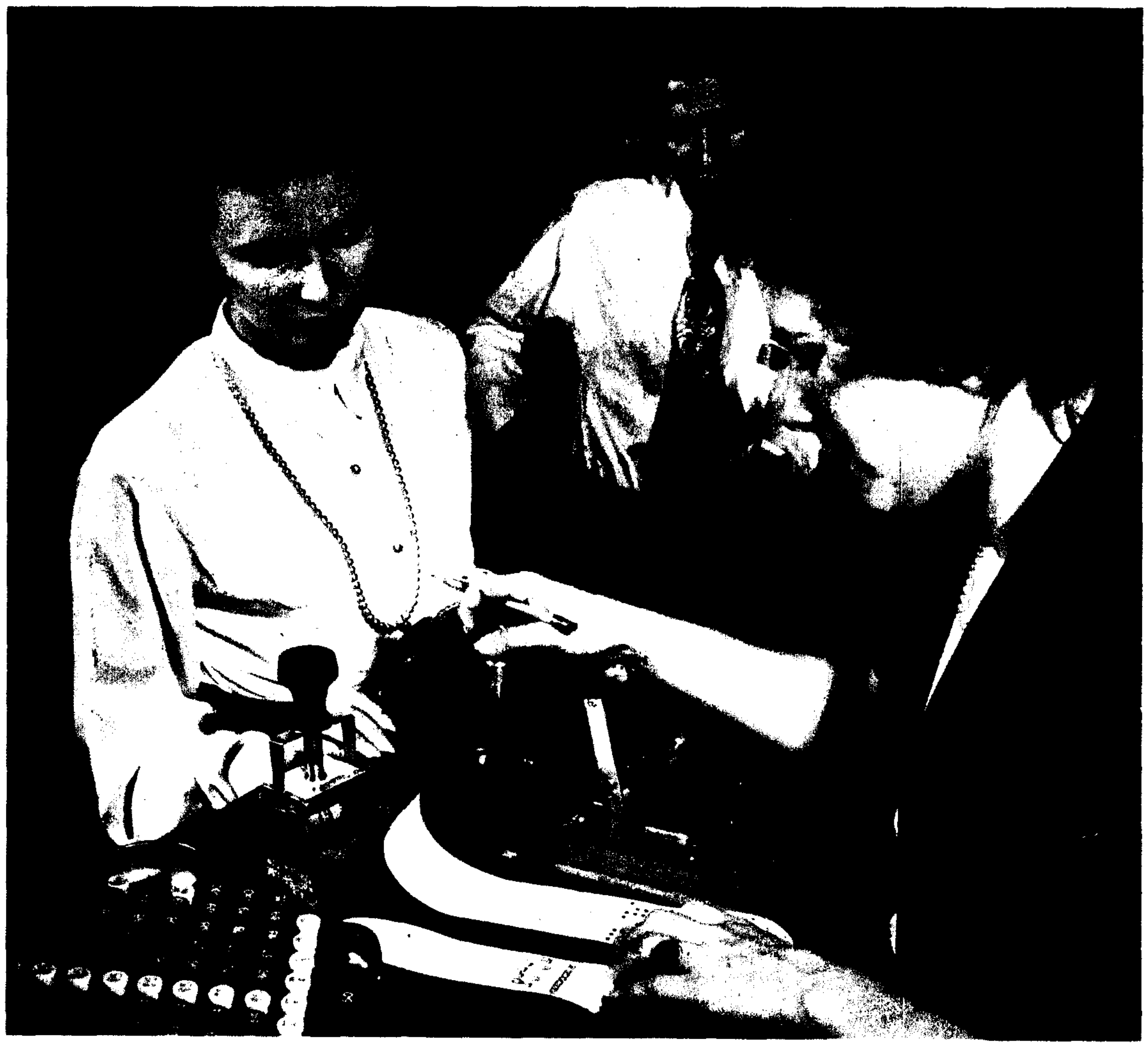
o o o o o o o o o
o o o o o o o o
o o o o o o o o
o o o o o o o o

The first three columns represent items, the next four, prices, and the last column, profits. The single hole on the upper right is the "control position," which turns on the current between grids. If a customer changes her mind about an item, a piece of tape pasted over this hole will cancel out the item. The 33-point pattern controls the operation for one purchase.

"I clasp your hand in binding agreement that Keedoozle will cut prices and they will stay cut," Saunders promised his *(Continued on page 66)*



In the Keedoozle store your key is your clerk. You get it as you enter the lounge. When you have picked an item of merchandise in the show room you put the key in the receptacle fronting the compartment and press the white selector button bearing a letter that corresponds to the letter identifying your item



Each time you make a purchase a roll of tape on your key is punched and stamped with the record of the transaction. When you are through shopping you take your key to the cashier. She puts the key tape through a calculator. When you have paid her she starts the process that will bring you your groceries

Glen Fleischmann

The Impude[illegible] Rifle

By DICK PEARCE

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A RASH YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T GIVE IN

The Story: On board the Rachel and bound for Fort Gibson are LIEUTENANT PHILIP ROYALL, GOVERNOR SPRAGUE, his beautiful daughter BETH, SEAN DONNELL, FRANK OLLERS, and an assortment of violent characters clustered about a desperado named SCANLON. Governor Sprague has been commissioned by the President to move the Choctaw Nation to the west. He is carrying $50,000 in public funds. Sean Donnell, a young Irishman in Sprague's party, greatly admires Royall. They are both attracted to Beth. Frank Ollers, the richest man in the territory, shrewdly baits Royall until Royall accepts a challenge to fight Scanlon. While they are fighting, Scanlon's gang holds up Sprague. They are shot and dispersed by Ollers. Royall suspects that Ollers engineered the holdup and used it to gain Sprague's confidence, as it is known that Ollers wants to be the contractor who moves the Choctaw for the government. At Fort Gibson, Royall meets his acting C.O., MAJOR TRAUT, and Ollers' daughter, HARRIET, a sultry girl dressed like an Indian. Ollers warns Royall to keep away from his daughter. Later, from the post surgeon, CLAUSEN, Royall learns that Ollers has deserted his Indian wife. Their child, Harriet, has sworn that if her father tries to force her to go home with him, she will give herself to the first common soldier she sees. Royall calls on Harriet, walks with her at night, and kisses her. He flaunts his good night to her in front of Major Traut, who is supposedly Harriet's lover. The next day Traut orders Royall out of the fort with a detachment that is to cut timber—Royall will be gone all summer.

PART 3 OF A SIX-PART SERIAL

ROYALL rode back into the pinery camp two hours before sunset. He was late. He knew it and regretted it as he looked into the patient and hungry faces of the men lounging beneath the trees. Their eyes held no enthusiasm for the brace of turkeys hanging across his knees, and he could not blame them.

Sergeant Taylor came across to him as he dropped the turkeys and dismounted. Taylor gazed down at the birds solemnly.

"Don't say it, Sergeant." Royall smiled. "I'm tired of turkey too. It should have been venison. I missed a buck."

Taylor said in reproachful surprise, "Now that ain't like you, sir."

"I had him clean. Then I dawdled. Too anxious for a sure shot, I suppose. He went down but didn't stay down."

"You oughten to waste time over your aim, Lieutenant. A fast aim is your bent, and you're the best man I ever seen at it."

Royall accepted the reproof, and did not deny the compliment. The fact that he was a superb rifleman only added to the pang of the missed shot.

Taylor followed him, keeping a step behind as he walked to his tent.

During the first month, Royall had rotated the hunting among the detachment. It gave each man a needed relief from drudgery. But easy game had disappeared under the toll of daily killing. The Cherokee hunted these reaches of the river too, and once an Osage hunting party had come through. Gradually it was necessary to extend the range of the daily foraging. When finally the men began to return empty-handed, Royall reluctantly stopped the rotation. Now he and Sergeant Taylor alternated, for they were the only ones who could be sure of bringing down game when they found it.

Royall ducked into his tent, found razor and soap and backed out quickly. Though the tent's sides were up, its linen still captured and held the stale, stifling heat of the day.

He turned back through the camp, Taylor again following at his heels. The sergeant had something on his mind, and Royall thought he knew what it was. Thirty feet ahead of Royall, Hogue rose lazily from the ground, sent one sour glance at him and sauntered away.

"Hogue!"

Hogue looked over his shoulder, then faced about and came to attention with a studied deliberateness.

Repugnance stronger than anger worked through Royall as his eyes went over the man. Hogue's beard, red and stiff like the hair of his head, was dirty and matted. The same mat covered his naked torso. His splayed feet were bare. His heavy thighs and legs were covered to the shins by nankeen overalls, cut down and belted. There was a time when the nankeen had been a clean yellow-brown. Now it was stiff and evil with accumulated filth.

"Hogue, you're a pig. Take off those breeches."

Without a word Hogue unbelted, pushed the breeches down over his hips and let them fall about his feet. He stepped back out of them, giving them a kick that placed them between him and Royall.

"Pick them up!"

Again with infuriating slowness he stepped forward, gathered them in a hand and straightened. Royall was aware of the taut silence that lay upon the camp, of the men lying on the ground and sitting against tree boles in motionless attitudes, their eyes both watchful and thoughtful.

"Is your rifle as dirty as you are?"

"It ain't, sir."

"Bring it here."

Hogue slouched away to the tree where his rifle was stacked, picked it up, slouched back and presented it at inspection arms.

As Royall reached for it he saw a small gleam of triumph in Hogue's eyes and knew, even before touching the piece, what he would find. Hogue once had been a wheelwright. He had an artisan's respect for tools, and would keep his rifle spotless.

But Hogue had forgotten something. In his eagerness to get the rifle into Royall's hands he had laid himself open to one of the oldest and most painful tricks of the infantry. As Royall's hand closed about the piece, Hogue relaxed his grip. In the same moment Royall opened his own hand. The buttstock with ten pounds of steel and wood behind it fell square across the arch of Hogue's bare foot.

He caught the barrel of the rifle but relinquished it to grab up his foot.

"Attention!"

Hogue dropped the foot and stood once more, glaring his hate.

"What did you forget, Hogue?"

"The rammer," Hogue muttered.

"You know better than that. Pick up your rifle and spring your rammer."

Hogue found the rifle, removed the ramrod from its pipe and thrust it down the muzzle. The depth to which the rammer sank showed there was no charge in the piece. Inspecting officers had literally lost the tops of their heads from peering down the barrels of loaded pieces.

"Clean it," Royall snapped. "And wash those breeches before you eat." He waited for Hogue's delayed, "Yes, sir," then swung away, seeing grins on the faces of the men.

Sergeant Taylor remained discreetly quiet as they descended to the river. It was just as well, for Royall was fighting an unreasonable desire to turn on him. It was Taylor's duty to keep the ranks presentable. Yet Royall knew that the sergeant had only been following his own lead in his futile effort to win Hogue with decent treatment.

The river had shrunk to a string of connected pools. Taylor squatted on the bank as Royall made his preparations for shaving.

THE day of their arrival, Royall had ordered every man into the river for a thorough soaping, and they had made a lark of it. But when he drove them to the river, day after day, they grew to resent it bitterly. Moreover, he made them save fat and ashes to make soap, and compelled them to scrub every third day garments they would have washed monthly if at all.

Not until the wicked temperatures of July came without a single case of the expected fevers did their resentment turn to approval.

"The last batch of honey will be gone tomorrow," said Taylor.

Royall nodded without speaking.

"No flour and no coffee," continued Taylor. "No sugar and now no honey. The men are all right. They're just grumblin' like you'd expect, and they don't take to Hogue's talk agin you."

Now the sergeant was going to urge again that a man be sent back to Fort Gibson with a plea to the quartermaster, and Royall set his mind stubbornly against the idea. There was the possibility that Fort Gibson's flour was exhausted and more was not to be had. If Gibson lacked flour, a plea for supplies would only draw from Major Traut a curt and justified reminder that officers were expected to show some initiative in foraging for themselves.

If on the other hand there was flour at the cantonment, there were also many valid reasons why a supply wagon could be delayed.

"We'll send no messenger, Sergeant," said Royall.

Taylor looked aggrieved. "It wasn't in my mind to suggest it again, sir," he said. "I was thinkin', we got this little dab of honey left and no more to be had, and it put me in mind of a way we used to find a bee tree when I was a boy. I was thinkin' we might have a bee hunt tomorrow if you could see your way to it."

Contemplating Taylor's weathered face, Royall acknowledged to himself that he owed much to the old sergeant's practical wisdom. A day of lively sport would break the monotony and take the men's minds off their stomachs.

"We'll do it, Sergeant," he said, "but I thought you said there were no more bee trees."

"No more that we can find, sir. But there's bee trees all right, and our dab of honey is the bait that'll lead us to one. We'll need both horses and maybe it'll take a little time, but we'll find one."

In the long twilight after supper Royall called the sergeant back to him and they moved through a quiet inspection. This was his substitute for the evening ceremony prescribed by regulations. For this was a work camp. The danger of the Pawnee was a hundred miles westward. The Comanche was still farther away to the southwest. He was not here to defend the frontier, but to cut logs. A soldier who put in a full (Continued on page 84)

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMAN

Mister Tobacco

By COLLIE SMALL

When he was a barber, Vincent Riggio heard a customer make a startling statement: "I'm going to be president of Standard Oil and you can be president of American Tobacco." So—Vincent Riggio is now president of American Tobacco

MR. VINCENT RIGGIO, a dapper, gray-haired man no bigger than a Lucky Strike and seemingly as fragile as a smoke ring, has at various times in his life swept floors, run errands for his mother, painted radiators in a radiator factory, and sewed buttons on men's trousers during the Cleveland administration. Mr. Riggio has also been a barber.

Some 50 years ago, in fact, in his shop on West 117th Street in New York, the young Sicilian was tending the beard of a slightly erratic professor from Columbia University when the professor suffered a prophecy.

"Vince," he said, gazing dreamily up at the ceiling, "Socialism is coming. We must be ready. I want you to be a pioneer."

"I don't want to be a pioneer," Riggio said flatly.

The professor was insistent and faintly conspiratorial. "Listen, Vince," he whispered, "there are two great companies in the United States—Standard Oil and the American Tobacco Company. When the Socialists take over, I'm going to be president of Standard Oil. You can be president of American Tobacco."

Riggio shrugged good-naturedly. "All right, Professor, I'll be president of American Tobacco."

Well, by the beard of the old professor, Vincent Riggio, the barber, *did* become president of the American Tobacco Company, a vast $800,000,000 organization dispensing several hundred tobacco products including Lucky Strike cigarettes, El Roi-Tan cigars, and a mysterious smoking mixture called Pinkussohn's Potpourri. For sitting at the throttle of this giant machine, Mr. Riggio draws an annual basic salary of $120,000 in addition to bonuses, which last year elevated his total income to $484,000 or considerably more than twice as much as he earned as a barber on West 117th Street.

As the new president of American Tobacco, Riggio succeeded the late George Washington Hill, who, during his tempestuous career, laid about him with such gusto that he boggled the imagination of the entire country. Hill has been described as a genius, an eccentric, a man-eating tycoon, and a completely unmanageable dictator. Riggio has been called none of these things, and it is unlikely that he will be. His approach is more patiently orthodox, yet he is currently selling more cigarettes than Hill ever did.

Riggio worked with Hill in various capacities for 39 years, until Hill's death in 1946. Hill's ebullient personality drew attention away from the quiet Sicilian, but it was Riggio, for example, who introduced cash selling to retailers in an industry which had previously existed almost exclusively on credit, and it was Riggio who sold the first Lucky Strike cigarettes ever made—in Buffalo, New York, during a howling blizzard in 1917.

The two men made a formidable team, although there were times at the end of a hard day when they were not speaking to each other. When Hill scoffed at warnings that a cigarette manufacturer should never, never mention throat irritation, Riggio supported Hill vigorously. As things developed, they were right, and they went ahead and based several successful advertising campaigns on the horrible things that can happen to a smoker's throat.

On the other hand, when Riggio protested equally vigorously that Hill's slogan, "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild," was in poor taste, Hill responded by relieving Riggio of his position as head of Lucky Strike advertising.

Partly because of Hill's enchantment with the music of words and partly because cigarette advertising is necessarily based on eye-catching presentations, Riggio has spent a good deal of his life with slogans. Some of them he fathered himself, such as "Cream of the Crop," a slogan that came to him during a sales-inspection trip to Raleigh, North Carolina. Others he has simply attended at birth in the role of consultant, advising a change here or a revision there.

Some years ago, Riggio was riding in a taxi with Hill when their cab pulled up for a red light. In the cab next to them, an extremely fat lady was energetically stuffing her mouth with chocolates while her companion, a willowy young lady of classic proportions, coolly smoked a cigarette. Hill was fascinated. Suddenly, with a shout, he slapped Riggio on the leg.

"I've got it!" he yelled.

"Got what?" asked Riggio, puzzled.

"Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet!" Hill said triumphantly. Riggio instantly approved, and a slogan was born.

Slogans That Sell Cigarettes

Other Lucky Strike slogans which have measured up to Riggio's specifications over the years include "It's Toasted," a vintage slogan of the last decade which is still used on the package; "LS/MFT" (Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco), a combination Hill invented after the fashion of government symbols so popular at the time; and "First Again with Tobacco Men," a recent contribution from an advertising agency.

Riggio's interest in slogans is not poetic. He is singularly uninterested in whether or not they scan. He is interested in selling cigarettes, and in this endeavor slogans and arresting phrases are indispensable. This largely explains the auctioneer's wail which Lucky Strike has been exploiting for several years now with high success.

Although the tobacco men's singsong was considered for use in Lucky Strike advertising as long as 20 years ago, it remained for George Washington Hill, Jr., who recently resigned as a vice-president of American Tobacco, to put it on the air. The resulting cacophony was so great that the Washington Post was moved to complain editorially, "Where the father had been the most ambiguous, the son managed to be completely unintelligible."

Nevertheless, it sold cigarettes from the start, and Riggio, an astute salesman, has no intention of jettisoning an idea that contributes to the sale of 105 billion Lucky Strikes a year.

Riggio has been essentially a salesman ever since he quit his barbershop, and it is doubtful if any industry can boast a more successful salesman. It is a tribute to Riggio's hardiness that he survived a harrowing era in which cigarettes were banned from some states as immoral and were justified in others only by vending machines which, as they dispensed each package, mournfully played Nearer My God to Thee. Undaunted, Riggio went ahead and sold probably more cigarettes than any other salesman in America, meanwhile hanging up a record for stubborn persistence that may never be equaled.

Junior Calls on Father's Trade

Several years ago, Riggio's son, Frank, who is now head of his own cigarette company, invaded a shop in Ann Arbor, Michigan, which used to be a regular port of call for Riggio, Sr. The proprietor refused to buy from Frank on his first visit. Frank returned. The proprietor refused again. Frank tried still a third time. Finally, the exasperated proprietor demanded, "What do I have to do to keep you out of here? You're worse than your old man!"

During his active selling days, Riggio was a familiar sight all over America. One week he would be in Seattle; the next week he would be driving a horse and wagon through the Catskills. In prohibition days, he was consistently mistaken for a revenue agent for some reason which he still does not understand. Once, on a call in Kansas, a nervous lady bootlegger poured five gallons of whisky down a hole in the back yard when she saw Riggio drive up, and she nearly committed assault and battery on Riggio when she found that he was simply a cigarette salesman.

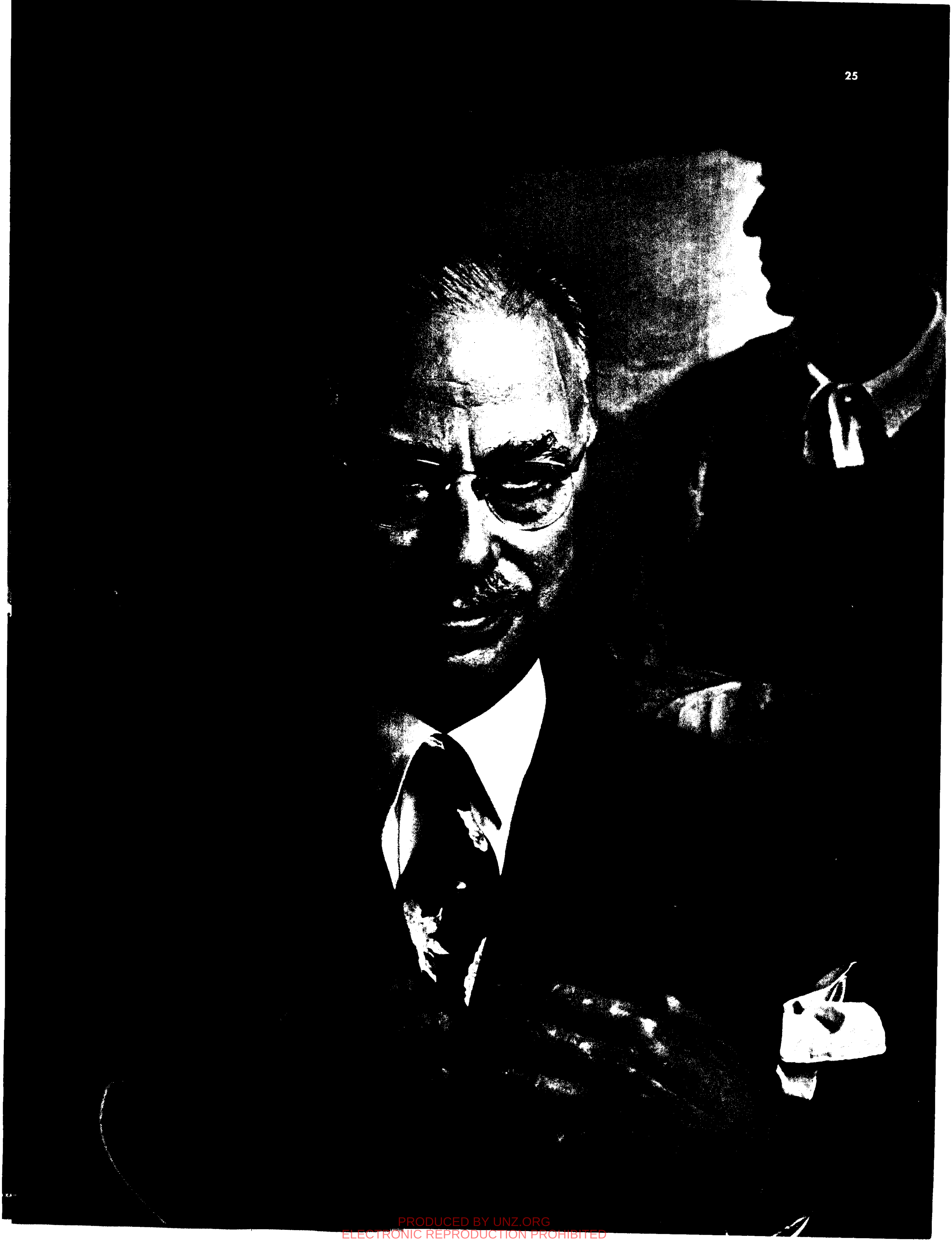
Sitting now in his office on Fifth Avenue, going over sales reports, Riggio can see in his mind's eye virtually every Main Street in America, with its shops and the proprietors' names. His memory is the despair of other salesmen not similarly blessed, and to stay alert Riggio still makes an occasional call on the trade.

About ten years ago, when he was a vice-president of American Tobacco, Riggio bustled into a rural store in Arkansas and, with hardly a glance at the proprietor, plunged into his sales talk while busily rearranging the gentleman's counter display into the accepted Lucky Strike form. When he had finished, he turned to the silent proprietor and found himself staring into a loaded revolver. At gun point, Mr. Riggio put the display back the way it was in the first place.

Riggio is so constituted that he can no more resist a sales opening than a bee can resist honey. When the president of the American Tobacco Company enters a restaurant, no

(*Continued on page 61*)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH



KA

The Luckiest Guy in Town

THE way it happened, I was in New York with Mr. Rossman on business. I had some time to kill and I was walking along the street wondering if Edith was missing me. But I knew Ralph Bender was probably taking care of that. I'd almost proposed to her before I left, but I didn't quite make the grade.

I saw some people in line in front of a radio station. Having nothing to do I joined them. An hour and a half later I had won a refrigerator, a television set, an electric clock, a bedroom suite, two tickets to Bermuda, and twenty-five pounds of cheese.

I came out of there two inches taller than I went in. It did something to me. I didn't care any more that Ralph Bender was a six-footer with the kind of profile that made all the girls in the store back home stare at him.

I went back to the hotel to wait for Mr. Rossman and up until then I had always been in awe of him. But did he have a big television set? No. Had he ever been to Bermuda? No. Chances were he couldn't even afford to buy twenty-five pounds of cheese at one crack.

When he came up to the room I was lying on the bed. I usually jumped up when he came in but this time I just lay back and flapped a hand at him.

"How's every little thing, Chester?" I said.

He looked surprised at my calling him Chester. "Joseph," he said, "we leave for home tonight. You have conducted yourself very well here. I may say that in due course of time you will undoubtedly be a buyer."

I had been waiting a long time for that. But now I took it right in stride. "I won't let you down," I said. "By the way, I'll be getting married, Chester. Be taking time off for a honeymoon. I'm going to marry Edith Gilroy. That cute little brunette in shirts. We'll be sailing down to Bermuda for our honeymoon."

Mr. Rossman almost fell out of his chair. He kind of goggled at me.

"After we set up housekeeping," I said, "I hope you and Mrs. Rossman will come over and see us. We can watch the fights on our television set."

Mr. Rossman smiled. "Well, Joseph," he said, "you have always impressed me as a quiet, sincere, and hard-working employee. If you plan to be married, a small raise will probably be in order. But you are not yet a buyer. And I am very much afraid, my boy, that you are not in the television set class. Or Bermuda either, for that matter."

"I was on the Vat O' Cheese program," I said. "I won a bedroom suite, a refrigerator, a television set and electric clock, two tickets to Bermuda and twenty-five pounds of cheese."

Mr. Rossman couldn't get over it. He said he was glad for me but I could see it kind of burned him.

"Lucky you," he said. "Lucky Joe Laney."

We took the train that night. In a hurry to get the prizes home I'd arranged to have them shipped immediately. I'd had my name down for an apartment at home, and I only had a little while to wait to get it. I was all set.

We got in the next morning and everyone in the store had heard the news. "Lucky you," they said. "Lucky Joe Laney."

I stopped off at the jewelry department and blew a month's pay on a diamond ring. I went over to shirts and Edith had her back to me. The store hadn't opened for business. I put my arms around her from the back.

"Relax, baby," I said. "I'm home."

"Why, Joe," she said, "what's come over you?"

I put the ring on her finger. "We're taking off for Bermuda on our honeymoon," I said. "When do we get married?"

Her face was all flushed. I could see she was impressed by my new technique. "Joe," she said, "isn't it customary to ask the bride-to-be where she wants to go on a honeymoon?"

"Not this time, baby," I told her. "You're marrying me and we're sailing the ocean blue to Bermuda. You're a lucky girl. You marry some other John around the store and likely you'd spend your honeymoon in a cabin up on Sourface Mountain. With me you have the best including a Chippendale bedroom suite."

"Oh, is that so?" Edith said. "How do you know I like a boat trip? And how do you know I like Chippendale? Maybe I'm crazy for modern. Joe, I think you're letting this go to your head. Calm down."

"Well, look," I said, "I'm getting an apartment over on Elmwood. Have it before long. I thought we'd live there. And I want to get the furniture and things in there as soon as possible. Otherwise I have to pay storage."

Edith's face became pink again. "Joseph Macklin Laney," she said, "are you proposing to me in order to save a few dollars storage? Are you planning to marry me just because you have enough furniture to start housekeeping and you want a wife to dust that bedroom suite?" She took the ring off her finger.

"Now, honey," I began and somebody pushed me.

It was old collar-ad Ralph Bender himself. "Is this character annoying you, Edith?" he said. He draped himself over the counter. "So you won some furniture, did you, Laney? What are you trying to do now, win a girl to go with it? I don't think you'll be quite that lucky."

I'd always wanted to sock him but I never had. I thought about it now because Edith had smiled a little, but I wanted that buyer job, too.

I picked up the ring with dignity and went down the aisle, and a honeyed voice said, "Hello, Lucky."

IT WAS Myrtle Fitch, a tall blonde in sweaters and, brother, she belonged there. "Lucky," she said, "your tie's crooked. Let me straighten it for you."

I tilted my chin and she tied the tie. I heard a noise and saw that Edith had knocked six shirts off the counter. It came over me that maybe Edith had never really appreciated me. Maybe it would be a good idea to show Edith that I was really quite a man with the fair sex.

"Lucky," Myrt said, "I never see you around. Every time you come past here you're on the run. Where are all the things you won on the radio show, Lucky?"

"They're being shipped out," I said. "Ought to be here on Friday." I took a peek at Edith but she was very busy doing nothing with her nose pointed at the ceiling.

"I'll take you out to dinner on Friday," I said to Myrtle. "Then I'll show you what I won."

Edith was still imitating the Sphinx.

I went around the corner to handkerchiefs where a tall red-haired girl clerked. She was new around the place and everyone had given her a rush. Everyone but me, that is. I had never looked at anyone but Edith.

"Hello, Lucky," the redhead said, giving me a big smile.

"You busy Saturday?" I said. "I'll take you out to dinner."

She was always dated up about six weeks ahead. "Why, no, Lucky," she said, "nothing I can't get out of."

I was watching Edith. She broke a pencil right in half. I was doing all right, I was doing fine.

I went upstairs to my department and everyone wanted to stop and talk to me about the things I'd won. I was a big man around the store, even the customers wanted to hunt me up and talk to me. It was a little hard getting work done the next few days.

ON FRIDAY I got a phone call. My stuff had arrived. I went down to get it at lunch hour, and the bill just about floored me.

"Well," the expressman said, "you shouldn't kick. After all, that stuff didn't cost you a thin dime. Where do you want it delivered?"

"Better take it over to the warehouse," I said. "I don't have my apartment yet."

I rode over with it and at the warehouse Mr. Egmont checked it all in. "Going to cost you eighteen iron men a month, Lucky," he said.

"Seems pretty high," I said. "Doesn't take up much space."

"Why, Lucky," he said, "you shouldn't mind a little storage fee. Why, you didn't pay a lead slug for all this stuff."

I left it and went back to the store. After work that night I picked up Myrtle Fitch and took her down to the Elite for dinner.

"Are you going to show me everything you won later on?" she said.

"Sure thing," I said. "I ought to check up on them once in a while anyway just to make sure they aren't operating that television set on me. For all I know maybe those guys in the warehouse sit up there on my bedroom suite and watch shows on my television."

We went over after dinner and there was nobody round the storage warehouse but a watchman.

"I never heard of such a thing," he said. "Nobody ever comes around here and wants to see what they have in storage. Come around in the daytime."

"I work in the daytime," I said. "It's my stuff and I'm paying for it, and if I don't get to see it, I take it out and store it somewhere else."

He grumbled but finally he let us go up in the freight elevator. He also loaned me a flashlight. The place didn't have any windows and it was as dark as the inside of your hat back on the top floor where they had stored my stuff. I shined the flashlight and opened the refrigerator door so Myrtle could see inside, and I showed her the bed and all.

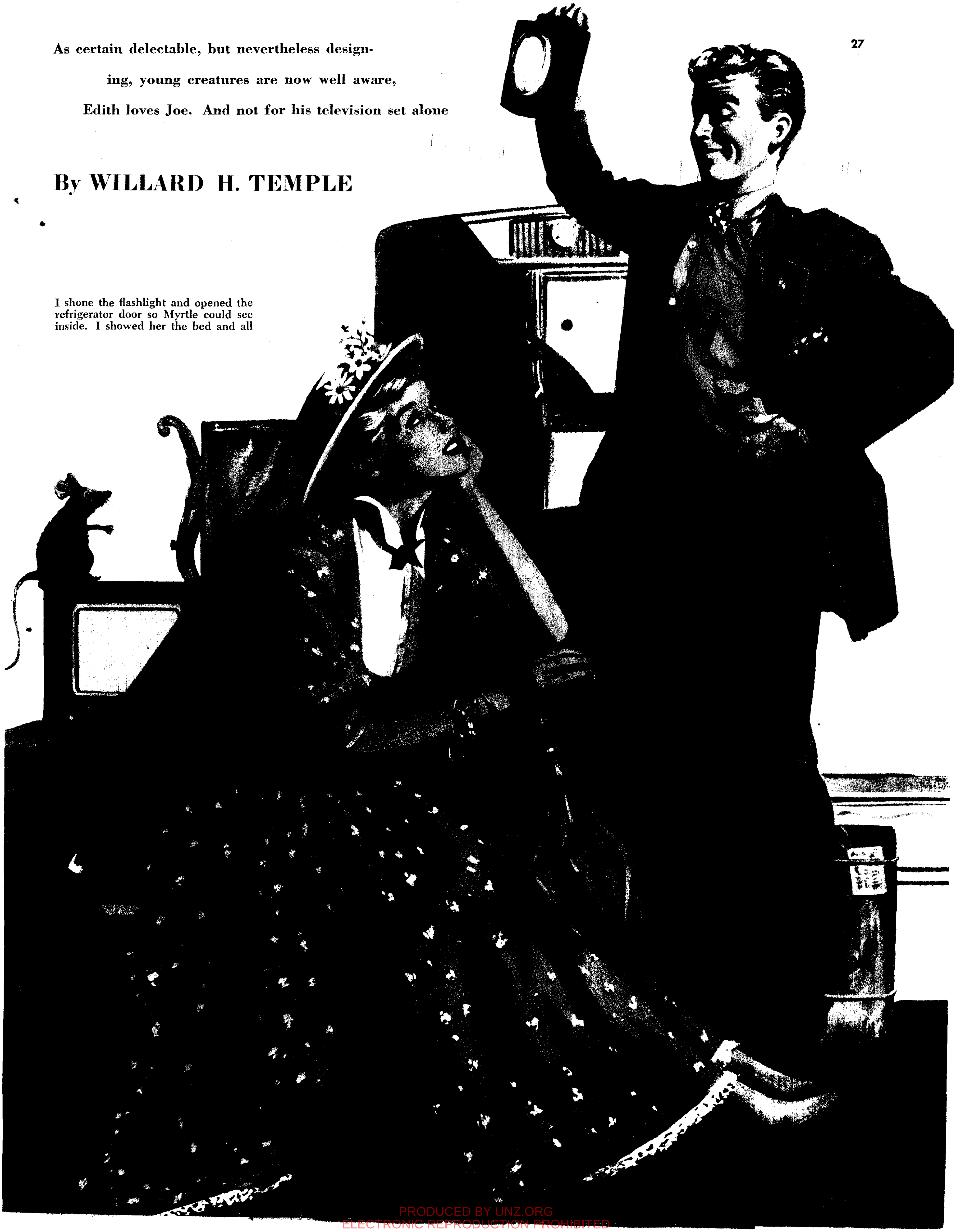
"Chippendale," said Myrtle. "And a beautiful vanity. Oh, you lucky Joe Laney."

There was a bench with the vanity and Myrtle sat down on it. I shined the flashlight in the mirror and Myrtle opened her purse up there in the dark old warehouse and took out her compact and fixed her lips. I stood behind her with the flashlight making believe the vanity was in our home and I was a married man. Only the picture wasn't quite clear, it just looked like a warehouse. I guess it was a little too much for my imagination and besides I heard a scratching sound which I hoped was Myrtle but which was most likely a rat. *(Continued on page 47)*

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

As certain delectable, but nevertheless designing, young creatures are now well aware, Edith loves Joe. And not for his television set alone

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE



I shone the flashlight and opened the refrigerator door so Myrtle could see inside. I showed her the bed and all

Europe's Battle Cry of Freedom

By

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Look for hope in the ruin and rubble. Collier's correspondent finds the massed millions of Europe roaring approval for the democratic idea. Defying Soviet dictatorship, they have rebaptized liberty with their blood

BERLIN

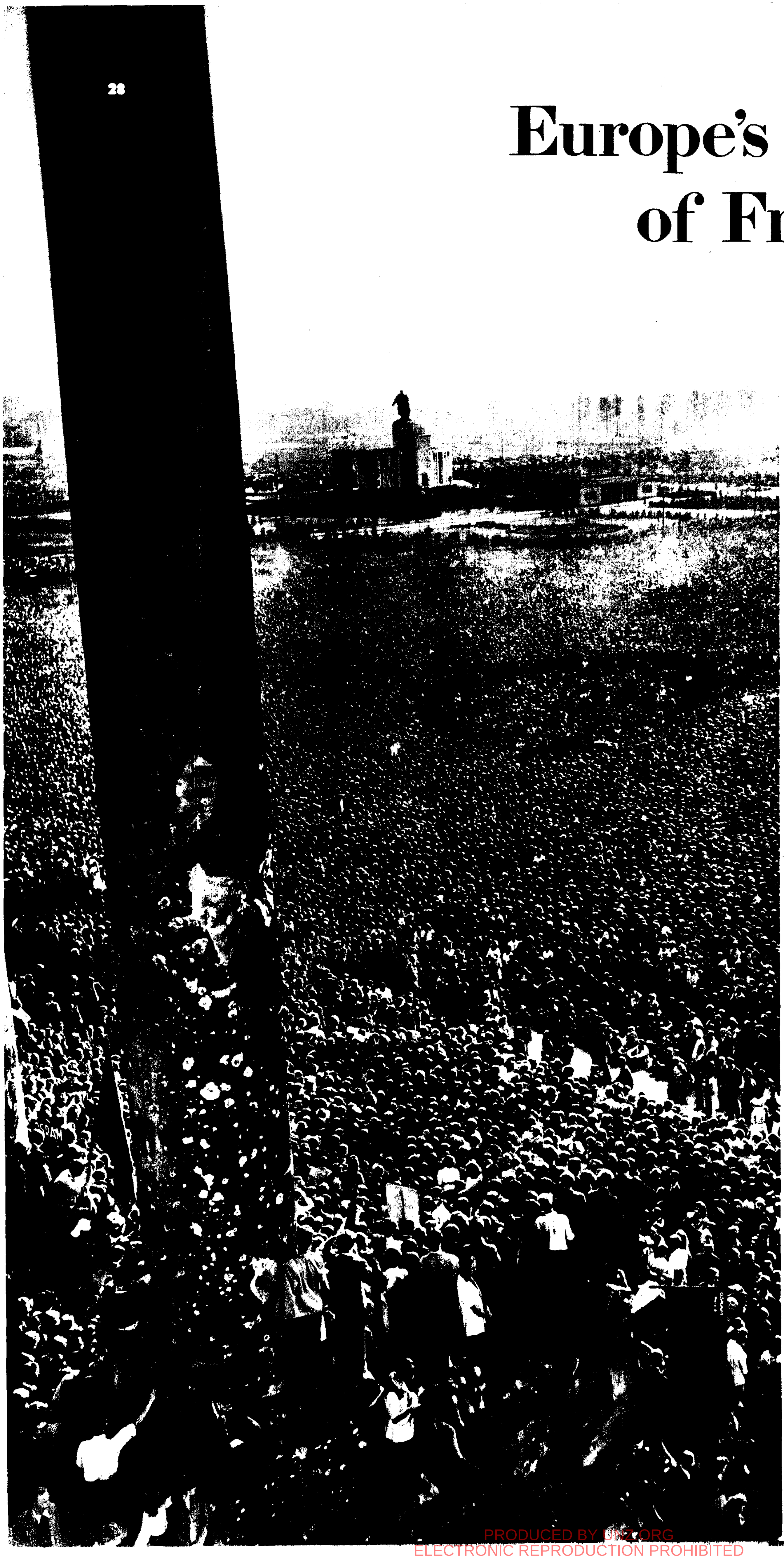
ERNST REUTER is a big man with stooped shoulders and a huge leonine head. His face is lined and his eyes are enormous. In repose, Ernst Reuter reminds you of a sad-faced Saint Bernard. But when he speaks, his shoulders straighten, his eyes become alive, and his voice, which in ordinary conversation is a monotone, becomes a vibrant instrument capable of arousing a crowd to frenzied heights. Reuter is a salesman. He is trying to sell the people of Germany a commodity called democracy.

It is not likely that sixty-three-year-old Ernst Reuter will live long. Like other democratic leaders in Berlin he knows that he is liable to "disappear" into the long silence because of his attacks against Soviet policy in Germany—but this doesn't stop Reuter or other leaders of his Social Democrat party. Following a Soviet-inspired demonstration against the Berlin City Council, a mass meeting of protest was held at the Brandenburg Gate, which divides the American and Russian sectors of Berlin. Sixty thousand Berliners roared their approval as Reuter castigated the Soviet authorities and praised the democratic American methods of administration.

I noticed Russian soldiers armed with cameras on the outskirts of the crowd. They snapped Reuter; Frau Louise Schroeder, acting lord mayor of Berlin; Dr. Otto Suhr, president of the City Assembly; Jeannette Wolff; Franz Neumann and the other speakers, and then took pictures of the audience. The Germans listening to Reuter knew that at that very moment pressure was being applied by the Kremlin to make the Western Powers leave Berlin, and they knew that if that came to pass, those pictures would be used as evidence in the mass trials which Soviet authorities would immediately inaugurate. Yet no one left. When Reuter finished speaking, the applause was deafening.

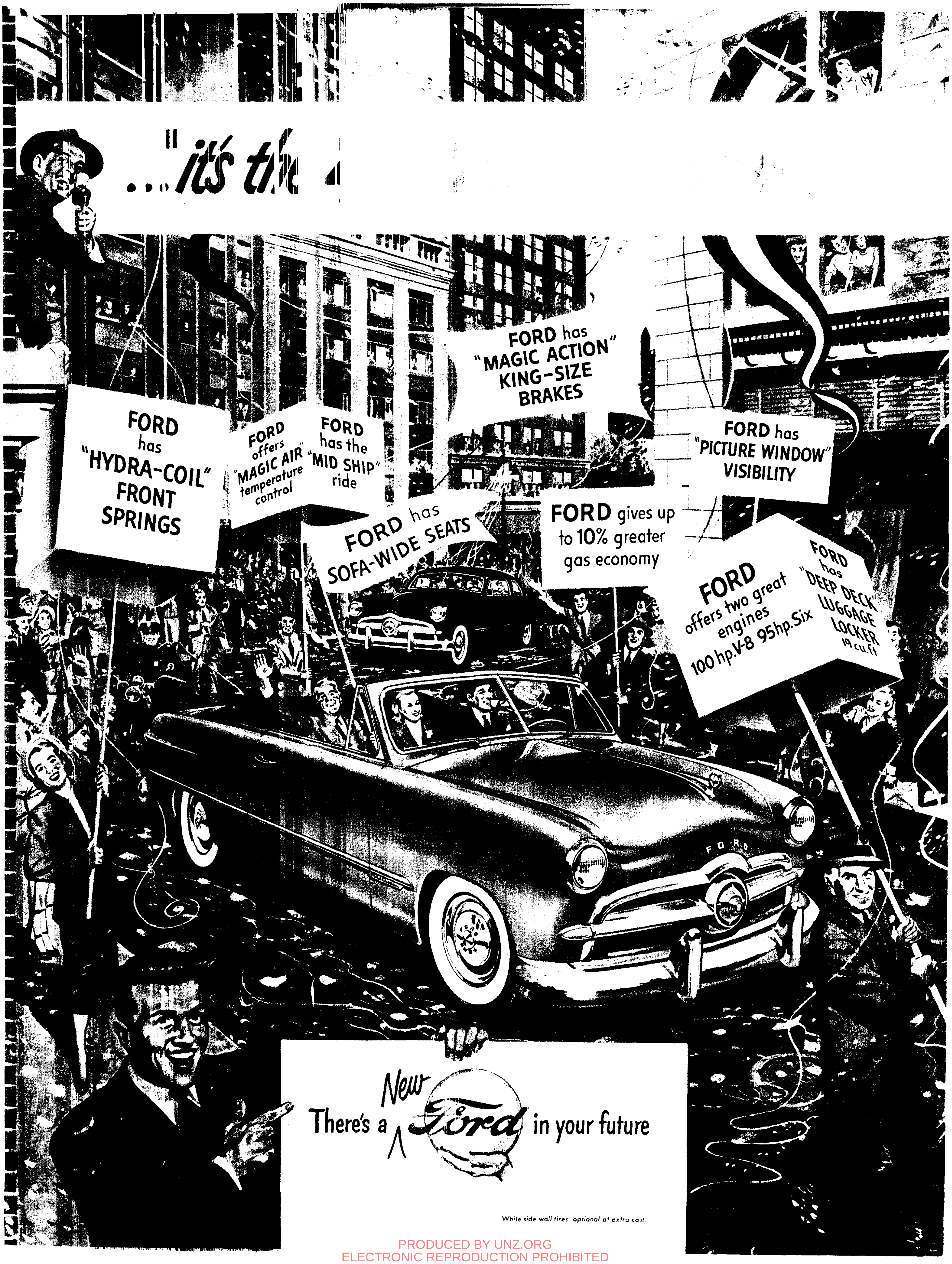
It would be absurd to say that the millions of Germans who supported Hitler have, overnight, become militant advocates of the Bill of Rights. No such political miracle has taken place. But in Berlin, democracy is most certainly a growing force. In the last election the three

(Continued on page 39)



What you see is a political miracle—the German masses rooting for democracy! On September 9th, with the stern Soviet war memorial in background, 300,000 Berliners listened to speeches by Social Democrat leaders. Russian soldiers fired on crowd

ACME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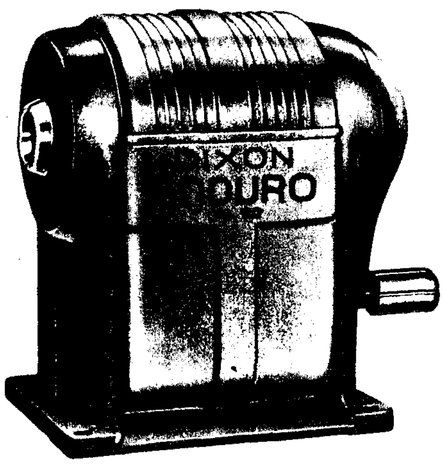

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Down in Front!

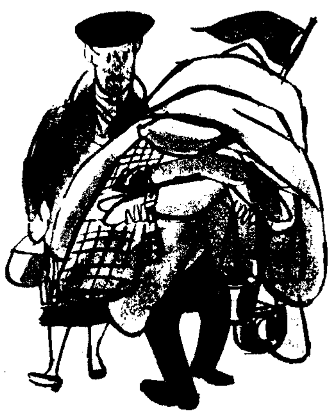
Collier's Handy Guide for Football Spectators*

By COREY FORD

As a gridiron fan of long standing (sometimes I have stood as long as two hours, just to buy my ticket) I am convinced that the best way to see a football game is to put on a uniform and get out there on the field.

Not only does this method afford a much better view of the contest, but you avoid a lot of physical wear and tear. What's more, there's a nice warm bus waiting to take you home.

For years I have been going to football games, let alone why. I have been annually trampled, pushed, prodded, squeezed, stepped on, tickled with red or blue feathers, thumped across the back and called "Egbert." I have sat all afternoon on a frozen slab of concrete, with rain dripping down my neck and my vision completely obscured by a large alumnus in a bearskin coat who stands up and waves both arms at the outset of each play. I have been pummeled, punched, screamed at, beaten over the head with folded programs, hugged and kissed by enthusiastic rooters from the rival college; and as a result I have come to the conclusion that the star of the game is not the moleskin warrior who intercepts a forward and gallops ninety-five yards for the winning touchdown. The real hero of the afternoon—and the Coaches' Association will please note for their All-America selections—is that forlorn little figure in double ZZ, with his coat collar turned up and a blanket around his knees, otherwise unknown as Mr. Average Spectator.



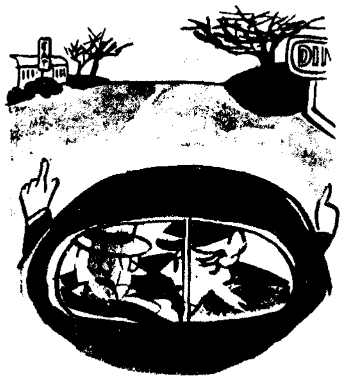
Only four miles from the field

Let us say that an Average Spectator, a Mr. Elwood P. Frisbie of the Class of '16, has acquired two prized ducats for the annual grid classic between Dearold U. and Insertname of Institute. Mr. Frisbie's schedule for the day of the Big Game shapes up roughly as follows:

6:30 A. M. The Frisbies arise at dawn, having decided to get a good early start this year in order to avoid all traffic, which has decided to get a good early start for the same reason.

7:26. Mr. Frisbie backs out of the driveway, and gets as far as the corner before Mrs. Frisbie recalls that she left a lighted cigarette burning somewhere.

8:03. A diligent search having failed to reveal any trace of Mrs. Frisbie's cigarette, the F's get rolling again, making four blocks this time before Mr. Frisbie remembers that he left the tickets on the hall table.



"It doesn't look clean, Elwood"

11:45. Mr. and Mrs. Frisbie decide to start looking for a good place to eat lunch. Mrs. Frisbie spots a nice little restaurant, but Mr. Frisbie decides it is on the wrong side of the road. Mr. Frisbie points out a nice little restaurant, but Mrs. Frisbie declares it is too crowded and anyway it doesn't look very clean, Elwood.

1:56. The Frisbies arrive at Dearold campus, without any lunch and both on the verge of a splitting headache, and begin searching for a place to park the car.

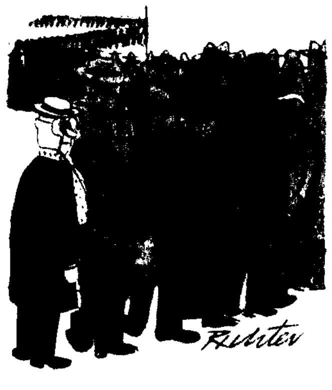
2:35. Mr. Frisbie parks at last, only four and a quarter miles from the stadium, and sets out afoot carrying the blankets, extra coats, camera, field glasses, some cushions to sit on if it starts to rain, a Dearold pennant, and Mrs. Frisbie's galoshes.

3:13. The Frisbies reach the stadium, having missed all the first quarter, and start climbing toward their seats, barely visible far above them through a thin layer of clouds.

3:21. After a slight altercation with two indignant spectators, who are already occupying his space, Mr. Frisbie discovers that his own seats are over on the other side of the stadium, through gate 14.

3:34. Mr. Frisbie settles down at last, focuses his glasses, and finally locates the field, just in time to see the quarterback, in a blue jersey, snatch up the ball and run through the entire opposing team for forty yards. Mr. Frisbie's ecstatic cheers halt abruptly when he learns that the Dearold players are the ones in purple.

3:57. Fourth down, goal to go. Mrs. Frisbie drops her left glove. By the time Mr. Frisbie finds it, both teams are back in the center of the field again.



It ends in a little phone booth

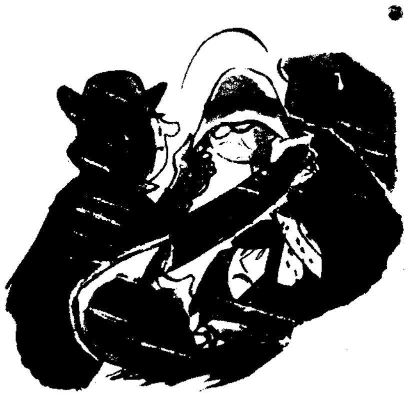
4:12. The half. Mr. Frisbie leaves his seat, walks down out of the stands, and takes his place in a long line that reaches twice around the stadium, across the campus to the Memorial Library, north past the chapel, and back by way of Main Street to the stadium again, where it ends at last in a little telephone booth located under the stands. After standing patiently in this line for fifteen minutes, Mr. Frisbie gives up and climbs back to his seat again.

4:19. It starts to rain.

4:27. Mr. Frisbie, catching a brief glimpse of the field past the elbow of the spectator in front of him, notices that the team is in a huddle, and informs Mrs. Frisbie that they are going to try a spinner on a double reverse. Mrs. Frisbie wants to know what is a double reverse. While Mr. Frisbie is attempting to draw it out on a piece of paper for Mrs. Frisbie, the fullback plunges through center for Dearold's only score of the game. Mr. Frisbie misses the whole thing.

4:46. The rain changes to sleet. Mrs. Frisbie bundles up in all the blankets, and Mr. Frisbie puts a newspaper over his hat.

5:03. Seeking to light a cigarette with numbed fingers, Mr. Frisbie drops the match down inside the fur robes of the young lady in the row ahead. He tries to beat out the blaze. Her escort retaliates by yanking Mr. Frisbie's hat down over his ears. This leads to an interesting exchange of pleasantries, during which all the other spectators commence shouting, "Down in front," or "Down in back" (depending on where they are seated), Mr. Frisbie loses his spectacles, and both parties are led from the stadium with a police escort, just as the whistle blows. Final score: Dearold U., 7. Mr. Frisbie, 0.



Final score: Mr. Frisbie, 0

There is one other suggestion for the spectator who seeks to enjoy the Big Game. Arise very leisurely about two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, mix yourself a tall drink, turn on the television set and close your eyes. And when you open your eyes again, the game will be over.

---

* If the reader will tear this Handy Guide out of the magazine and carry it with him to the stadium he can fold it lengthwise, bend back both corners and scale it like an airplane, connecting accurately with the eye of a fellow fan ten rows away. This effectively establishes him as a Football Spectator in good standing.

CARTOONS BY MISCHA RICHTER

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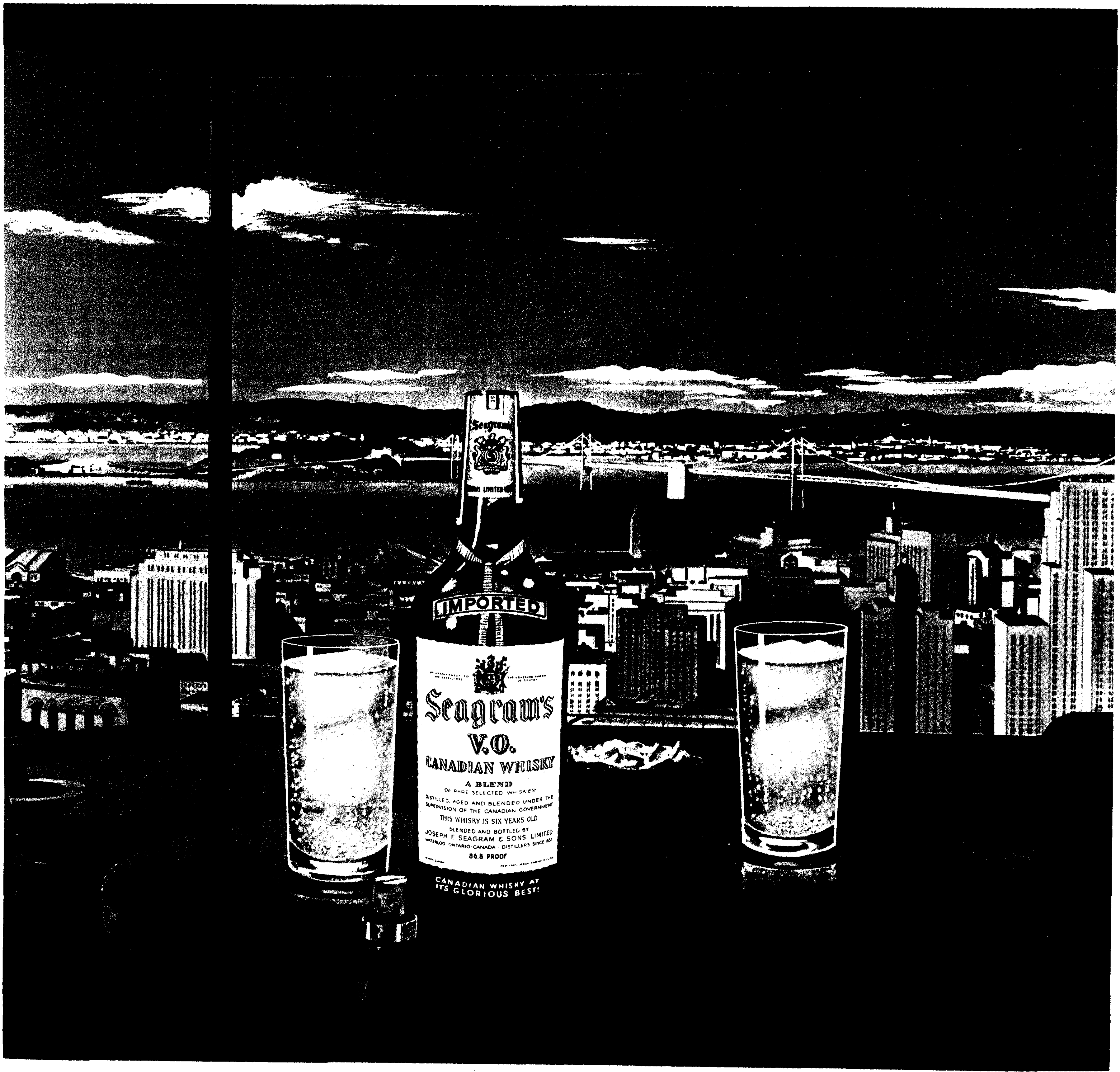

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with Sammy Baugh
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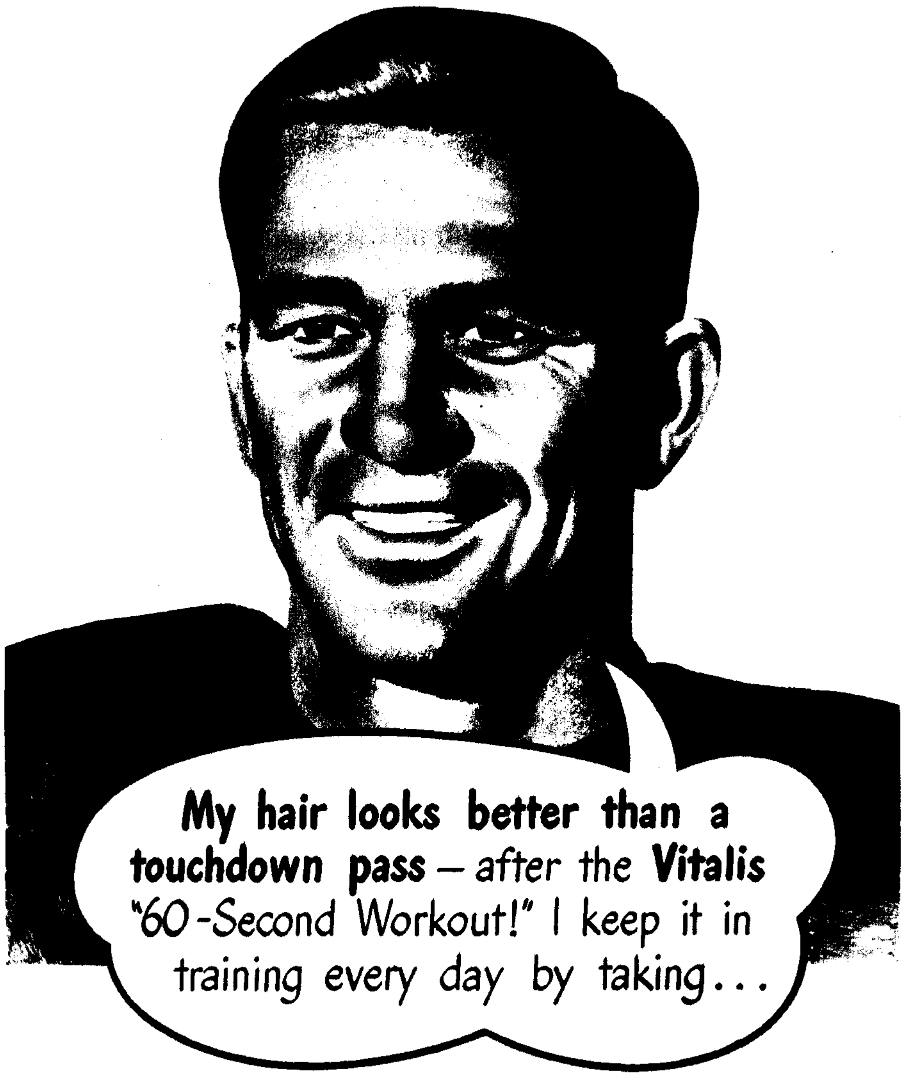
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BEAUTY AND THE DROP KICK

Continued from page 15

sent so many telegrams he talks like one. If he goes too fast for you, I can tell you what he means."

"Shut up," Swackhammer barked. "Gotta fight. Gotta get team. Great team. Publicity, fill stadium. Tell Lindsay budget, Jobbo."

Jobbo Rourke took a piece of paper out of his pocket. "We've scheduled some big teams," he said. "And we've still got four-year eligibility down here. But we are awful short of money." He looked at his sheet of paper. "We can't go better than a hundred and fifty a month for first-string tackles and guards—maybe a little more for ends. We figure we might squeeze out two twenty-five for a breakaway runner and if he could kick and pass, say two seventy-five; of course that includes room and board, laundry and tutoring."

"That sounds pretty good to me," I said.

ROURKE said, "Well, you just ain't up on the market. If we had got that guy down at the pen paroled, of course, he would probably have stayed with us a year out of gratitude."

"Yeah," I said. "I hear they got a forger at Sing Sing could make any team in the country."

"What a spot for a coach," Jobbo Rourke sighed. "No alumni trouble."

"Get back to subject," Swackhammer barked.

"What we want you to do," Jobbo explained, "is to dream up some guff about Torgerson that might attract some players. Also, beat the back bushes this summer and try to sign prospects. You'll have to go back in the hills—"

"Beyond grasping tentacles of unethical rivals," Swackhammer said.

There was a lot more to it. Swackhammer was a professional college president. He was at Torgerson on a percentage of the gate. Jobbo Rourke was a good run-of-the-mill coach to whom Swackhammer owed money. I sent out a couple of releases about how Jobbo planned to use the intentional fumble as his chief offensive weapon and a three-man line with seven backers-up on defense; you know the stuff you read every year. Then I got in my car, clutched my budget in my fist and went out in search of talent. . . .

It was discouraging, all right. I showed one kid, a good high-school back, what he could do at Torgerson and he laughed in my face until he damned near had hysterics. He had already picked up two grand for agreeing to go to Bay Root Poly, and as soon as he got eligible, they would buy his old lady a house and give him a convertible. He showed me the contract. As Jobbo said, I wasn't up on the market. Inflation had really hit the college footballing dodge.

But as I retreated farther into the back country, I did manage to pick up a package here and there. At Coon Track Corners I got two twins out of the seventh grade weighed a lean hard 214 apiece. Coon Track Corners was so far back in the hills that they spoke Elizabethan English, but I figured Jobbo wouldn't care. As long as they used Arabic numerals he had him a pair of tackles.

It went like that. I got some right handy boys that might make linemen but nothing looked like a passer, a punter; a pay-off back.

I pulled past Coon Track and went on back into the hills. I hung my differential on rocks fording the same stream time and again and was shot at twice—once for being a Yankee and once for being a revenuer. Of course, it turned out they were just shooting to scare me—which they did. But I couldn't turn around and I was hunting for a wide place in the road when I came on this field.

It was a large level spot, with mowed grass on it, marked back thirty yards with lime lines. And on the last line stood a goal post! I stopped my car and sat there looking at it, trying to figure what it was doing there when a man and a boy came out of a little opening in the woods.

The man was carrying a big sack over his back and a pail of water. He took the pail of water and set it down over at the side of the field and emptied the sack. About fifteen footballs rolled out of it.

He got down over one of the balls like a center and passed back to the kid. From over there at the edge, the kid booted it through the uprights with the quickest drop kick I ever saw!

I sat there afraid to move. The old man dipped one of the balls into the water and fed the kid a bad pass. The kid recovered like a ballet dancer and *plink!* Right down the slot.

Well, to get on with it, he popped forty or fifty straight through the uprights and then damned if he didn't start kicking 'em the same with his *left* foot. Bad passes, soaking wet balls, everything. He'd jump aside as if a blocker was surging through, give that little quick hop, and bingo. In there!

I was afraid they'd fly off like a covey of quail if I moved but I had to, finally. I climbed out of the car and went over.

The kid looked awful small, but Swackhammer and Jobbo would guarantee a lifetime pension to a moron midget for this kind of thing.

The old man saw me coming and kind of bristled. I came on, though, until I got in close enough to talk.

"I just happened to see that performance," I said. "It was really something."

"We worked pretty long today. Missed one a couple weeks back."

"Your son going to school this fall—?" I began.

"What son?"

The kid turned around then and came up to us, shy as a gazelle.

It was a girl!

IT WAS a girl in a pair of tight-fitting jeans and a faded jersey, with a face and figure like—but what's the use?

I tried to get my mouth closed, but I didn't succeed until after I had made a number of strangling sounds.

"Yep," the old man said with a grim satisfaction in his voice. "She's goin' to Peabody Poly, by gum, and she's gonna make her letter."

"Peabody," I croaked. Peabody was Torgerson's last game, a rich and large school where they hired high-school football captains by the gross.

"Yep. I went there, thirty year ago. I sweated and toiled and never made the team. I swore I'd send me a son there that would."

"But—"

"But fate tricked me—or tried to. I just had one young'un. A girl. But I figured to trick fate right back. I looked it up and there ain't any rule says what gender a footballer must be and so, by gum, I been readyin' this'n for fifteen years. This year she goes."

It was soaking in. Here was the press agent's dream. If I could get this girl to come to Torgerson we could get beat eighty-eight to nothing every Saturday, and the stadium would still be full. I said, "Did you ever think of Torgerson—?" But I knew it was useless.

The old man was right nice; he invited me up to the little house. We had a drink of local origin and the countryside swam around. He lived there alone with his daughter, I learned. His wife was dead.

I kept looking at the girl and she kept looking at me. She was the most gorgeous thing I had ever seen. If she couldn't kick a volley ball off of a brick she would still be gorgeous.

My mind was racing around and around. The branch water and nuclear fission that passed for whisky in those parts had me dizzy. I still sat there talking to the old man, looking at the daughter. It came up dusk.

The old man went somewhere to milk a cow or something and I made my play. I went over and sat down by Annie—that was her name, Annie Thurston—and started my routine. She took it all in like it was absolutely off of the top of the deck. Just then a great big moon peeked over the mountain and I got my arm around her, and kissed her.

Oh! *OH!*

That made the whisky insipid.

I scrambled away as the old man came up with the bucket. My mind was a great, passionate void. I started staggering toward my car.

The girl ran after me. "I'll come to Torgerson," she said, "if you'll be there."

I kissed her fiercely again, unable to articulate, and stepped back and fell in some brambles. I heard her father calling her. She ran—

BY THE time enrollment was due to start I had lost eight pounds; I jumped at sounds. Jobbo and Swackhammer were fairly well pleased with the talent I'd sent in. Still no hot breakaway runner, but we figured we could get some pretty fair publicity releases out on the forward wall. "Seven heads of granite"; "pledged to mass mutual suicide if they were scored on"—Just the usual stuff, but it goes in the fall.

I hung around the registrar's office so much that they tried to enroll me three times, though my college football days ended back in thirty-nine. They just weren't taking any chances.

The second day, she came in. She had her suitcase in her hand.

She gave me a smile and came over to where I was trying to move from. "I convinced Poppa," she said. "I told him it would be so much better to get *revenge* on Peabody."

"Oh, darling—" I took her by the hand and grabbed her suitcase.

I hadn't tipped Jobbo, or Swacky or anyone. I took her by the hand and led her to the stadium. She was dressed just as she had been the first day I saw her—in jeans—which by fortunate coincidence was just like every other coed on the campus. I went down to the field house and got Jobbo and all the footballs I could find and led him out.

I told her what I wanted. She opened her suitcase and took out the ridiculous little square-toed shoes her old man had had made for her and put them on. She dropped the first one through from the twenty-five, kicked two with her left foot from the side line on the twenty, kicked two more—one with each foot—blindfolded.

I turned to Jobbo. He was down on the ground tearing great chunks of turf up with his teeth.

"It's no dream, Jobbo," I said.

"We'll charge ten dollars a seat and make every scalper in the state a millionaire," he gulped, trying to stand up.

"I don't see how you could possibly miss those great big goals," Annie said.

"What kind you used to?" Jobbo croaked.

"The ones Poppa built at home aren't but half that wide," she said.

"I never noticed. I didn't notice anything after I saw you," I said.

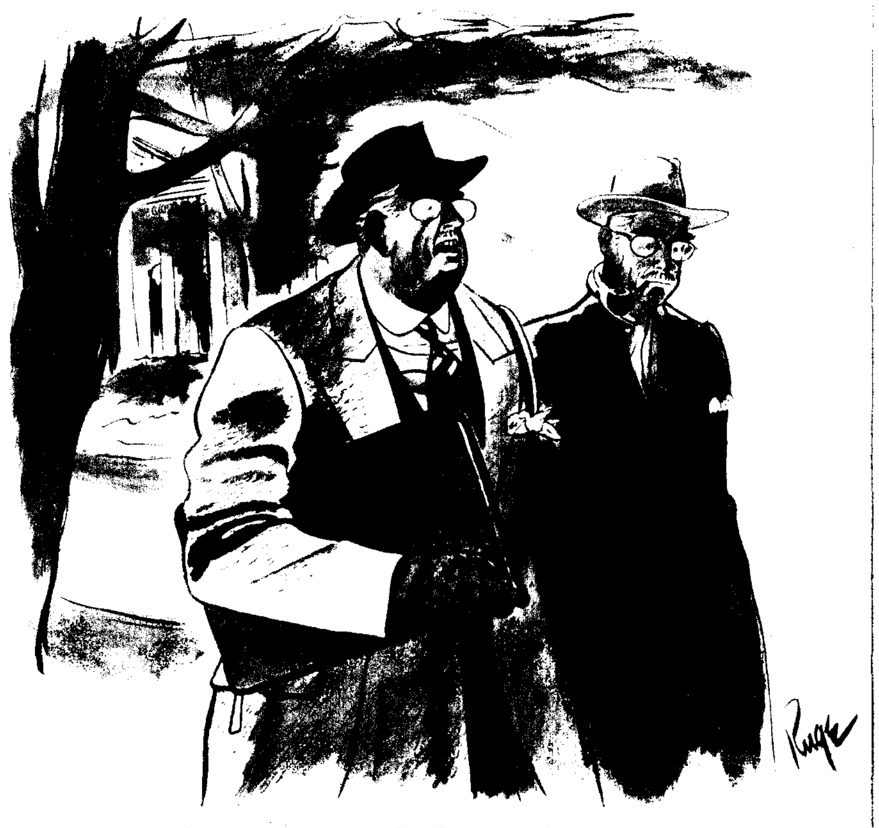
She blushed a lovely pink.

Jobbo must have tipped Swacky for I didn't get to talk to her again until the first game. They must have put her in a vault.

Jobbo had a good tight forward wall, big and rangy. His backs were only fair, and Torgerson came up to the first game playing to a thin ribbon of people on each fifty-yard line. But I was up in the press box with an open wire, waiting. I knew that this was the last time that stadium would be anything but bulging for a long time.

It was a standard football game, a little uneven like most first games. No score through the first half. Eight minutes had moved on the clock in the second half when a Torgerson end blocked a kick, and we recovered on the visiting firemen's eighteen. We mauled out two off guard, three through center. Third and five and they stopped an end run on the line of scrimmage. Fourth and five on the thirteen. I nodded at the telegrapher and he cleared his line. Here she came!

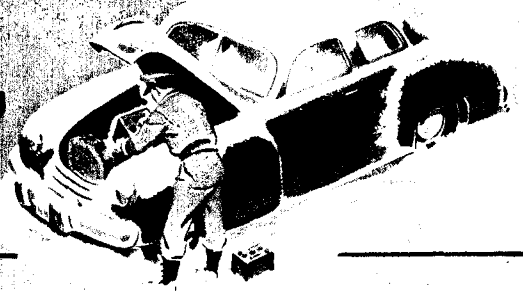
Swackhammer had her togged out in



"He's a damned shrewd politician, with just enough of the plain, simple backwoods about him to make him acceptable to the sophisticated voters"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE



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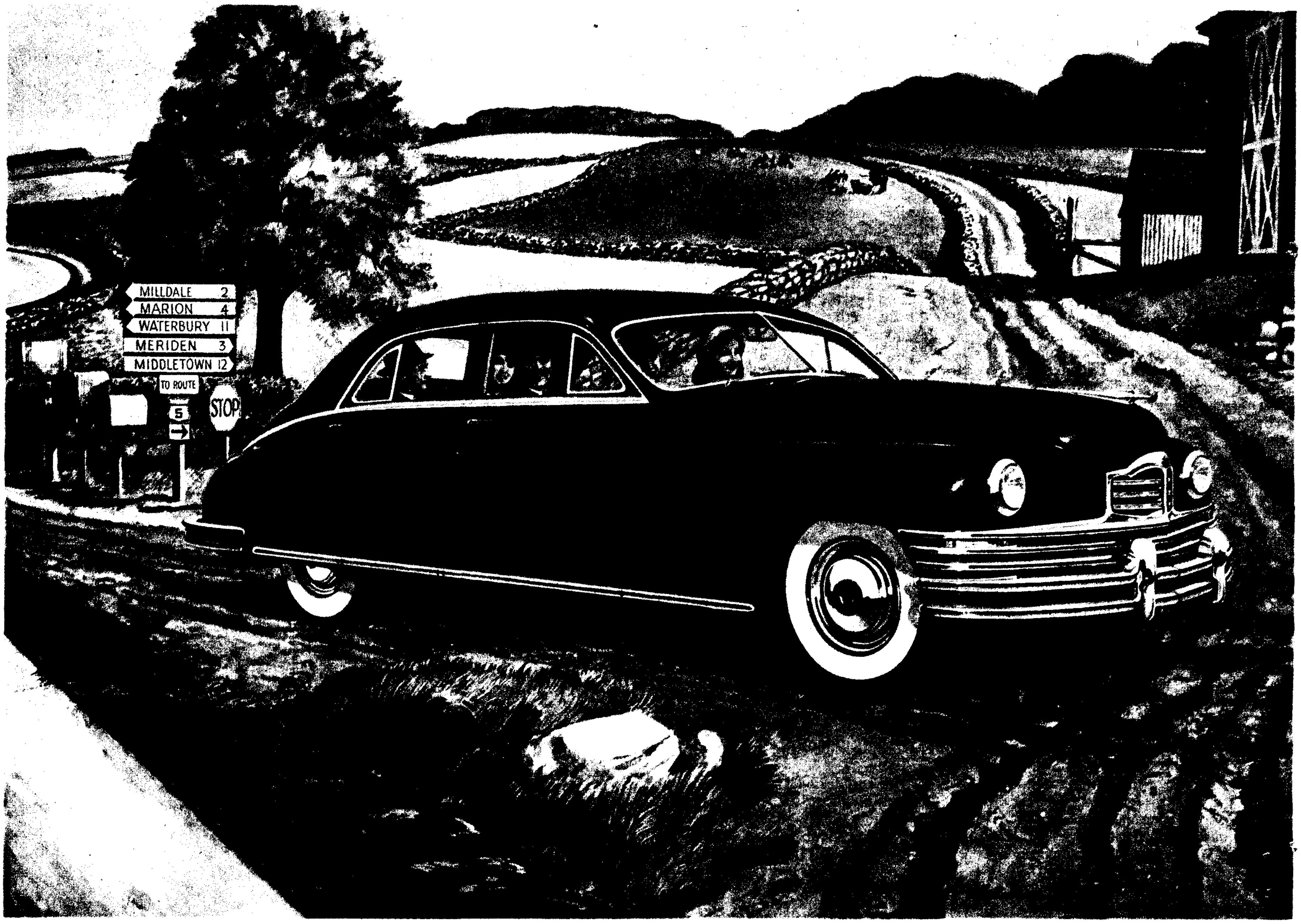

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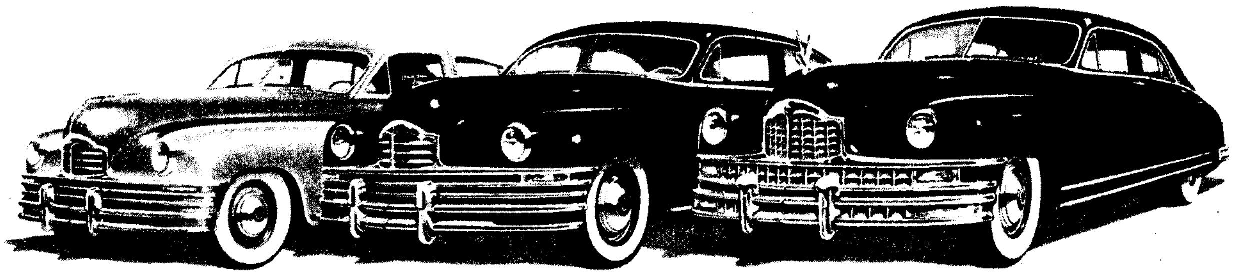
ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS ONE


THE EIGHT • 130 HP
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THE CUSTOM EIGHT • 160 HP

skintight-fitting silver silk football pants, an iridescent purple silk jersey. Her shoes had been dyed silver. Her hair made a platinum halo for her face.

No padding was in her uniform but that which Nature had so bounteously given her. The Torgerson band blared Annie Get Your Gun.

She reported to the referee, a man dashed out, and while the "crowd" stood with open mouths she dropped the ball through the slot. Lazy end over end, right down the center. She turned and trotted off the field.

It broke then. That crowd bayed! They whistled! They gave vent to every vocal leer in the range of human sound.

I turned and started dictating. "On the historic turf of Torgerson University stadium there was today a dream drop-kicking. Out of the ranks of all-time beauties came a demure lass clad in the colors of old Torgerson to put this great autumn classic in the realm of immortal epics. Not since Paris kicked the golden apple toward Aphrodite. . . ." I went on like that. Two full columns. "Automatic Annie— Three-Point Thurston— The Conversion Queen— More fair than any in the land—"

It was page one in every paper in the country. Incidentally, and very incidentally, Torgerson won three to nothing. . . .

Well I couldn't have seen her after that if I had wanted to. Torgerson became a trailer camp inhabited by reporters, motion picture producers, cosmetic manufacturers, et cetera, and then some.

Annie Thurston moved to her classes with six bodyguards.

The next week she kicked four out of four, beating somebody twelve to seven. The stadium sold out for the rest of the season and people camped all week in front of the box office to buy the general admissions.

She got eighteen hundred proposals of marriage by mail and telegraph.

In the Philippines four girls broke their toes trying to emulate her with coconuts. She was offered ten thousand dollars to endorse a pedicure set.

I SAW her after the seventh game. Torgerson and Annie had won them all and were coming up to Peabody, also undefeated. She must have pretended to be asleep and slipped away from her guards. She came to me in my room, clad in her jeans and jersey, the clothes she'd worn at Coon Track Corners. She came in and sat on the bed and cried.

I sat beside her and tried to comfort her. I didn't put my arm around her. You don't put your arm around a million-dollar property, somehow. You don't make love to a legend.

"Oh, John, it's all so awful!"

"What's so awful? You're the most famous girl in the country. The world is at your feet."

"My feet, how I *hate* my feet!"

"That's pretty good hating." I said. "Swacky's got 'em insured for a quarter of a million apiece."

"That night on the porch," she said. "Up in Coon Track—"

Just then the door flew open and her six bodyguards poured in. They sapped me out with a blackjack as their opening gambit. I don't know what happened after that. I didn't see her again until the game with Peabody.

Now Peabody had a big-time team, real class. They shoved us around for three quarters and only by the grace of pure luck did we keep them from scoring. And at the beginning of the fourth quarter they did score. They were down on our ten. They hit the line three times and only got six yards. Then they trotted out a place kicker and he shoved one through.

Peabody three.

Torgerson horse collar.

So what?

Well, this what. I was sitting down on the bench. Hell, the press coop was full to overflowing of the top men in the country doing my work for me and I couldn't get a seat in the stadium. Swackhammer comes over to me. He is white and groaning.

I asked him what was the matter.

He told me. It seems that Swacky, the great gambler, had signed a contract stipulating that if the stadium sold out half the home games he got paid an extra fifty grand. Ten of it went to me. Ten of it to Jobbo. *If we won every game.*

Ten grand! With ten grand I might have a chance. A chance with Annie. They'd changed the rules. She wouldn't get to play next year. Ten grand. I heard something and looked up. Peabody had fumbled and we had the ball on their ten.

"What about a tie?" I yelled at Swack above the roar.

"Yeah," he bellowed. "Just so's we're undefeated."

THERE were two minutes on the clock and we were on their ten. We lost two through the line, lost one around end. We made four off the strong-side tackle.

Annie stood up down at the other end of the bench. Her bodyguard stood with her.

Fourth and goal!

I looked at her and she looked at me. She looked so helpless. I ran up to her. "Annie, darling, win this one for me!"

Jobbo hustled her out on the field. Torgerson went into the line of scrimmage. She stood back there, looking very small and very lonely.

She didn't look right. Something was wrong. I don't know what it was but there was something wrong. The center passed the ball back to her. There was a surge of bodies. And I heard the crack of the gun that ended the game.

But the play would be completed.

Nothing happened. Annie stood and held the ball.

And then she started to run! Carrying the ball in her two hands like a bowl of flowers, she started to run! She ran a little way to the left, then a little way to the right. It was so deathly quiet you could hear her tiny frightened squeals. It was like a horrible slow-motion nightmare. Everybody on both teams was so stunned they moved as if they were moving in deep water. All except Annie, who darted back and forth ineffectually.

Then suddenly she was on the goal line and a big Peabody halfback came to life and tackled her.

I was rushing out on the field, a red haze before my eyes.

They were untangling the players, the referee was signaling a touchdown but I didn't see that. I was heading for the Peabody halfback. Nobody was going to lay hands like that on the woman I loved! I measured him as I neared him and let go one from the ankles. I missed him, hit the field judge on the shoulder and then they had me.

But mostly somebody had me that was soft and wonderful.

"I won it for you, darling!" Annie said.

Oh, yes, I had told her to win the game. I had been excited; it had been a slip of the tongue.

"You slugged that cad because you care!" Her arms were around my neck, her lips against my ear.

"Care? I'm mad about you, darling. But you're the most famous woman in the country."

"Not in Coon Track Corners—" . . .

So that's the way it is. We took down the goal posts in back of the house, and if we have a boy we're going to send him to Harvard. We don't take any papers up here at Coon Track and we haven't got a radio but we've heard it's a good school even though there has been some loose talk about one Herman Swackhammer as its next president.

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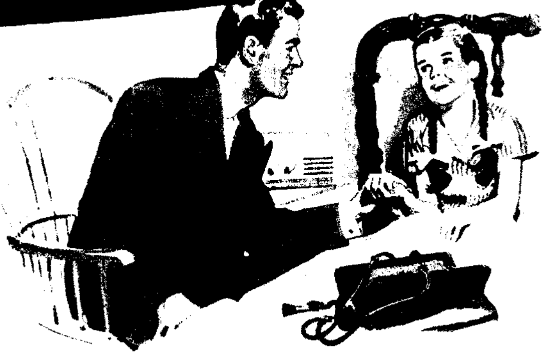

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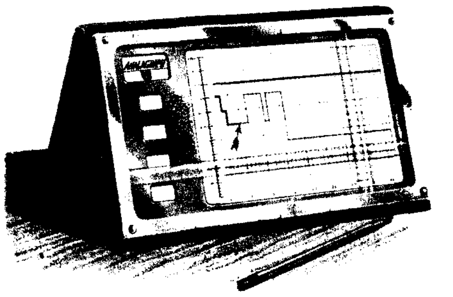

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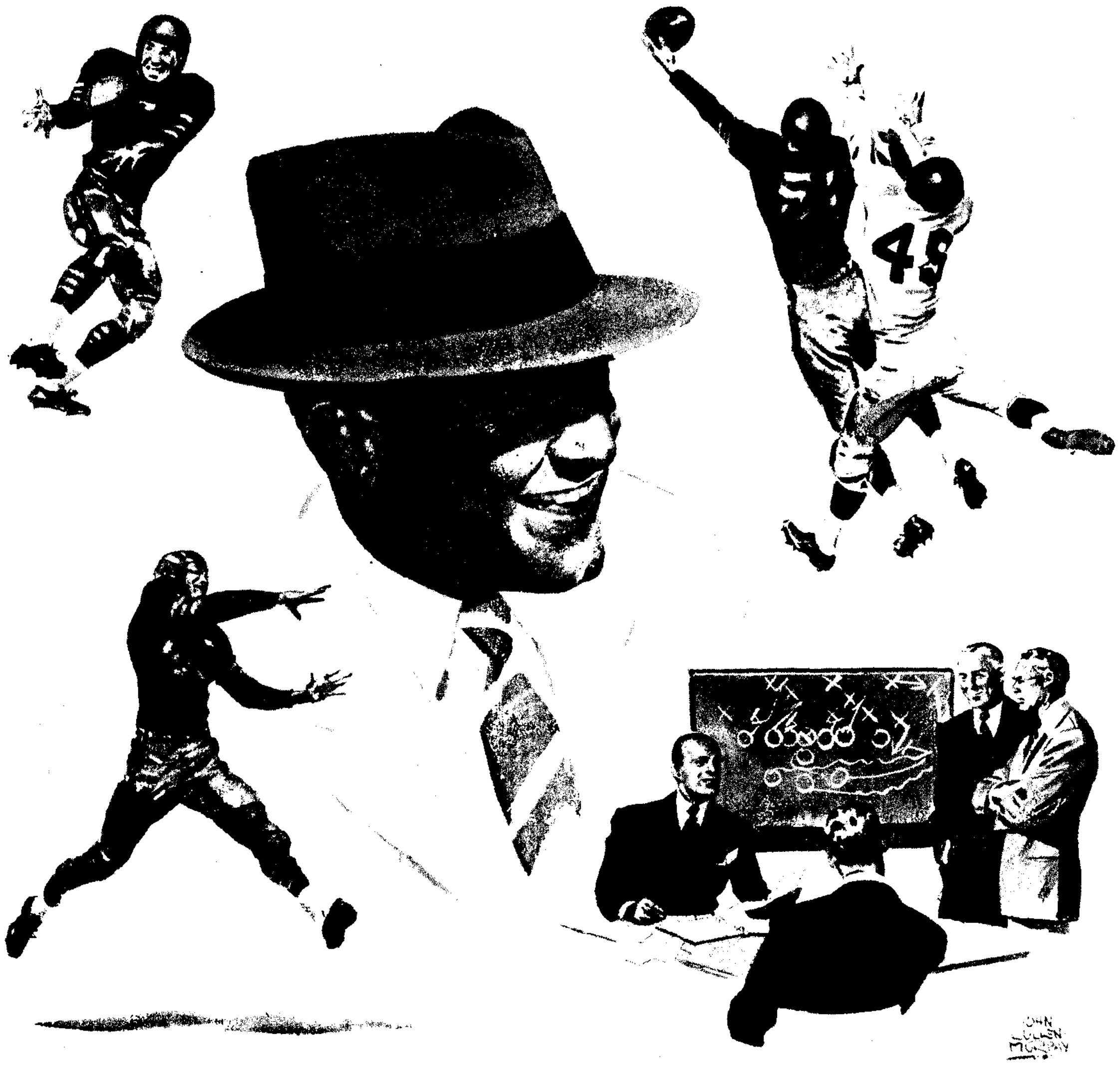
Inside Sports

Collier's
SPORTS

By BILL FAY

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE BALL, SAYS COACH HALAS OF THE CHICAGO BEARS. THE PUNT AND PRAYER ARE OUT



Football is big business to Halas, assistants Paddy Driscoll, Hunk Anderson, Luke Johnsos

THERE was a time when football coaches constructed their offenses around a punt, a pass and a prayer. As the influence of alumni associations increased, harried mentors retained the punt and pass, but began to place more emphasis on developing 250-pound tackles than importuning the Deity. Now, it would seem, they are ready to pass the punt right out of existence.

The most startling example of this trend to remove the foot from football occurred last December while the Chicago Cardinals were divesting the Chicago Bears of their National League championship. The Bears were trailing, 0 to 14, in the first quarter and apparently going nowhere, on their own 22. Fourth down and one yard to go.

Instead of punting, quarterback Sid Luckman sneaked through center for first down. Two plays later, Sid lobbed a touchdown pass to Ken Kavanaugh.

Neither Coach George Halas nor Luckman considered the fourth-down sneak daring strategy. "Sure, we might have lost the ball," Halas commented, "but anytime we can't make a yard we deserve to lose the ball—and the game. Suppose we'd punted? The Cards would have taken over around their own 30. They can score from there."

"That's right," Luckman agreed. "We'll make that yard for first down *nine times out of ten*. The tenth time, the other team may take possession and score, and that's all right with us. We'll do some scoring ourselves the nine times we keep possession. Suppose we punt ten times in that fourth-and-one situation. We're really giving the other team ten scoring opportunities and—chances are—they'll score at least once. You might as well gamble for first down and hold onto the ball. You can't score if you let the other team throw that football."

The extraordinary precision of modern pass attacks is the big reason why pro teams gamble on fourth down. Last year, the champion Cardinals passed for 2,580 yards, gained only 1,735 running. The Bears made 61 per cent of their yardage through the air: passing, 3,093; running, 1,959.

"You can't defend against a perfectly executed pass," Halas explains. "The only way to stop passers like Paul Christman of the Cards and Sammy Baugh of Washington is to keep the ball away from them. We had a two-touchdown lead on Green Bay last fall, but we made the mistake of punting on fourth-and-one from our own 40. We thought we were playing safe, but the Packers got rolling, seized the initiative and we were lucky to hang on and win. We should have gambled for that first down and tried for a third touchdown.

"That close call with the Packers converted the Bears to all-out offensive strategy. We're convinced the *minimum* safe lead is seventeen points with three minutes to play. Any team in our league can score two touchdowns in three minutes with a few breaks—but the extra three points will pull you through."

There are 18 professional teams and every one of them employs a pass master who can pitch touchdowns from any part of the field at any moment. No wonder pro coaches have stopped yelling, "Hold that line!" Now, it's "Hold that ball!"

ALL SEWED UP

Jack Stewart of the Detroit Red Wings is hockey's marked man. Over nine slambang years, Jack has collected 49 scars and 201 stitches (all facial), but he's never missed a minute of action due to injuries.

When a stick, blade or elbow makes surgical assistance urgent, Stewart skates over to Dr. C. L. Tomsu, the Red Wings' physician. "Sew fast, Doc," he orders, "I'm due back on the ice."

Doctor Tomsu is a neat needler. Only a few of Stewart's 201 stitches are noticeable. "That's because I work under ideal conditions," Dr. Tomsu modestly admits. "Hockey cuts are clean and even. I work on a player seconds after the injury. Swelling hasn't started and the area is numb from the blow. Two to five stitches usually do the trick."

Stewart pays $100 per season for special insurance. "I get back five dollars for every stitch," he says. "So I've made a few bucks on the deal—but there must be easier ways to make money."

AIR LION HUNTERS

Herbert Lockwood of Cincinnati was reading the evening paper last summer when his wife asked one of those questions that wives ask every time a husband settles down to read the sports page after dinner.

"If you had plenty of money and all the time in the world, dear, what would you do?"

"Ummmm?"

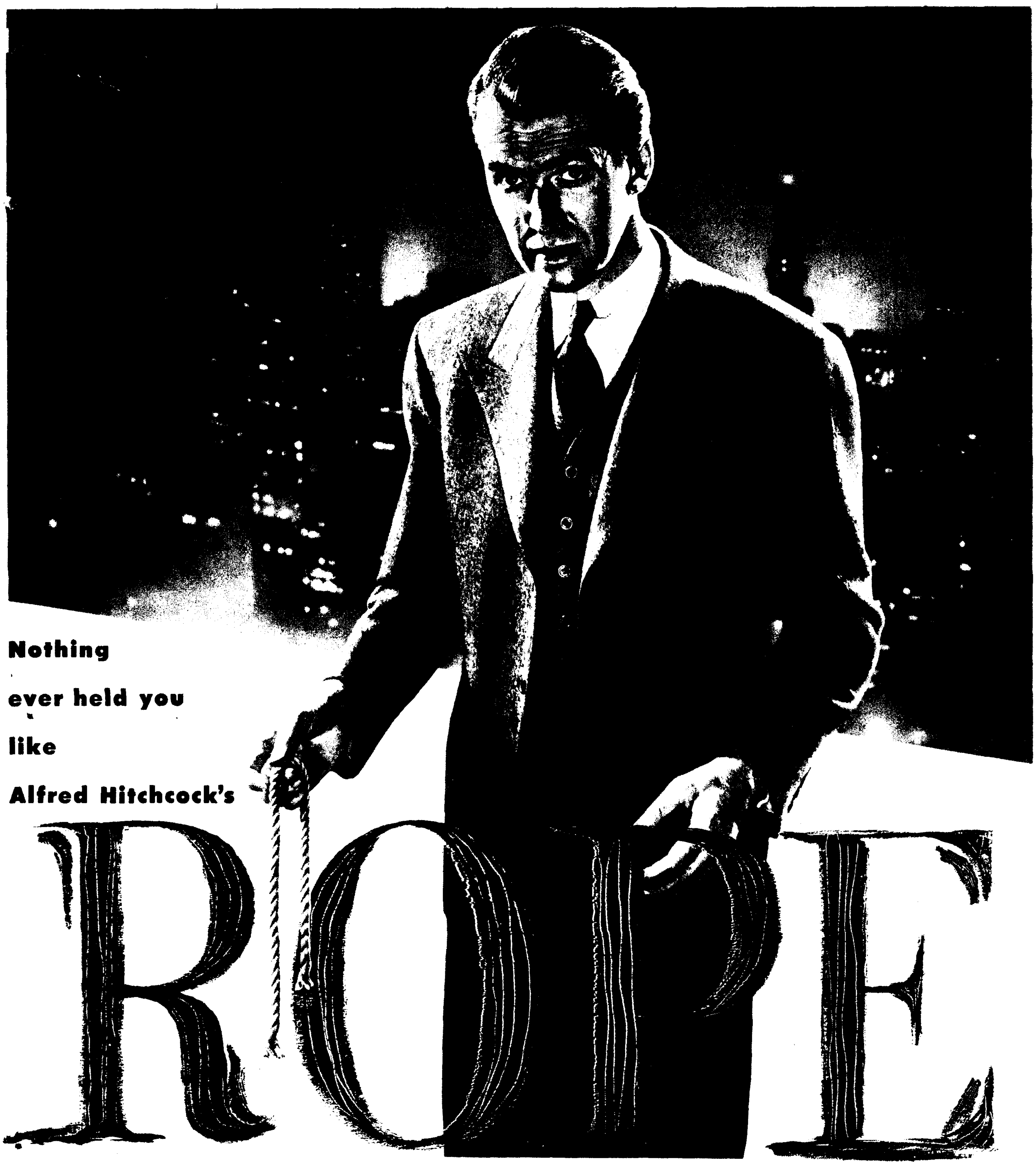
"I said, if you had plenty of money and all the time in the world, what would you do?"

"Ummm—guess I'd go to Africa and shoot lions."

The next wifely question concerned bridge, and Lockwood thought no more about shooting lions until next evening when he started to read the sports page and his wife said: "I've been thinking about your idea, dear. You can't afford to go to Africa and shoot lions, but you could take other people there."

The more Lockwood thought of the idea, the more he liked it. He flew to Nairobi, capital of the Kenya Colony, and assured himself that a quantity of shootable lions existed. Then he returned to Cincinnati and formed Air-safari, Incorporated, which flies properly inoculated and visaed lion hunters from New York to Kenya Colony and back again in 30 days. (Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY



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ever held you

like

Alfred Hitchcock's

ROPE

IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

STARRING

JAMES STEWART

WITH

JOHN DALL FARLEY GRANGER SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE CONSTANCE COLLIER AND JOAN CHANDLER

Screen Play by Arthur Laurents • From the Play by Patrick Hamilton • Director of Photography, Joseph Valentine, A. S. C.

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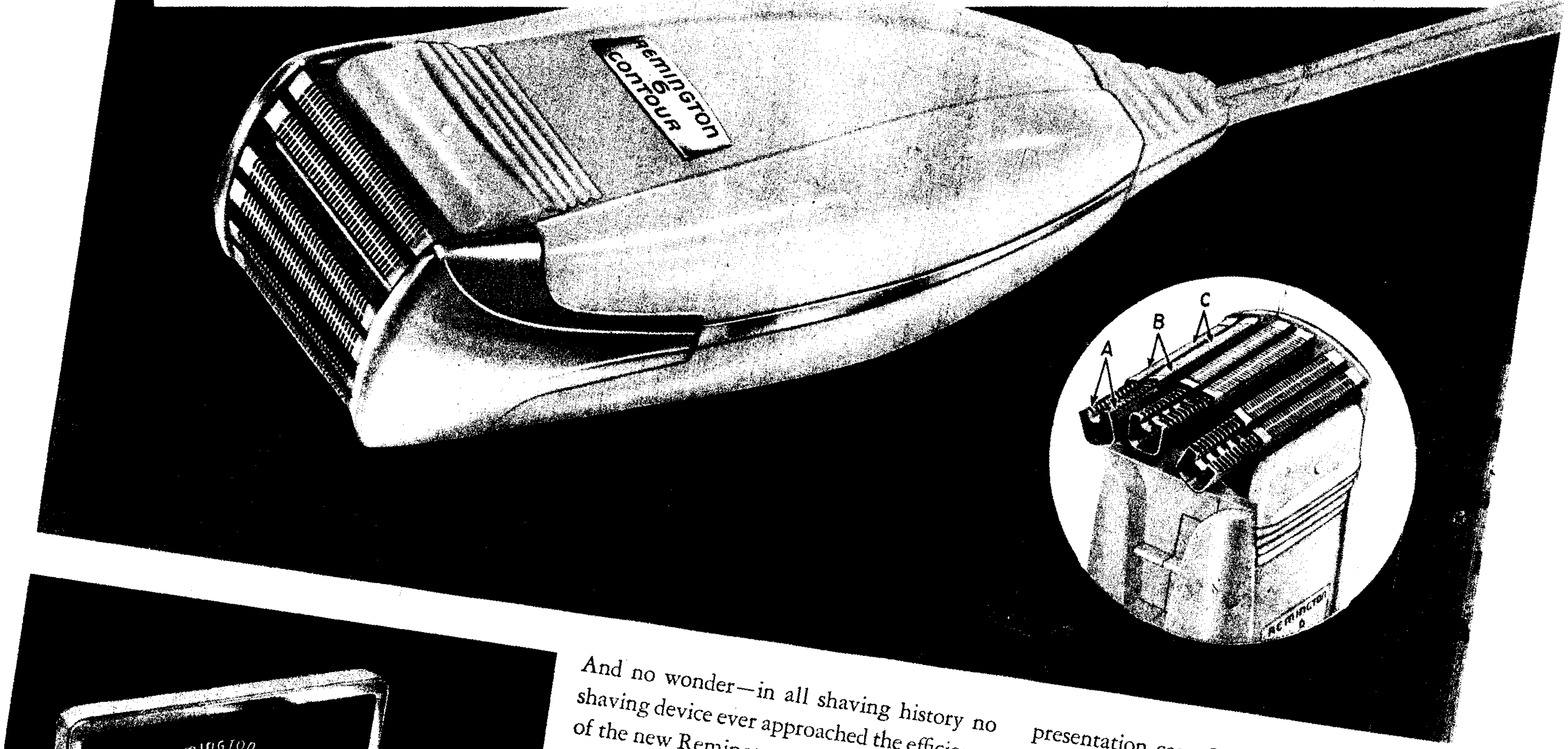

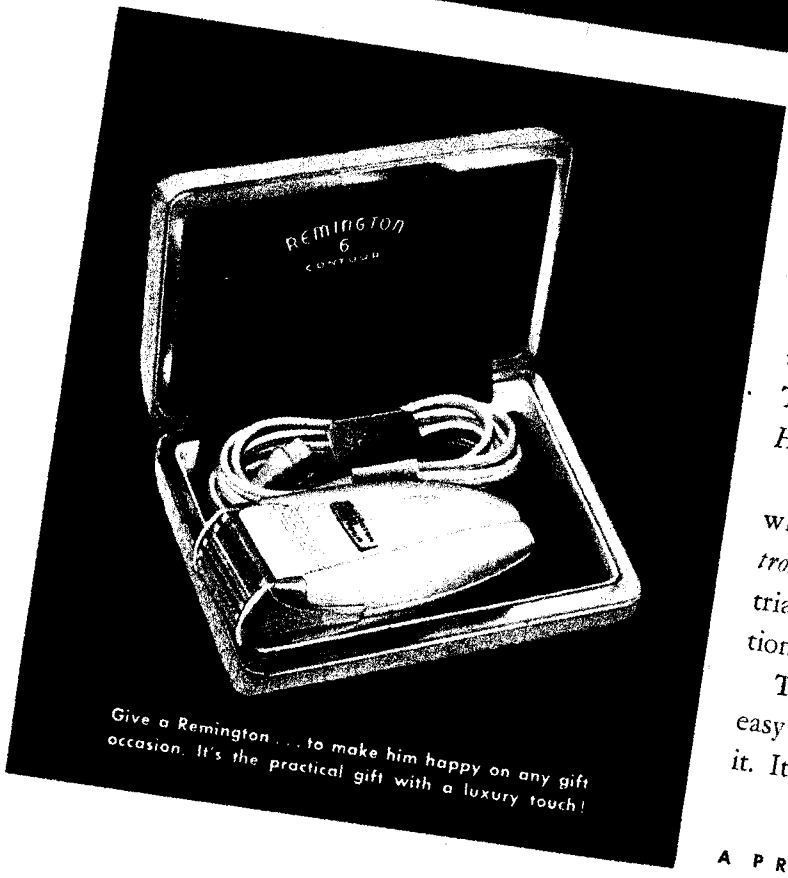

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The Contour 6 is smoother, faster and so easy to use you won't believe it until you try it. It's beautifully packaged in a new gift presentation case. See the Contour 6 today.

Remington Rand Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut—with Shaver Headquarters in 106 cities—see your local telephone directory.

If you want to convince yourself that shaving is no longer a problem, ask any Remington dealer for a free trial shave. Prices start at $17.50. Lady's Shaver, $15.00. See Automobile-Home and other Remington models. All AC-DC.

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Remington
ELECTRIC SHAVERS

A PRODUCT OF Remington Rand

EUROPE'S BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

Continued from page 28

anti-Communist, pro-democratic parties gathered 79 per cent of the votes.

"Of course," Reuter said, when I asked him to analyze that vote, "a great portion of the ballots were cast in protest against the Soviet administration of their sector. Because people hate Communism, it doesn't necessarily mean that they love democracy. You've got to show them democracy in action, and if they see that it works they'll accept it."

Democracy is getting a pretty good test in the Western-controlled section of Berlin. Colonel Frank Howley, commander of the American sector, insists that the police never enter a house without a search warrant, that habeas corpus be observed, and that all safeguards of our own Bill of Rights be given to German citizens living in the American sector.

A Fearless Editor

Freedom of the press is an actual fact under Howley. Der Tagesspiegel is the American-licensed daily. It is generally considered to be the mouthpiece of American military government and it usually, but not always, prints the releases sent to it by Colonel Howley's headquarters. In fact I have watched husky, fifty-three-year-old Erik Reger, one of the publishers, "spike" stories sent to him by American officials because he didn't think they were "newsworthy." He will accept advice but not orders from American officials, and when he disagrees with details of U.S. policy, he doesn't hesitate to say so in editorials. Reger is high on the Soviet "drop dead" list.

A year ago, anyone who suggested that there were Germans willing to shed their blood for democratic ideals would have been greeted with cynical laughter in which I, for one, would have joined. Today, German blood *has* been shed in defense of democracy. On September 9th, 300,000 citizens of Berlin again gathered at the Brandenburg Gate to hear Reuter, Neumann, Doctor Suhr and others. But this time the Russian soldiers carried guns—not cameras. They shot people—not pictures.

That is not the last of the shooting—more blood will flow in Berlin, for no democracy was ever baptized in water.

Under Hitler, German production chiefs used to boast that there was an "ersatz" for everything. Ersatz rubber, tobacco, sausage, leather, coffee were all common. Today, masses of Germans have come to learn that there is no ersatz for democracy.

This almost unbelievable resurgence of the democratic spirit is not confined to Germany. It is gathering strength all over Europe, and wherever it gains there is a corresponding weakening of Communism. During the past six months I have found refugees from Soviet totalitarianism in Tel Aviv, Athens, Tunis, Rome, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels and Oslo, merely waiting their chance to express this spirit militantly.

During the past year the Kremlin has been embarrassed by such incidents as the failure to capture Trieste, the loss of the Italian election, the deviation of Tito from the sacred Kremlin line, the defiant attitude of the marchers in the Sokol parade in Prague, the parliamentary walkouts in Budapest, the peasant resistance in Poland and Yugoslavia and the refusal of newly born Israel to give Kremlin overtures anything but polite and skeptical attention. After six months of traveling on the Continent I still feel that democracy is a worth-while investment—certainly worth the investment represented by the Marshall Plan. Its poor showing in the earlier stages of the peace was due to our complacency and reluctance to combat Russia's propaganda war.

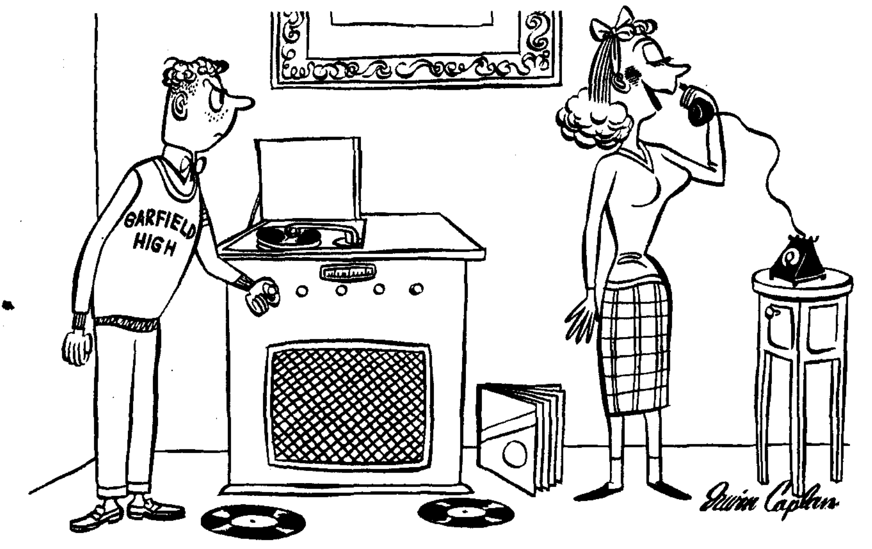
Anyone who has taken the time to study the relative merits of Communism and democracy knows that democracy offers a way of life immeasurably better than does Communism.

But the Western nations, smug in their enjoyment of it, have neglected to sell it to the world. Moscow, on the other hand, has utilized every modern, high-powered sales method possible to sell *its* shoddy product. One technique has been to use the word democracy to describe *their* form of government.

The Communists take their cue from Through the Looking Glass. "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean . . ."

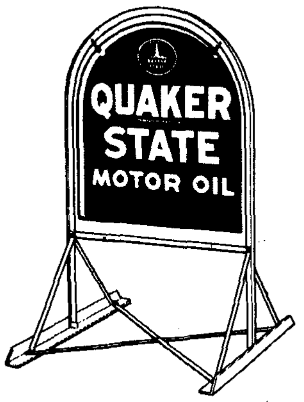
Moscow did a great job in Italy a year ago with Humpty Dumpty double-talk and nearly got the account. Palmiro Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader, kept thundering that Western democracy and Communism were both in essence "democratic," differing only in degree. To the miserable tenant farmer Togliatti promised land; to the underpaid factory worker he promised a slice of the business; to all he promised economic bliss, political freedom and an end to domination by the American imperialists.

Democracy was feeling a bit sick about this time. Czechoslovakia, an old



"Jerome! When did you get home from college? No, I'm not doing a thing tonight— Turn the radio down, Father— Yes, Jerome, I'd love to"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN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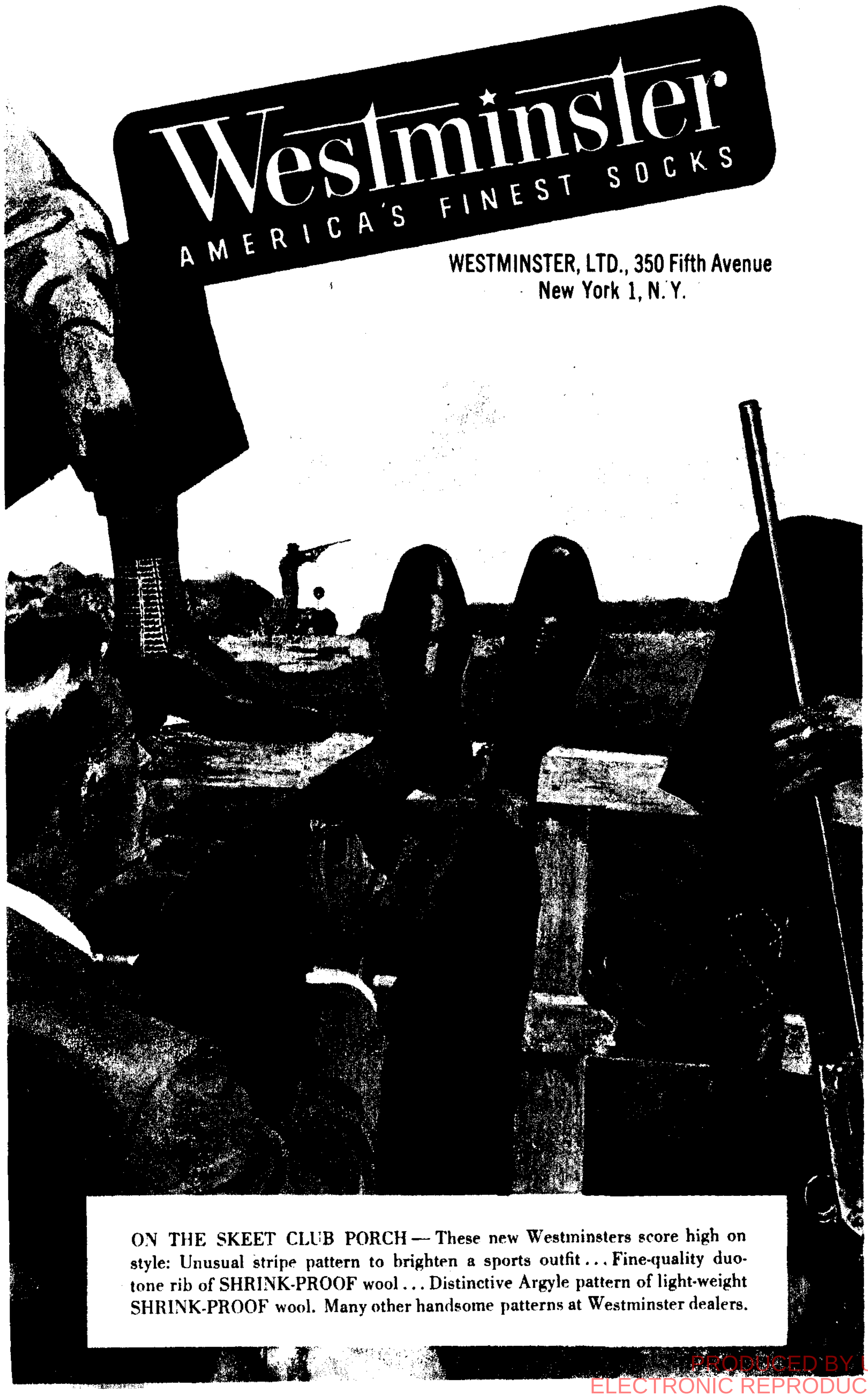
If you're aiming at handsome, distinctive socks that will wear and wear and wear some more, draw a bead on the new Fall Westminsters now at leading stores. You'll see the top-ranking styles—Argyles, diamonds, ribs, stripes and fancy weaves—in SHRINKPROOF wool, lisle, rayon and nylon mixtures. Ask for Westminsters . . . and you'll wear them a long, long time.



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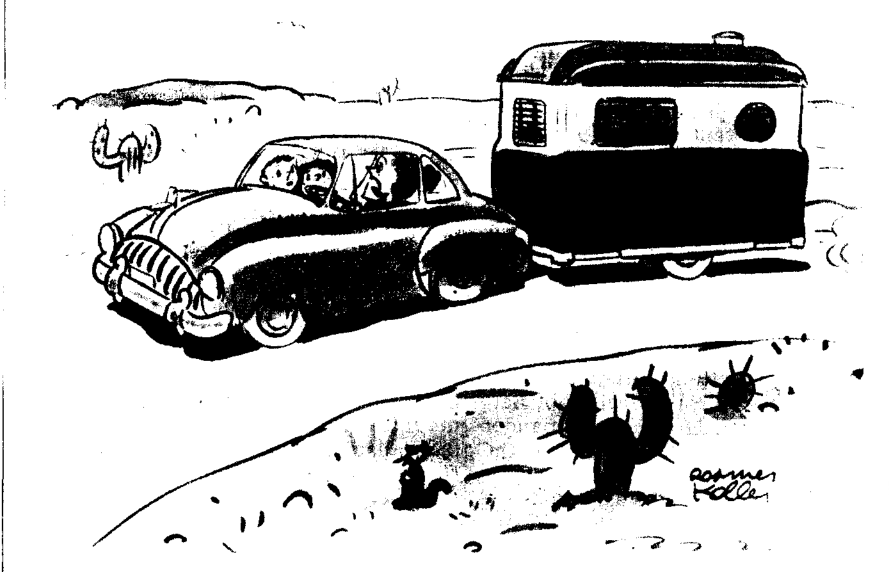
ON THE SKEET CLUB PORCH—These new Westminsters score high on style: Unusual stripe pattern to brighten a sports outfit... Fine-quality duotone rib of SHRINK-PROOF wool... Distinctive Argyle pattern of light-weight SHRINK-PROOF wool. Many other handsome patterns at Westminster dealers.



"Oh, my goodness! Run back and see if Daddy came home last night!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

and honored customer, had succumbed to the Soviet salesmen. Democracy had been so sure of Czechoslovakia that it hadn't bothered to send a sales force into the country. When it looked as though Italy might be lost, too, democracy finally realized the time had come to do some selling on its own.

The head of our sales force in Italy was Ambassador James Dunn, a suave, soft-spoken career diplomat. Ambassador Dunn rolled up his sleeves, locked his diplomat suavity and his friendly smile in the safe at our embassy on Via Veneto and went to work. Jimmy Dunn revealed himself to be a glorious, uninhibited street fighter who went into the factories of Milan and into the agricultural sections of southern Italy to slug it out with Togliatti and Pietro Nenni, another salesman for Communism, who operated under a left-wing Socialist label. Dunn pulled no punches. He attacked Communism savagely and gave an honest picture of democracy and the benefits which Italy would reap under a democratic regime.

Then the ordinary citizens of America entered the fight. Drew Pearson gave us the cue with his radio broadcast suggesting that Americans of Italian descent write to relatives and friends in Italy urging them to reject Communism.

Effects of Mail from U.S.

The vital Italian election, just a few weeks off, was on everyone's mind. Italy became buried under an avalanche of mail from the States. According to New York Postmaster Albert Goldman, mail to Italy increased by 1,000,000 letters per week. Some Italian-Americans, who for years had been sending money to relatives in the old country, wrote that remittances would have to be stopped if the country went Communist.

In remote villages these letters were passed from hand to hand. Occasionally they were read from the pulpit by priests.

Meanwhile thousands of CARE packages were arriving and being distributed to the poor. The Friendship Train, another bit of salesmanship dreamed up by Drew Pearson, arrived in Italy. It was received with such enthusiasm that even left-wing Rome papers like L'Avanti reluctantly had to give its arrival some space. All in all it was the greatest spontaneous sales campaign ever launched by the forces of democracy. When the election was over, the Communists had less than 30 per cent of the vote.

Ivan Matteo Lombardo, present Minister of Industry and Commerce in the De Gasperi Cabinet, possesses one of the keenest minds in Italy. He is a Social Democrat, who enjoys tremendous popularity. He says with dry humor that this is due to the fact that half of the voters confuse him with Guy Lombardo, while the other half identify him with Father Giovanni Lombardi, the amazing Jesuit who is Italy's leading orator.

"Democracy was asleep in Italy during the 23 years of Fascist rule," Lombardo told me in Rome. "But it was never dead. It's against our people's nature and temperament to embrace the regimentation of either Fascism or Communism." He paused, then continued gravely, "Italy's in very bad shape, but we're beginning to see daylight now. Believe me, the Marshall Plan is a vitamin, not a sleeping pill. The night is over and we know that to survive it, we must be within the democratic structure."

There are 16 exhausted, anemic countries in Europe which need democracy's blood transfusion. Perhaps the unhappiest one is Greece, where democracy was cradled. Some 25,000 Communists and opponents of the present Greek government, under the leadership of Markos, are entrenched in the hills, fighting desperately against the American-advised Greek army.

Georges Mellas, Minister of Justice in the present Greek government, said to me in Athens, "This is not a civil war. It is nothing but an attempt by the Russians to obtain an outlet to the Mediterranean. The whole Markos movement has been inspired by Moscow."

To a great extent this is true, but some well-informed British and American observers, who have viewed the Markos forces at close range, say that not more than 50 per cent of his followers are Communists. The others have joined the Markos movement as a protest against the social and economic inequalities of present-day Greece. Thousands who feel the same way give the present government their support only because they consider it as the lesser of two evils.

The Greek government is democratic, at least in form, if not in spirit or practice, and the man in the street who supports it does so in the hope that reforms will come within the current governmental structure. He believes that the man who joins Markos in the hope of bringing true democracy to Greece is the mental brother of the peasant who set fire to his house in order to roast a pig.

Our salesmanship, so effective in Italy, is being tried out on the Greeks. There are about 800,000 citizens of Greek extraction now living in the United States. A quarter of them were actually born in the old country. The letters they write to relatives in rural Greece tell of this magic land called America where even the poorest villages get water, medical health service, free education and Social Security.

The Greeks listen to Communist propaganda about the monsters of American capitalistic industry, and then read letters from relatives who work for our largest corporations and who tell of the new electric icebox they own, the new car that was just delivered, and the pension that is just a few years away. The money order which usually accompanies the letter provides the proof that the American relative has not been smoking poppy seeds.

The heavy-thinking prophets of political prognostication may not like our invasion of Greece, but everyone I talked to in Athens and in the villages seemed to agree that the only alternative to the American mission was Soviet domination.

America has been good to the people of Greece, and in their minds America and democracy are synonymous. The Near East Foundation, supported entirely by American funds, has brought water, health services and education to hundreds of isolated villages. The Rockefeller Foundation has tried desperately to revitalize the tired, worn-out land, and it is now fighting the Dakas fly, which ravages the olive crop each year. Our Greek War Relief has poured millions of dollars into the country.

The cynical may say that we have bought the good will of the people, but the cynical have never talked to a man like Spiros Koskinides, a village doctor in Mandra. During the occupation Dr. Koskinides, who is sixty-five years old, went to the hills to care for the guerrilla fighters.

"Our people are as democratically minded as yours," he said, his bright eyes flashing under incredibly bushy eyebrows. "Both you and the British have made tragic mistakes in Greece. In 1944 you crushed ELAS and put into power a complacent, selfish, rightist government. You made us choose between the extreme left, which few of us want, and the extreme right, which none of us want. Yet at heart we Greeks are liberal democrats. We have nowhere to turn. We are waiting for a leader to emerge—not a Markos and not any of the present government. My people want a true democratic administration."

A year ago Communist publications in Europe were predicting that France would see the light and come under the benevolent wing of Mother Moscow.

From the Communist viewpoint France was certainly fertile territory. Prices were sky-high. Wages were low. The spiral of inflation was rising. Little had been done to rebuild her ruined cities, and hundreds of thousands were living in crude temporary shelters. The anti-Communist forces were hopelessly split. There was virtually no milk or white flour in the cities, and riots and violence were not uncommon.

Communism usually grows fast in such an atmosphere, but a year has passed and although conditions aren't much better, the Communist position is no stronger.

Last summer France changed governments almost as often as the St. Louis Browns changed pitchers, but the Communist party couldn't even capture the most devastated cities. Not even a town like Dunkerque, where living conditions are nearly as bad as they are in Berlin or Dresden or Frankfurt. Come along to Dunkerque and meet the folks.

War's Devastation Remains

Dunkerque looks as though some giant hand had taken it up, shaken it angrily and then dropped it carelessly on the white sands of the coast. Eighty per cent of it is destroyed, and only five per cent of the people live in the homes they occupied before the war. Most of them exist in makeshift shelters, some in the actual rubble and ruin.

Electric power is so limited that water can't be pumped in quantity enough to fill the bathtubs. The children of Dunkerque remind you of the children of Greece or of Berlin. Anemic, undernourished, they fall easy prey to illness.

There is a small hospital in Dunkerque at 24 Rue des Fusilles, where Dr. André Rommel spends every day peering into a microscope. "Take a look," he said one afternoon when I visited him. Peering into the microscope I saw what I first thought were broken matchsticks. Wordlessly he inserted slide after slide. Still the same sight.

"They do look like broken matchsticks," he said finally to my question. "But they're germs—tuberculosis germs. Fifteen new cases today—all children."

Dunkerque is as badly off as any other city its size in France. The French government has done very little for the people and many are bitter and resentful. If ever a place seemed ripe for Communism, it is this battered, gray city.

"Will Dunkerque go Communist?" I asked Gustave Robelet, Dunkerque's active, intense mayor.

He stroked his thin nose. "We're in bad shape," he said quietly, "but we won't go Communist." He paused. "It's the food and the tools," he said finally, studying me as if wondering if I would understand. "Take this city. We were adopted by Dunkirk, New York, you know. Our farmers use plows, spades, hoes that come from your town. Our children drink powdered milk, and eat vegetables grown by seed from Dunkirk. Oh, yes, the Communists sneer at Ameri-

Bill O'Malley

COLLIER'S "You were just supposed to make believe you liked it. And now I have to make another batch for her" BILL O'MALLEY

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can help, but not so much here. They get their share of what your country sends us. When their sons and daughters are alive and warm it's difficult for them to hate American imperialism."

The Communist party is well organized in France. The De Gaulle party, on the extreme right, is well organized too, and to gain power it will do almost anything. De Gaulle actually lined up with the Communists to defeat the well-intentioned, capable Schuman government. De Gaulle is hoping for a general election, and many political observers in Paris think that his party might come out on top. But no one—not even the extreme left-wingers—anticipates a Communist victory. France is economically sick, but her political instability is a symptom of that illness—not its cause.

Rumors of Red Infiltration

Before I left for what was then Palestine, last winter, my reading of the London papers had half convinced me that there was a strong Communistic nucleus there which would take over when Palestine became a nation. The vice-president of a British-American oil company had told me that every Palestinian captured in clashes with the British had a Communist party card in his pocket. The same gentleman also told me that Russia was furnishing arms to the Palestinian fighters.

I went to Palestine and was speedily set right. In actuality there were about as many Communists in Palestine as there had been in the Winston Churchill Cabinet during the war. I had been led astray by British Foreign Office propaganda.

I learned that in the only election held in Palestine, less than 3,000 votes (out of 200,000 cast) were Communist. The Communists published two papers in Palestine, but they folded because no one bought them.

As the British oilman said, it was true that the Palestinians bought arms from Russia (actually the guns were purchased in Czechoslovakia). But they were also buying arms from Sweden, Italy and South America. In fact they were buying from anyone who would sell them, including British supply officers in Palestine. The Palestinians knew what was coming when they declared their territory to be a sovereign nation.

Russia had been wooing Palestine for a long time. In addition to her billing and cooing she had attempted a bit of infiltration, sending in some of her soapbox lads with consignments of DPs. It will surprise the Russians to know that these agents were easily spotted (men who have been hunted half their lives develop an instinct that warns them of aliens in their midst) and told to behave themselves—or else. And Palestine continued to buy arms from the Russians and from anyone else who had them for sale. I asked Premier David Ben-Gurion if he had made any secret agreement with Russia.

"Certainly not," and he laughed. "Any agreement would have to be ratified by our Cabinet. It would have to be open and public. When you are drowning and someone tosses you a life belt, you don't stop to ask him his political beliefs. We needed arms desperately. We tried hard to buy them in the United States but we were refused. We bought some from Czechoslovakia. We paid for them; no one gave us anything. Most of our people have been victims of one totalitarian system or another. They came here to escape from totalitarianism. Their dream has been the dream of Thomas Jefferson—free speech, a free press, freedom of worship, government by the people. Israel will never be anything but a democracy."

There are those who are still frightened by the word "Socialism" and who think that the defeat of Winston Churchill's Conservative party in England three years ago sent democracy reeling against the ropes. Actually the huge Labor vote was a protest against Churchill's *laissez-faire* postwar policy. The people wanted more, not less, democracy.

When last July the Paris edition of the Herald Tribune asked its readers of a dozen different European countries to send in their definitions of democracy, the best one, in my mind, came from England.

"Democracy," the letter read, "is an institutional framework that permits reform without violence and which insists upon the use of reason in political matters."

In Britain, a country of 47,000,000, the Communist party boasts only 42,000 members. Its chief foes are the Labor party leaders, Clement Attlee, Herbert Morrison, austere Sir Stafford Cripps and blunt Ernest Bevin. These men are fighters for democracy, who merely happen to wear the Socialist label.

Go to Amsterdam or to Brussels or Stockholm or Oslo as I did and you'll find that if the accents seem strange, the people all talk the language of democracy. Today, democracy can serenade Stalin with the Irving Berlin song, "Anything you can do, I can do better; I can do anything better than you."

The spirit of democracy is too tough to kill. In Europe, it's stronger, more active, more militant than ever before.

I seriously doubt if it's dead even in Russia.

Billy Rose and the Met

When this master showman heard New York's grand old Metropolitan hit the rocks he volunteered to do something about it. Learn how he would make Puccini and the other greats pay off, in your next Collier's. And for absorbing story-telling turn to next week's:

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The $1,000 Award Star Story, about a dutiful husband, the "other woman," and a strange sudden impulse.

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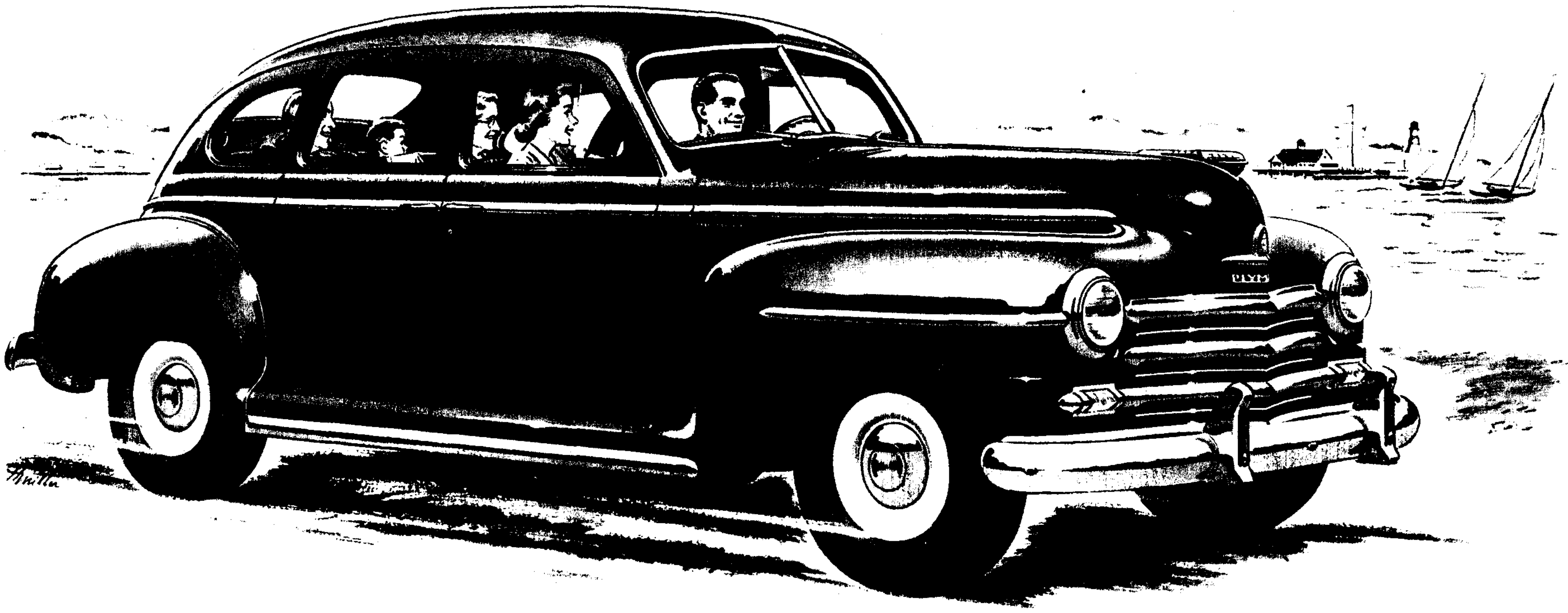

Plymouth has a combination of important comfort features you'll find in no other lowest-priced car. These features give you the gliding luxury of the famous Plymouth Air Pillow Ride.

Bigger, softer Super-Cushion Tires (standard equipment at no extra cost) soak up road shocks. Long 117" wheelbase (longest in the lowest-priced field) gives you smoother, more level riding. Low unsprung weight reduces bouncing of the wheels. Sensational new Airfoam Seat Cushions (on Special De Luxe models at slight extra cost) put a live, buoyant pillow between you and the road.

There's plenty of room in a Plymouth—room for your head *and* your legs. Your posture is natural and restful in chair-height seats. And, because Plymouth engineering distributes weight scientifically, you ride in the comfort zone, ahead of the rear axle.

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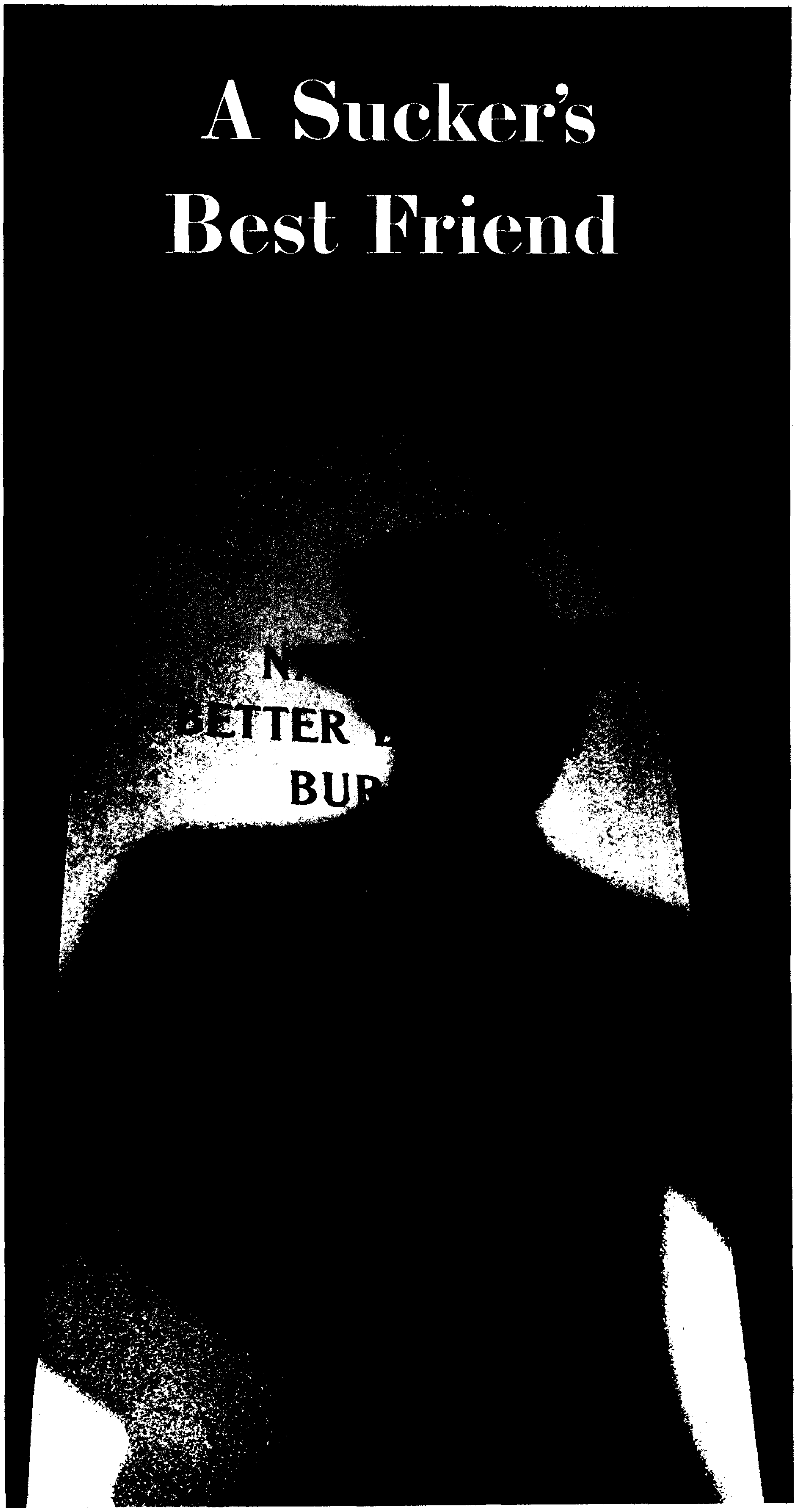
A Sucker's Best Friend



The shadow of the Better Business Bureau's representative falls between the swindler and his victim, the sucker. In the past two decades, BBB-men have saved the public hundreds of millions of dollars annually

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE HEYER

By
DICKSON HARTWELL

What phony scheme will you go for this year? The Better Business Bureau would like to know—in advance. Its job would be easier. Gold bricks are old stuff, but you can still buy phony rings and diamonds for a swindler's song. Investigate before you invest

BACK in 1927, when Hugh B. Monjar, one of the world's most persistent promoters of dubious schemes, first got the idea of his clubs, he thought he was sitting pretty for life. He "organized" little groups of white-collar workers, who collectively paid him $3,000 a month under the incorrect assumption that he was protecting their special interests—a sort of phony labor-union racket.

Mr. Monjar had never heard of the BBB-men. They entered his life simultaneously as his neat little get-rich-quick scheme faded out of it, under their exposure and court action.

The perspicacious Mr. Monjar took thought, and came up with his fabulous Mantle Clubs. These, he exulted, would be BBB-proof, for he promised the members nothing in writing. The $20 initiation fees and $2 monthly dues had enriched him by some $7,666,631 before the BBB-men again caught up with him. This time, they quietly pointed out to the Post Office Department that Mr. Monjar had slipped slightly—he had used the U.S. mails to promote his nebulous but profitable Mantle Clubs. And Mr. Monjar soon was sitting not so pretty in a federal penitentiary.

Monjar's understandable distaste for BBB-men has, over the past two decades, become widely shared by his kind. For these unobtrusive, unofficial sleuths are protecting the people of the U.S. and Canada from outright frauds and simple dishonesty and saving them hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

The BBB-man represents the Better Business Bureaus. Hired by businessmen to protect the public from unethical businessmen, he has no legal powers. Yet his moral suasion is so potent he can with a word instigate grand-jury indictments, stimulate district attorneys, call out the Federal Trade Commission and even swing the F.B.I. into action. As ambassadors of 60,000 businessmen Bureau members, BBB-men speak softly but carry a big stick in policing merchants who are long on enterprise but short on conscience.

These ambassadors crack down most heavily in that shady zone of operations which lies somewhere between the trusted and responsible merchant and the frankly illegal operator. The BBB-men are out to curb merchants who, if not actually illegal, are illegitimate, or who, if not quite illegitimate, are unethical. Describing his respect for the nominally powerless BBB-men, a Philadelphia shopkeeper said recently, "They can't do anything to you except put you to death with pinpricks."

When a New York clothier was advertising suits of a "nationally famous make in latest spring styles" for a very low price, a BBB-man posing as a customer purchased several and took them apart. Identifying labels had been removed, but a secret inner-lining code revealed *(Continued on page 54)*

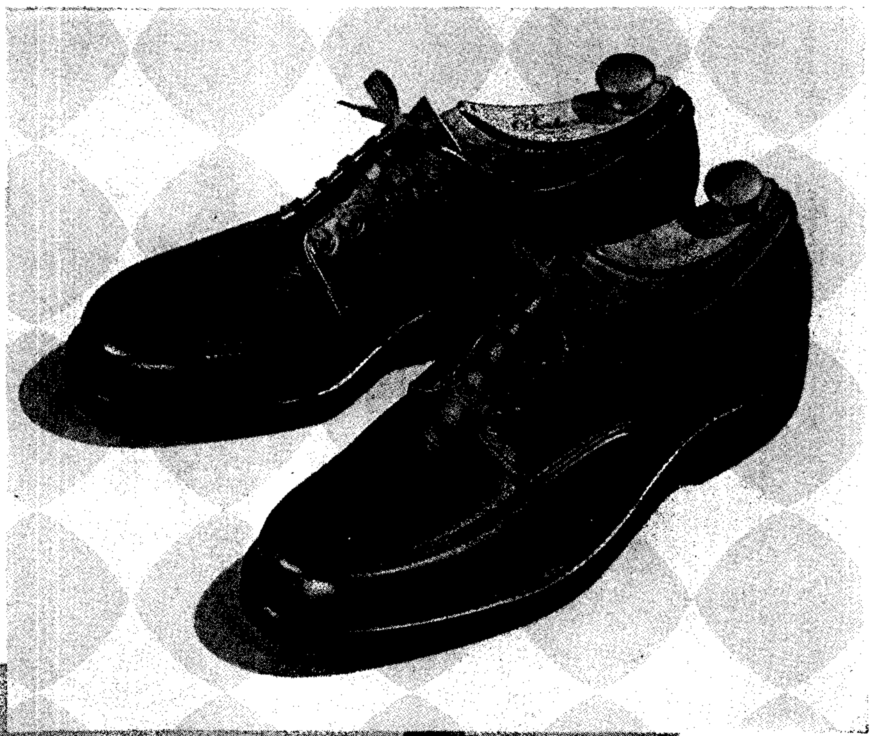
You pay less for Fortunes

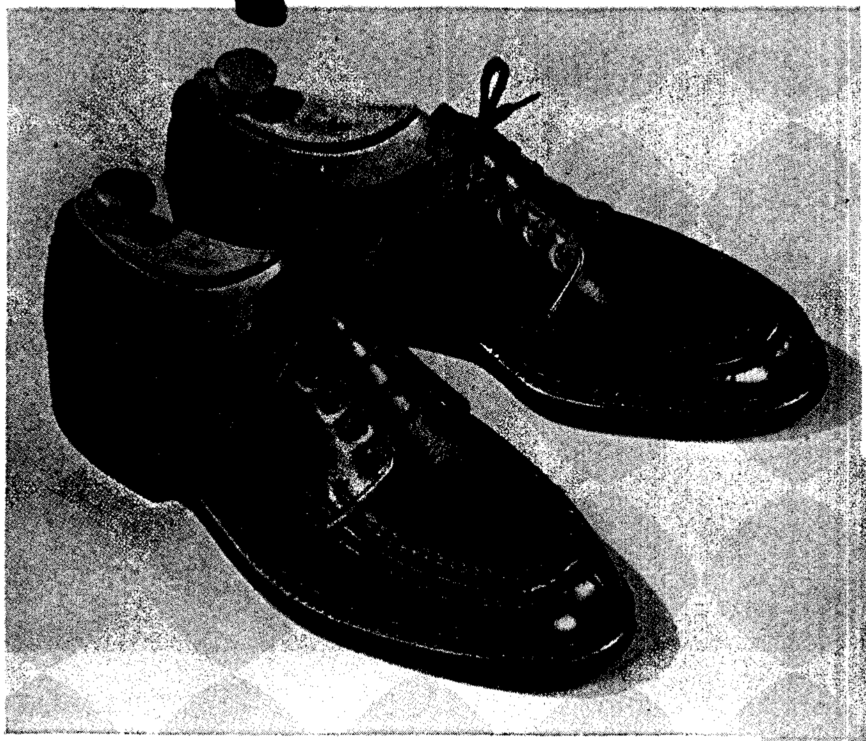
...and you get America's top styling!

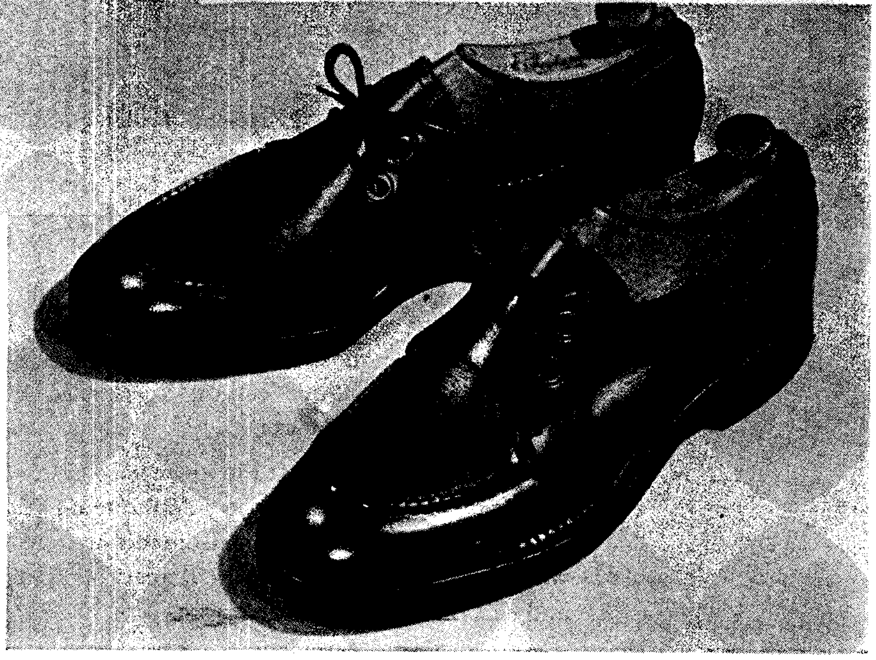
● Top-quality styling at down-to-earth prices dictated Fortune's smart new shoes for fall. They're designed to set the style pace and constructed by skilled craftsmen to give you extra miles of walking pleasure. Yet they're yours at the moderate price you like to pay, thanks to Fortune's cost-saving production methods. Taking a cue from the roomy and comfortable moccasins the early Indians made, Fortune fashioned these handsome "Moxfords" of fine, mellow leather to give you the utmost in comfort, service and smart appearance. Try on a pair of Fortune "Moxfords" and you'll at once discover the extra value of this finer shoe. See your local Fortune dealer *today!*

"Moxfords"

Fortune's newest moccasin
designs for fall and winter







$8.95 to $9.95
most styles

Fortune

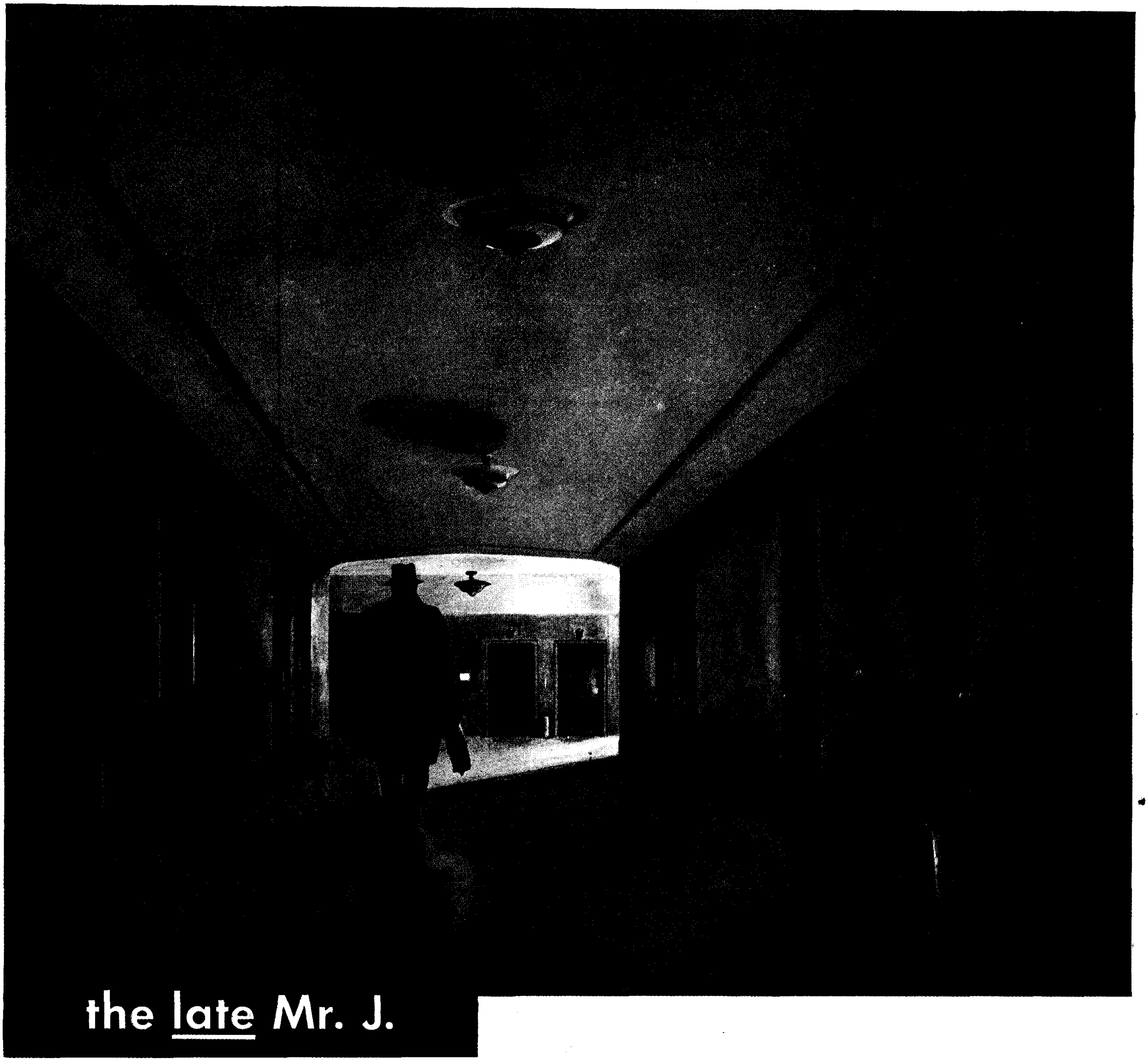
SHOES FOR MEN

● LEFT: Style 6160 Boldly stitched blucher with notched storm welt and thick sole.

● TOP: Style 6127. Distinctive "Moxford" blucher with thick sole and leather heel.

● RIGHT: Style 6165. Handsome stitched "Moxford" blucher with ring eyelets, bold rubber sole.

RICHLAND-DAVIDSON SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE • TENNESSEE
A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION



the late Mr. J.

Yes, he's late again. Late to leave the office. Late to get home. Late to realize that yesterday's business machines and methods cannot keep pace with the tempo of today's business.

The irony is this—that the answer to his problems is no farther away than the telephone on his desk. And some day, instead of calling his wife to say he won't be there for dinner, he'll pick up that phone and call Burroughs.

Together, he and the Burroughs representative will make plans to put the "bookkeeping" of business on a production basis, to produce promptly the day-to-day figures he must have to make the right decisions. Modern, time-saving Burroughs machines will replace time-wasting relics of another day. New methods and procedures, based on Burroughs experience with America's business leaders, will be applied. In short, the office will be mechanized to get work done *on time,* at less cost, with less effort.

If this puts a B in your bonnet, reach for the phone book. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S **Burroughs**

THE LUCKIEST GUY IN TOWN

Continued from page 26

Myrtle got up and she said, "Oh, Lucky, you'll think it's silly of me but I was just pretending that was my vanity, and well, you know, sort of pretending that you were my husband standing behind me. Isn't that silly?"

She kind of swayed at me and next thing I knew I was kissing her and holding onto her neck with one hand and the other hand holding the flashlight. Then Myrtle said, "Lucky, maybe we better go downstairs." And she sighed.

So down we went and came out into the office and I gave the watchman back his flashlight and half a buck for his trouble.

"Well," he said, "you are the first guy I ever hear of who takes his girl up to the top floor of an old warehouse. I guess there is no accounting for tastes."

I took Myrtle home and kissed her on her front porch, and went on back to my landlady's. I was kind of mixed up in my mind and I went out to the kitchen and opened the icebox and cut me maybe half a pound off my cheese and I sat down in the kitchen.

I was sitting there when my landlady came in. "Lucky," she said, "you are a good roomer and no trouble like some I got, but I wish you would eat up that cheese because it is taking up a lot of room in my icebox."

"Well," I said, "I appreciate your problem. But I wish my problems were that simple. You go ahead and make a cheesecake or something out of some of that cheese and just help yourself and I won't charge you anything."

She went upstairs and I sat there wishing I had had Edith up in that warehouse instead of Myrtle Fitch.

THE next night I picked up the redhead. Edith came out the front door and walked past us with her nose in the air. We went on down to the Elite and when we were eating berry pie she said, "Lucky, I'm just dying to see all those things you won on the radio."

So there was nothing for me to do but take her over to the warehouse. The watchman's eyes like to bulged out of his head when we walked in. He looked at me and at the redhead and then without a word he handed me the flashlight.

We went up in the freight elevator and she sat down on the vanity bench and she was also nuts about Chippendale. Then she got up and kind of swayed at me and I kissed her like I did Myrtle and then we went downstairs again.

I gave the watchman a half dollar and his flashlight and went outside with the redhead. "Well," she said, "some little girl is certainly going to be lucky."

I commenced feeling like a prize in a box of popcorn. I even almost began wishing I had never won that stuff. . . .

I had thought it would be fun taking out different girls but it wasn't any fun. I just wanted to take out Edith and I had been better off with Edith before I got on the Vat O' Cheese program.

I stopped to see her early Monday morning in the store. "Edith," I said, "will you have dinner with me tonight?"

She looked at me for a long time. "No, Joe," she said, "I don't think so."

"Honey," I said, "I want to talk to you. Let's make up."

She smiled then. She said, "All right, Joe. I'll go out with you."

I went back upstairs and there was a phone call for me from the apartment manager. The tenant was checking out that day and the apartment was mine if I wanted it. Things looked better between Edith and me so I said fine. I arranged to have the prizes moved in from the warehouse.

I collected Edith after work. We went down to the Elite and were getting along all right and then finally I said, "Well, honey, I will take you over after we finish here and show you the loot."

"No, thank you," Edith said.

"Don't you want to see it?" I said.

"I don't mean to hurt your feelings," Edith said. "But I know all about it." Her voice went up in the air. "I understand you're taking a girl up there every night. I suppose I should be flattered to think that I'm the third girl on the list. I'm afraid I'm not."

"Don't raise your voice," I said. "People are staring. After all, you could have had first crack at it if you'd wanted it."

"Oh!" she said. She was talking even louder. "And wasn't that big of you, Mr. Lucky Laney? How sweet and noble and gracious! Well, no, thank you. You can take every female in town up to that dirty old warehouse, but I wouldn't go for a million dollars."

"It's not in the warehouse," I said.

"I don't care where it is," she said. "Who do you think you are, some king showing off your estate to the local peasants? Oh, you make me sick."

She got up and ran out of the Elite.

I PAID the check and went outside. Some people came by and one of them pointed at me.

"See that young fellow?" he said. "That's Lucky Joe Laney."

I didn't feel lucky. I started home and passed Edith's house on the way. There was a car out front. It was Ralph Bender's car. I went on and when I got to my rooming house my landlady said, "There were two phone calls for you. Both girls. They asked me to have you call them back."

"Fat chance," I said.

I went out to the kitchen and cut a slice off my cheese, not because I wanted it, but I had to get rid of it somehow.

I thought I might be able to forget my troubles momentarily at the ball game so I drove down to the park. I bought a score card and kept score just to keep my mind off Edith.

The seventh inning came along and the announcer said over the loudspeaker, "The lucky number for tonight is now being posted on the scoreboard in right field. Please check your score card and will the holder of the winning number please report to the main office after the completion of the ball game."

The lucky number was 769843A. I looked at my score card and I almost died. I didn't want the darned old prizes, the Vat O' Cheese program had lost me my girl. I started to drop the score card under my seat but a nosy busybody next to me grabbed it.

"Hey, you dope," he shouted, "you won."

"Mind your own business," I said.

"Hey," he screamed, "you're Lucky Joe Laney. Holy cow, you won again."

Everybody in the place heard him, everyone crowded around to stare at me like I was the dog-faced boy in the circus.

A big fat woman said, "Humph. You'd think a young man as lucky as he is would show a little more gratitude."

I made believe I couldn't hear her. After the game I tried to sneak out a side exit but a crowd of people surrounded me. I had to go to the main office. I won a carton of candy bars, a car wash, five gallons of gasoline, two chicken dinners at a night club, and a permanent wave.

They put it in the paper the next morning. LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE, they said. LUCKY JOE LANEY WINS AGAIN. I went into the store and I could hardly get to my desk, it was so crowded.

"What a guy!" they all said. "What a lucky guy."

"Here," I said. "I don't want this

Feel G[illegible]
to get up?

Try this drugless way to sound refreshing sleep

IF you are troubled with restless sleep, if you wake up listless in the morning, you should not only *try* Ovaltine—but you should also know *why* it receives such universal recognition.

First of all you should know—for your own safety—Ovaltine contains no drugs of any kind. It acts by helping you to relax in a perfectly natural way. You take it hot at bedtime. It helps to break down nervous tensions built up during the day—induces natural relaxation and sleep.

Moreover, Ovaltine contains a wide scope of important food elements. Equally important, Ovaltine has been processed in such a way that it is digested and absorbed very readily *even as you sleep*—and thus helps to replace and rebuild worn-out nerves and tissue.

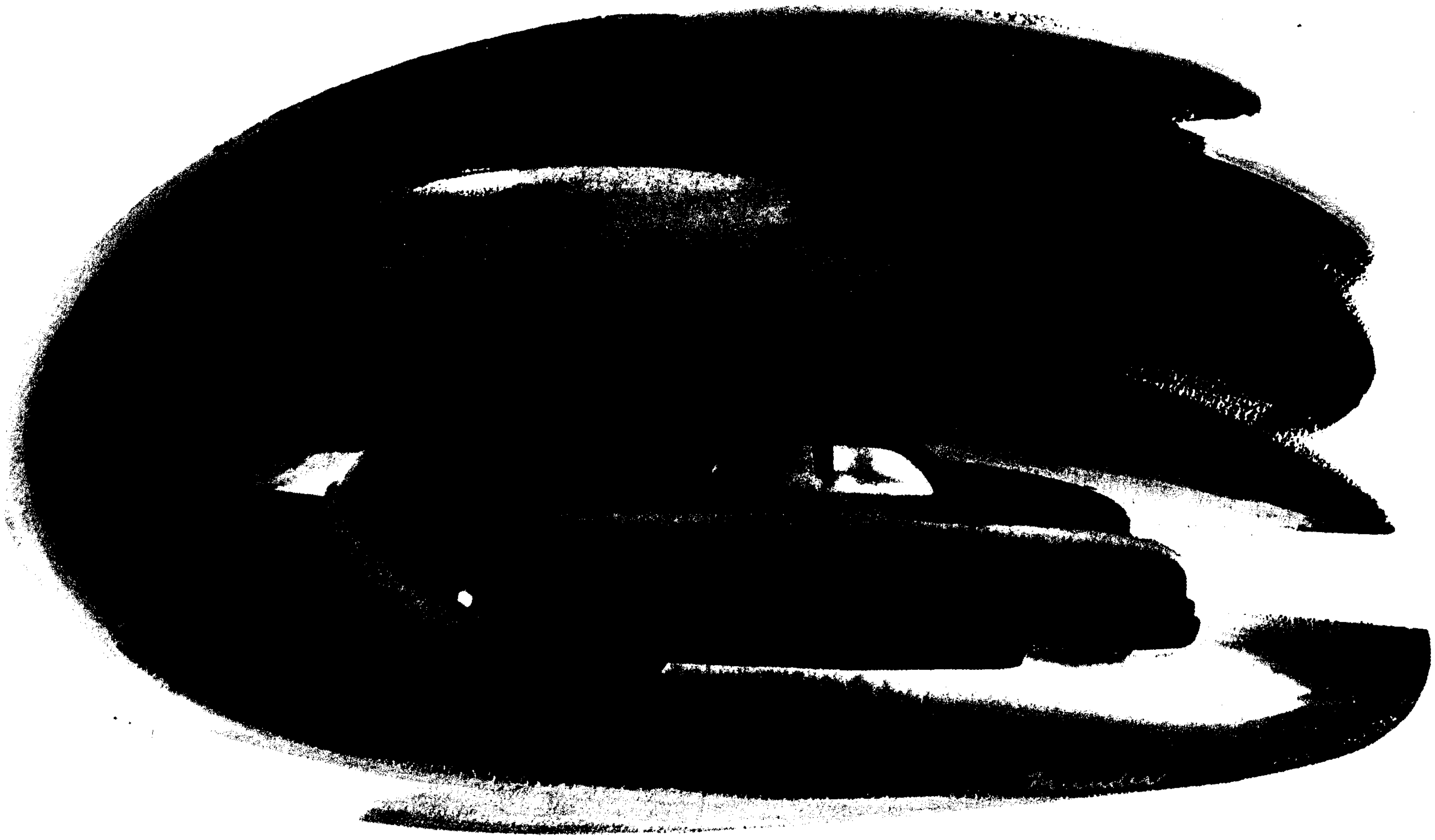
You Can Tell Very Quickly

You can tell in three nights whether Ovaltine will help in your situation. Just purchase a small-size jar for a trial. You will find it inexpensive. Remember that Ovaltine is not habit-forming, but it may be a very good habit to form.

OVALTINE

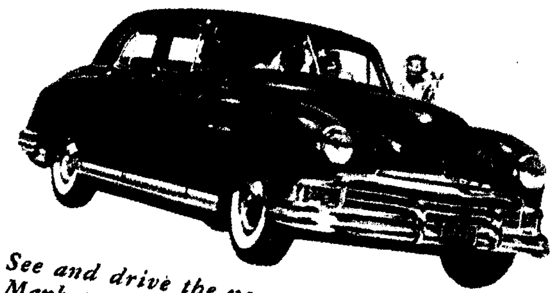
PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

Racing the moon—



. . . with a heart full of joy— it's a 1949 FRAZER Manhattan!

You seem to fly through the tunnel of night . . . with deep, warm contentment all about you. For this is the car of dreams . . . *your* car . . . the one above all others. Its colors and fabrics you selected yourself, because they express *you*. You had your choice of a score of rich fabrics and upholsterings—you chose from many, many glorious exterior colors and combinations. And as for *features*—you had everything that a car *could* have. It was the *luxury* of the new FRAZER—the joy behind the wheel—that told you this was the greatest car you had *ever* known. You're happy you saw the FRAZER dealer—delighted when he asked you to drive it yourself—and proud that it's *yours to enjoy*. Kaiser-Frazer Corporation, Willow Run, Michigan.



See and drive the new 1949 FRAZER Manhattan—"The pride of Willow Run"—at your dealer's now!

"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING" stuff." I gave away the candy bars, and the slips of paper for the free chicken dinners, the car wash, the gasoline, and the permanent wave. I gave the slip for the permanent wave to Miss Hoskings in bookkeeping. She was a vinegar-pussed old dame and I thought it would be a nice thing to give her. How was I to know she wore a wig? She threw the slip of paper back in my face. I gave the free car wash to some girl and she came around and whined about it. She asked me why I couldn't have given her the candy bars. So that was a flop.

Just then Mr. Rossman came running out of his office. "What is this, a chowder and marching society?" he shouted.

Everyone left and Mr. Rossman came over to me. "So you were lucky again," he said. "Well, Joseph, I am warning you that if you get any luckier, you will be so lucky that we will be forced to dispense with your services. You have caused too much confusion. Take this display down to Miss Gilroy, please."

I started for the elevator feeling lower than ever and a man got off a chair and stopped me.

"Mr. Laney," he said, "I'm from the Internal Revenue Bureau. Have you declared your prize winnings on your income tax form? Those prizes are taxable, you know."

"Well, that's just lovely," I said. "Thanks so much for coming in."

"No trouble at all," he said.

I began to see red. I got in the elevator and the operator cracked at me, "Hello, you lucky—"

"Don't say it," I said. I held my fist under his nose. I felt like a volcano about to erupt.

ON THE ground floor I started across toward Edith's department and Ralph Bender was there.

"Well, if it isn't little horseshoes," he said.

I didn't say anything, I didn't dare.

"I've just been wondering," he said. "Oh, it may be on the up and up but it certainly sounds funny. Or did you win all those things because you have some very nice contacts?"

I hit him under the chin and it was just bad luck he knocked over a showcase. He wasn't hurt, just chilled. Edith stood back of her counter, her fists clenched and her face white.

So there I had gone and done it this time. This was where my luck had brought me. I made up my mind.

Ralph Bender was coming to, but he was pretty sluggish. I took the Bermuda tickets out of my wallet and put them in his coat pocket. I dragged him across the floor and leaned him up against Edith's counter.

"Edith," I said, "I made a mess of everything. But I wasn't trying to marry you to make use of the furniture. I just never figured I had much of a chance with you and I had a crazy idea that the prizes might make a difference. It was a stupid way to look at it, I know that now. I hope you and Ralph have a wonderful honeymoon in Bermuda."

I said it, but it was a lie. I was trying to be a good guy but underneath it all I didn't want to be a good guy. Down in my heart I hoped Ralph Bender would be seasick all the way to Bermuda and back.

I went upstairs to my department and in to see Mr. Rossman.

"I got in some more trouble," I said. "If you haven't heard about it yet, you will. So to save you the trouble of firing me, I will now resign, Mr. Rossman."

I got my hat and left the store and went over to my apartment. It was a three-room apartment and the living room had nothing in it but the big television set. After a while I dragged the vanity bench out of the bedroom and put it in the middle of the living room. I turned on the television and I couldn't tell you what the program was. I sat there looking at it without seeing it.

There was a knock on the door finally. I opened it and Edith stood on the threshold.

"May I come in?" she said.

She walked in past me and on through the apartment. She looked at the bedroom suite and then came out in the living room again.

"It's a lovely bedroom set, Joe," she said. "But if it were mine I'd put the bed against the other wall."

"Yeah," I said. "Look better. If I had any brains I'd have realized it."

"Joe," Edith said, "I came over to tell you that Mr. Rossman expects you back at work tomorrow morning. I told him that you had some personal troubles but they were settled. You're yourself again, Joe. This morning when you gave those tickets to Bermuda away to Ralph, then you became the Joe Laney I've always known and loved."

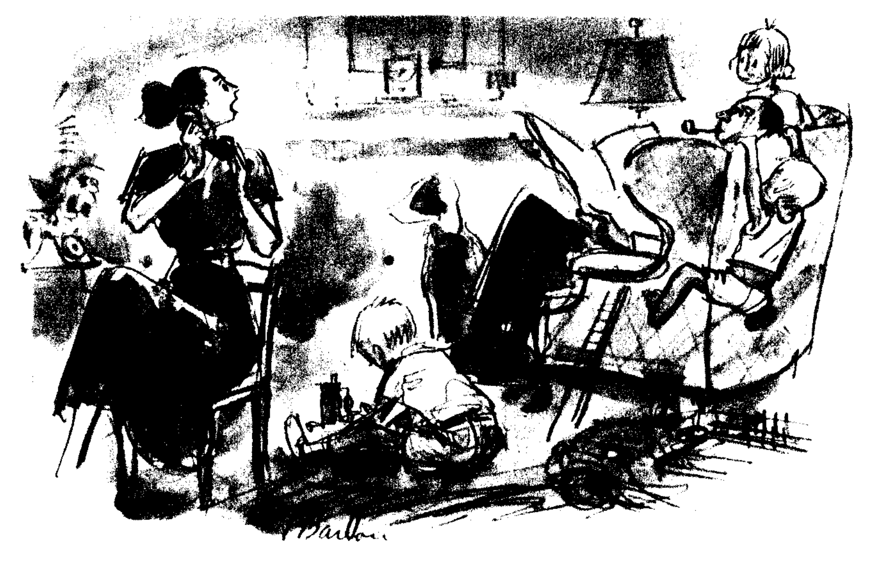
It took a moment to sink in. "What?" I said. "Did you say loved?" I jumped and almost hit the ceiling. "Wait here," I shouted and started running for the door.

"Where are you going?" Edith said.

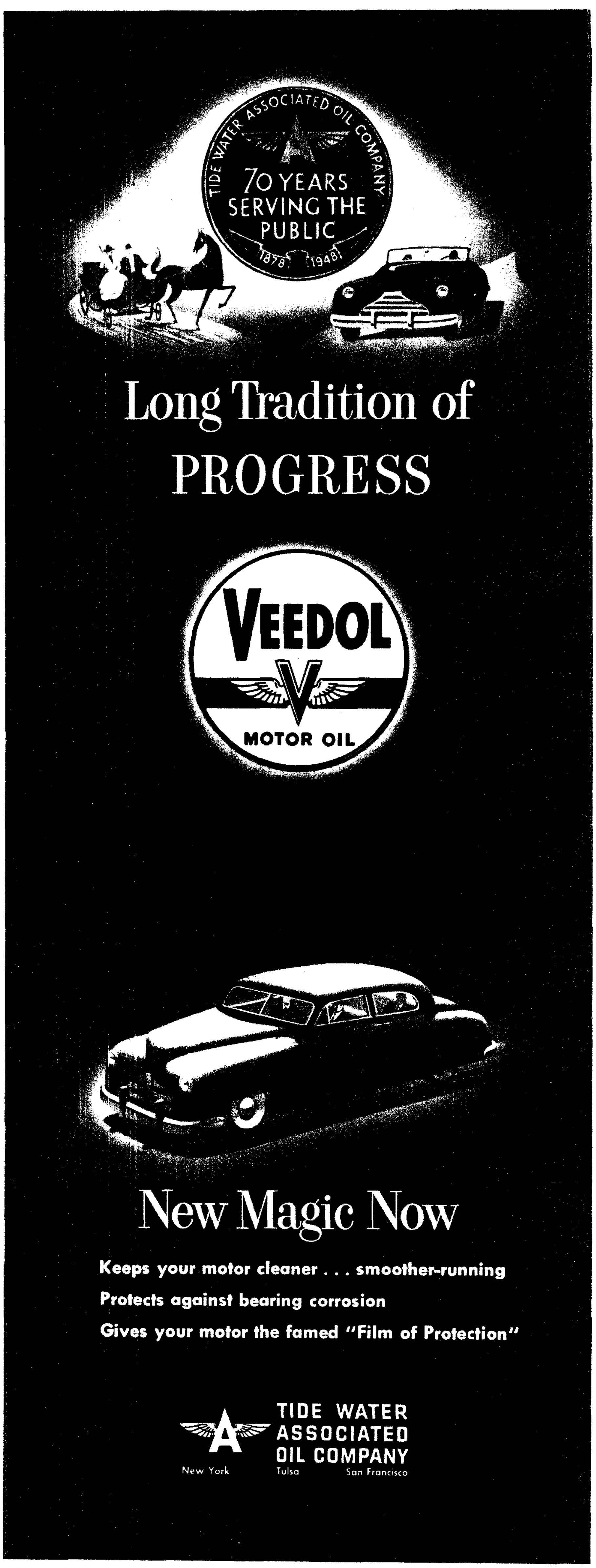
"Where am I going?" I shouted. "I'm going to knock Ralph Bender down again and get back those tickets for our honeymoon."

"Oh, Joe," she said. "When I left, Myrtle Fitch was holding Ralph's head in her lap and looking at the tickets. Let them go. Besides, I think we'd have a better time up on Sourface Mountain in a cabin. I get terribly seasick."

They were running an old movie on the television. The hero and the heroine were in a clinch but they had nothing on us.



COLLIER'S "Oh, dear! Our sitter is going to have a baby!" PERRY BARLOW


TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
70 YEARS SERVING THE PUBLIC
1878 1948
VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL

Long Tradition of PROGRESS

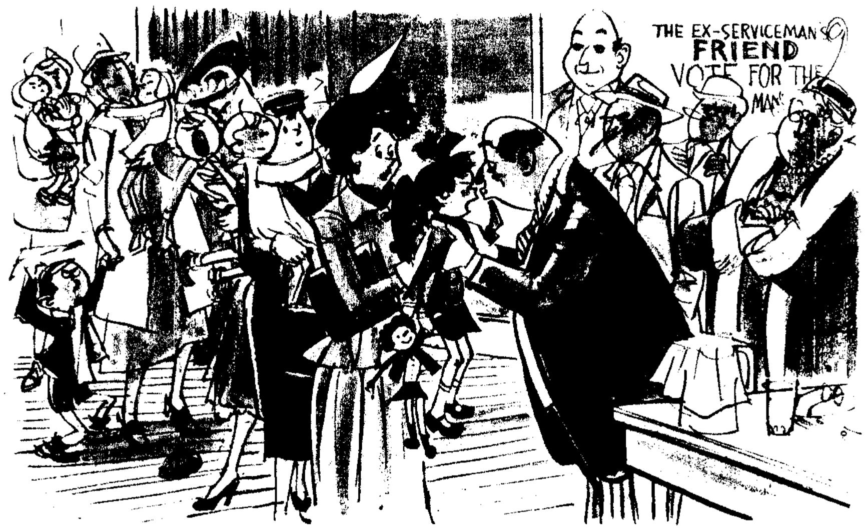
New Magic Now

Keeps your motor cleaner . . . smoother-running
Protects against bearing corrosion
Gives your motor the famed "Film of Protection"

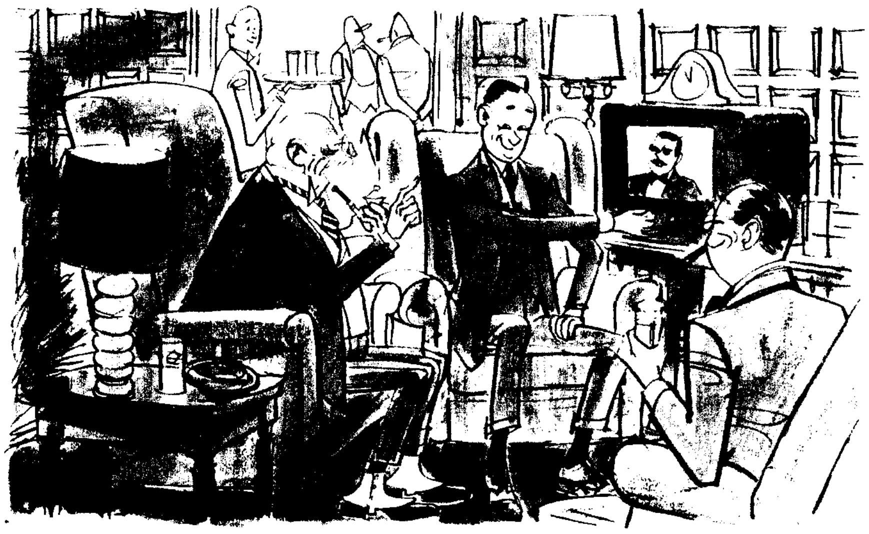
TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco

Campaign Fever

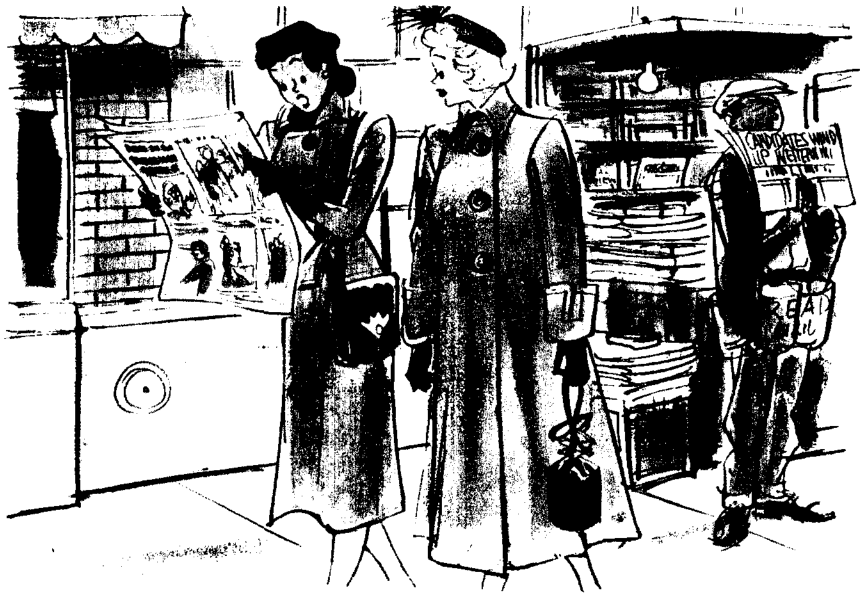
As the Presidential race goes into the homestretch,
Cartoonist Gregory d'Alessio draws some conclusions


THE EX-SERVICEMAN'S FRIEND
VOTE FOR THE MAN

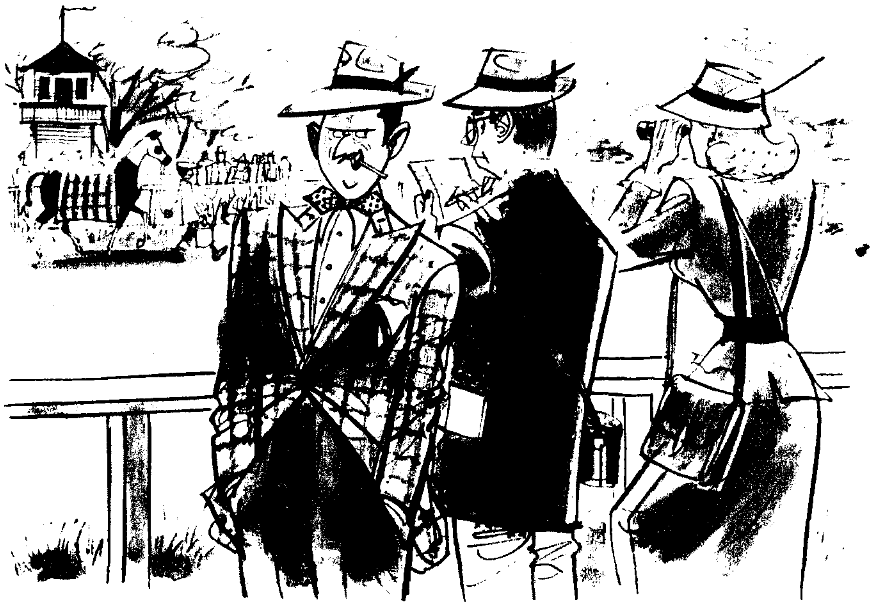
"Wait a minute! My daddy told me to ask you how you stand on housing!"



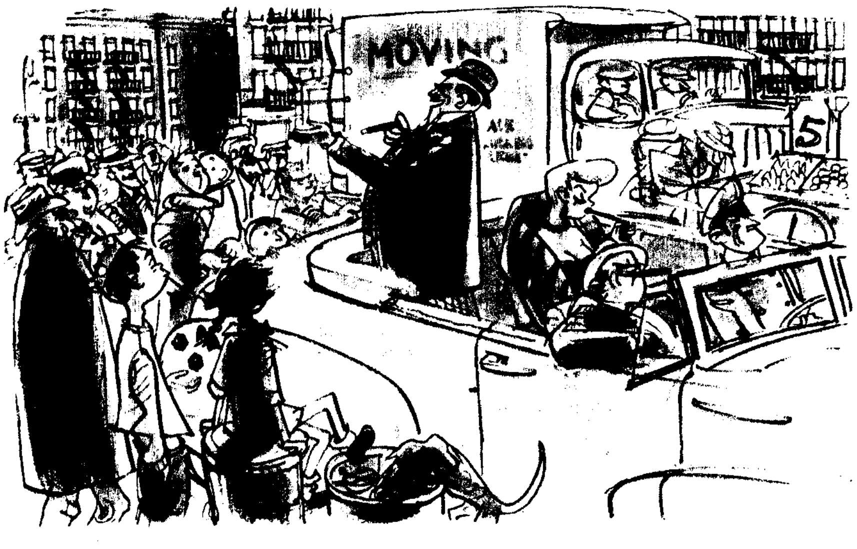
"I'll tell you who would have been bully on television—Teddy Roosevelt!"


CANDIDATES WIND UP WESTERN

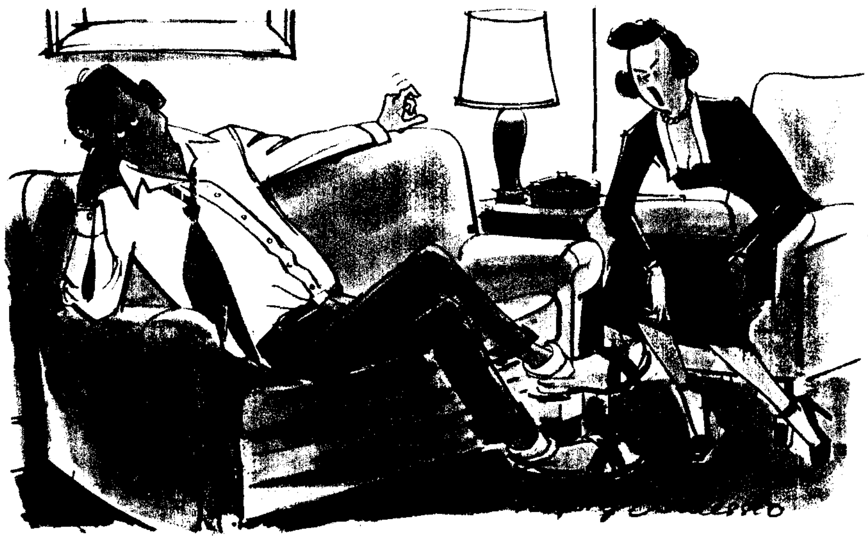
"Father says now that I'm old enough to vote,
I should read the headlines before the comics"



"Want an interestin' long-range parlay, mister? Bonnie Boy in today's fourth and Dewey next month"



". . . and I say to you, my good constituents, I'm happy to be back in the neighborhood of my boyhood which I have served faithfully and humbly for 35 years . . ."



"Well, if we're for rival parties and our votes cancel each other's how can you say we clash politically?"

"Brilliant styling is only half their glory!"

said ***ROSALIND RUSSELL***

when she learned of the new

DuraPower Mainspring in

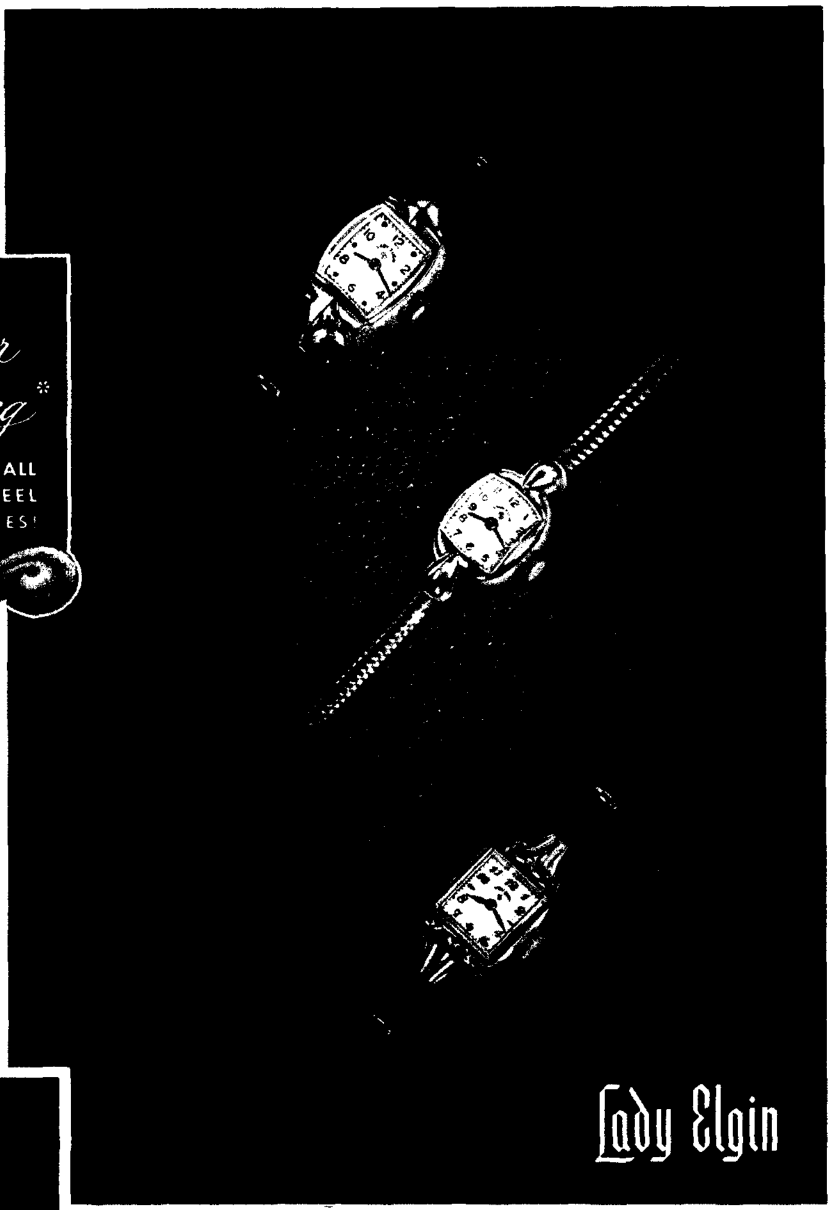
ELGIN *Watches*

THE

*DuraPower Mainspring**

ELIMINATES 99% OF ALL REPAIRS DUE TO STEEL MAINSPRING FAILURES!

"BEST-DRESSED WOMAN" Rosalind Russell, starring in "The Velvet Touch," Independent Artists Picture released by RKO Radio

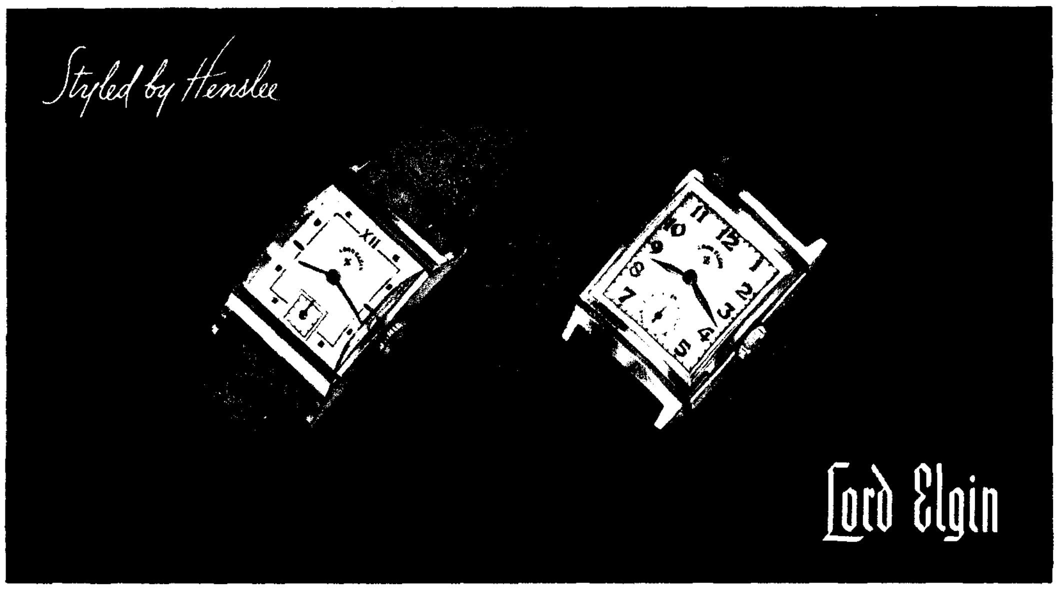


ELGIN watches

TIMED TO THE STARS!

The genius of America ★ ★ ***to wear on your wrist***

HEAR ELGIN'S "2 HOURS OF STARS" THANKSGIVING DAY • NBC NETWORK



Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $67.50 to $5000.00. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $67.50. Other Elgins as low as $29.75. All these prices include the Federal Tax

*Made of "Elgiloy" metal. Patent pending

A most important accessory in a woman's attire is a smartly styled watch. The new Elgin Watches are acclaimed in best-dressed circles all over America. Yet, as Miss Russell said, "Brilliant styling is only half their glory." Beneath their beauty is a remarkable advancement in timekeeping—Elgin's DuraPower Mainspring.

Here for the first time in any watch is a mainspring that will never rust—and rust is the greatest cause of breakage. A mainspring that *holds* its original "springiness" for a *permanency* of timekeeping performance never before possible. Here, in all new Elgins at no extra cost, is a mainspring that eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures.

Surely you'll want the very smartest styling in the watch you give a loved one. And you'll want this newest achievement of America's creative and productive genius. Only in an Elgin Watch can you get both . . . an Elgin with the DuraPower symbol "dp" on the dial.

For the man who wants . . . and can afford

The safest, most luxurious tire ever built

The new Double Eagle — now built on the sensationally successful principles of Goodyear's famous Super-Cushion — is the world's only automobile tire with a body made entirely with nylon cord

ON THIS OUR 50TH YEAR in the rubber industry, we deliberately set out to build a tire that would be finer—*incomparably* finer—than any the world had ever seen.

We know now that we have succeeded. For this tire—the new Double Eagle—sets brilliant new standards of motoring luxury, safety and comfort.

The supremacy of the Double Eagle rests mainly on two remarkable Goodyear developments: *extra-low-pressure design, and a tire body made solely of nylon cord.*

Like Goodyear's sensationally successful Super-Cushion, *the Double Eagle now runs on 24 pounds of air.* Big, pillowy and handsome, it offers you an indescribably softer, less fatiguing ride.

Because it soaks up jolts, and because it has a larger contact area with the road, it provides a thrilling new ease and stability in car handling.

Your car darts away from the lights, seems to float through traffic and around turns—and stops with an unequalled quickness and safety.

In construction, the new Double Eagle is a sheer masterpiece. It is the *only* automobile tire whose body is made exclusively of *nylon* cord. It has six plies of nylon cords—which actually weigh less than four plies of conventional cords. *Yet this silken fabric is so strong it makes the tire body two and a half times as strong as the best standard tire.*

For these reasons, the new Double Eagle is the nearest thing to a *blowout-proof* tire. In all our rugged test-ground driving, we have never—literally *never*—had one blow out.

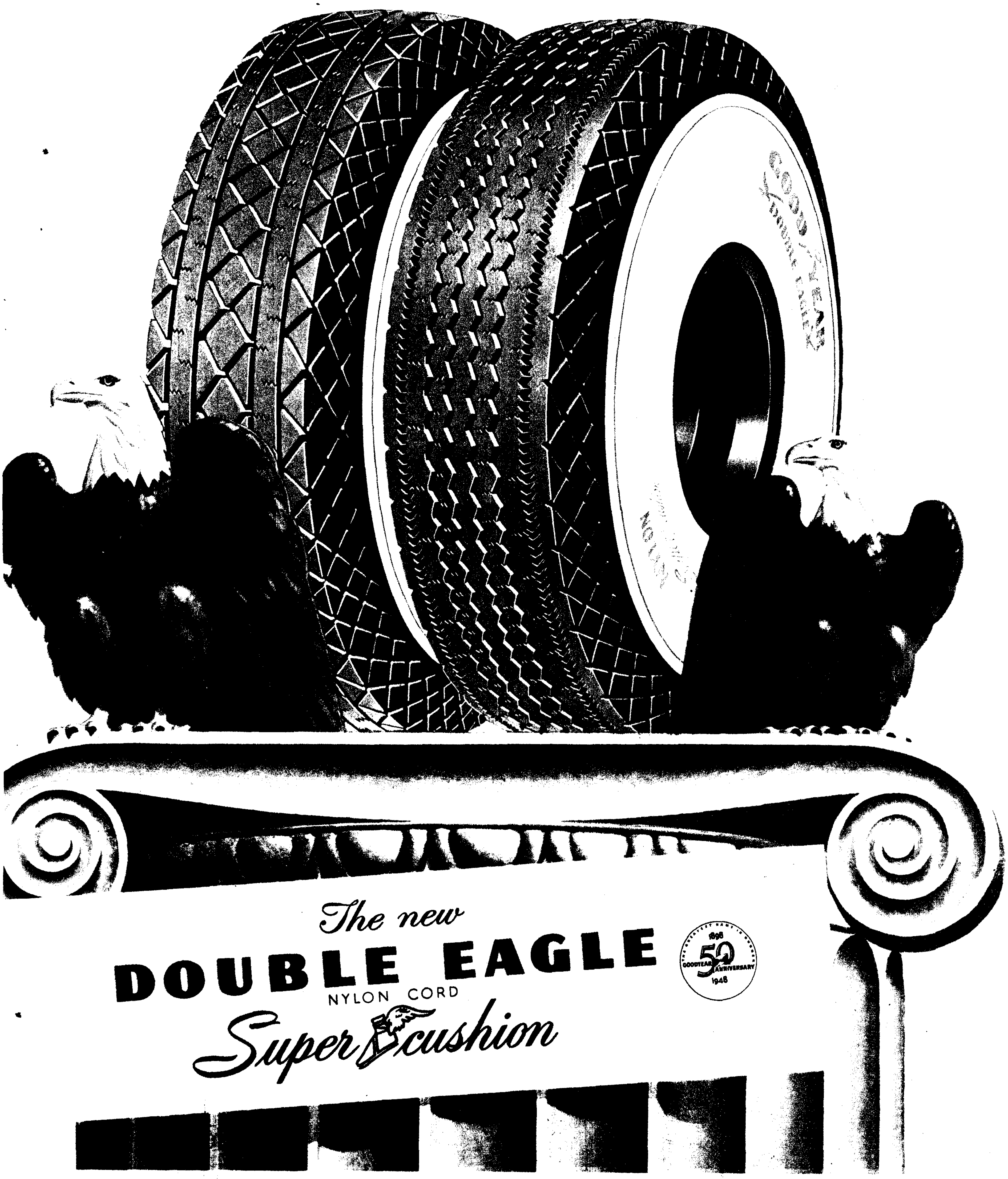
And mileage? *You can ride on this magnificent new Double Eagle smoothly and safely long after any other tire in the world would have to be replaced.*

To the motorist who seeks the ultimate in tire luxury and safety, we say simply this:

The new Double Eagle Super-Cushion is the crowning tire achievement of our 50 years in the rubber industry.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER


GOODYEAR
DOUBLE EAGLE
NYLON
The new
DOUBLE EAGLE
NYLON CORD
Super Cushion
1898
GOODYEAR 50 ANNIVERSARY
1948

The New Double Eagle—in combination with Goodyear's matchless LifeGuard Safety Tube—is without question today's final word in motoring luxury, comfort and safety. They both await you—now—at your Goodyear dealer's.

Double Eagle T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Informal C-O-M-F-O-R-T in Formal Wear

After Six
BY RUDOFKER

AMERICA'S FIRST NAME IN FORMAL WEAR

"Go Formal" and relax at the same time? Yes, now it's possible, thanks to clever AFTER SIX designing that eliminates strait-jacket stiffness, weighty fabrics and hour-glass outlines. The styling is authentically formal, yet AFTER SIX tuxedos and full dress suits are as comfortable as a business suit. (AFTER SIX tux . . . also in Midnite-Blue Tropical Worsted for year-round wear.) At better men's shops.

Write for free AFTER SIX Formal Wear Dress Chart "C".

S. RUDOFKER'S SONS, INC., 22ND & MARKET STS., PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

A SUCKER'S BEST FRIEND

Continued from page 44

the maker and the date of manufacture: seven springs before. The BBB-man phoned the district attorney and together they visited the clothier. They made no threats. They spoke only of business ethics. Says the clothier today, "The BBB made a gentleman out of me."

The variety of rackets and attendant knavery exposed or under investigation by Better Business Bureaus is endless. In Houston, they found enterprising merchants used a hypodermic needle to inject water into turkeys and chickens and up their weight from one to three pounds.

In Los Angeles, the BBB worked years before bursting a festering medical rebate scandal which robbed sick and handicapped people of up to 50 per cent of the cost of eyeglasses, allergy tests, X rays and other essential laboratory work.

In Manhattan restaurant kitchens hundreds of newly arrived and ignorant Puerto Rican dishwashers were approached by men selling flashy $100 wrist watches for $77. The impressed newcomers were told to wear them home to show their friends. No obligation. Nothing to pay. "Just sign this overnight receipt for my boss." The receipt proved to be a legally enforceable wage assignment, the $77 watch worth barely $20. BBB-men put a stop to that.

Diabetes "Cure" Was Fatal

In Indiana, the now jailed Kaadt brothers took in millions of dollars with a "diabetes cure," which they advertised through the mails. Of one group of 17 who took the "cure," 12 got diabetic coma and five died. The Kaadts were brought to court for using the mails to defraud, were convicted, and at this writing their appeal is still pending.

In Norfolk, some undertakers were promising bereaved families to get flowers for them wholesale, while actually adding 20 per cent plus to the retail price.

These examples can be multiplied a thousandfold. The record low for swindling schemes is held by a now jailed vulture named Jake Max Landau. This ghoul followed death notices throughout the Middle West, calling on widows with the good news that their deceased husbands carried an unrecorded $4,000 insurance policy. Landau asked for proof of relationship and a service fee, usually $29.75, or whatever was available in cash. This was his "take." One widow was down to her last 98 cents. Landau took that.

Nobody expected, when the first local Better Business Bureau was organized in 1914, that BBB groups would eventually form a nation-wide system. The wildly imaginative advertising claims of those early BBB days are recalled by a recent ad in a Bombay, India, newspaper, for a hair tonic which, "ends baldness, increases memory, insures eyesight, imparts sound sleep, removes gray hair and stops headache."

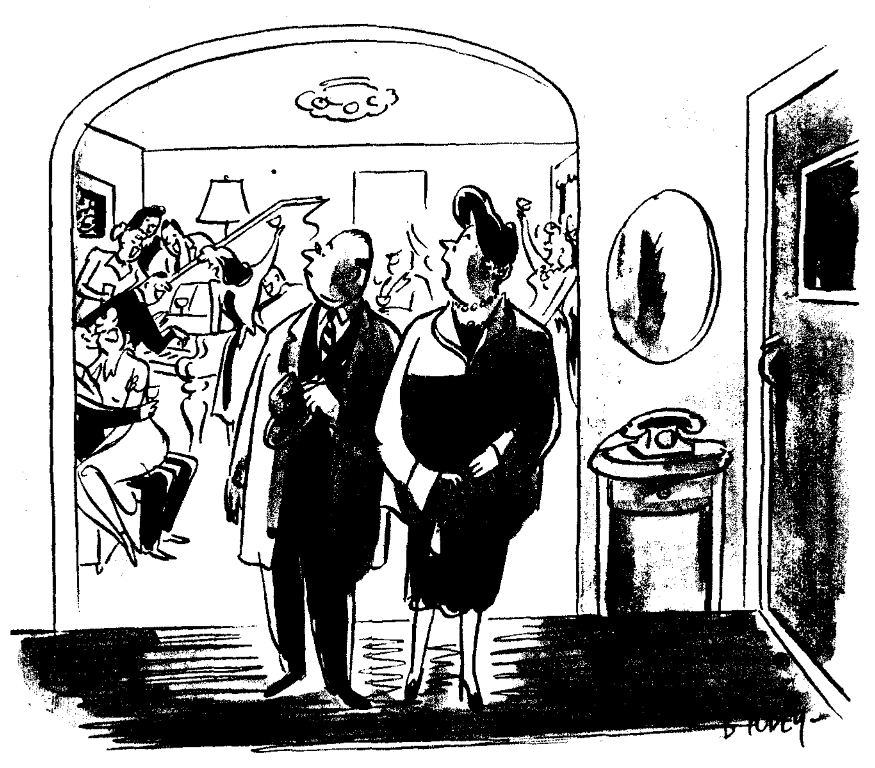
Today, the sum of information in all bureaus comprises more than 30,000,000 files and is the most complete record of big and little chiselers in the world. It is collected and kept up to date by a force totaling less than 600 people for all the United States and Canada.

Though close collaborators, bureaus function as independent units nationally and in 93 cities. To support their work businessmen pay dues or make contributions, which totaled $1,750,000 last year. The bureaus read 2,000,000 ads a year looking for false or exaggerated claims, publish booklets to guide the buying public, run down chiselers and rackets, and give impartial information on questionable schemes for free.

A bureau slogan for years has been, "Before you invest, investigate." If everyone did this, say BBB-men, cheats and frauds might be driven out of U.S. business in six months. Bureaus don't advise on where or what to buy. Inquiries about honest organizations are usually answered with a crisp, "No complaints on file." When dishonesty is concerned, the bureaus simply spread out the record for inquirers to see.

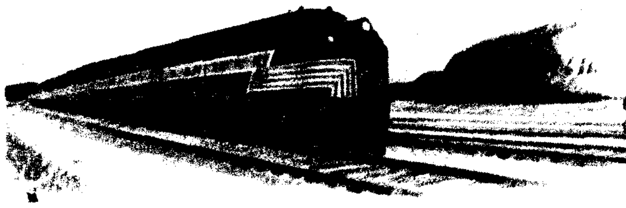
Since the bureaus are business and not government agencies, BBB-men are often in a better strategic position than G-men, T-men or even policemen. They approach businessmen and merchants as one of the boys. They don't want to put anyone in jail. All they want is that business keep its nose clean.

The gyps keep BBB-men on their toes, with always new dodges. Recently, Chi-



COLLIER'S "Isn't anybody going to ask us what our rush is?" BARNEY TOBEY

World Premiere!



the New 20th Century Limited

New — from its streamlined Diesel to its raised "Lookout Lounge" . . .

New **"Lookout Lounge"**—Enjoy the clublike sociability . . . and drink in the twilit beauty of the Water Level Route thru huge windows. Throughout, there's a quality of atmosphere that sets the *Century* apart from other trains.

New **King-Size Diner**—So spacious it needs a separate kitchen car! New arrangement of tables gives each privacy plus a perfect outlook. There's a festive feel about the *Century* dinner hour . . . and a sense of being served with distinction.

New **1948 Century Rooms**—Whether you travel in a roomette, bedroom or with a party in a bedroom suite, you can work or relax in air-conditioned privacy by day—then sleep the miles away by night over Central's smooth Water Level Route.

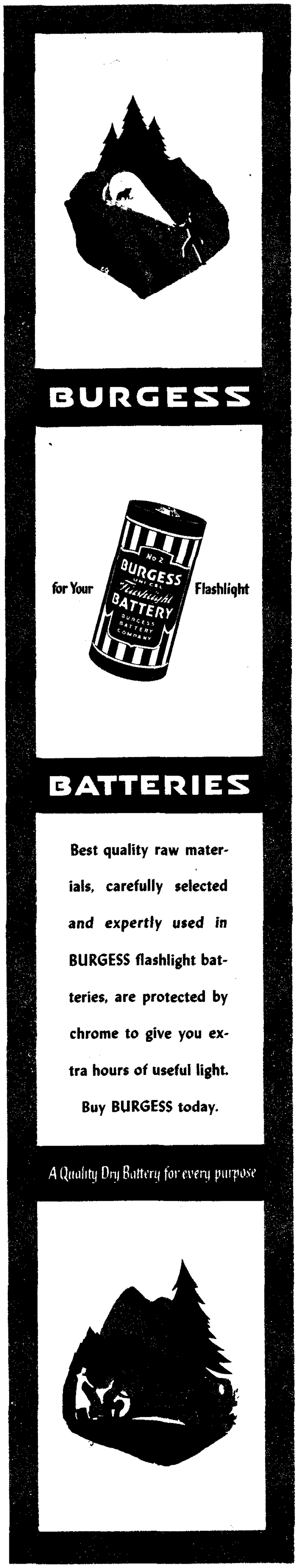
NEW YORK CENTRAL

The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep

NEW YORK
CENTRAL
SYSTEM

BETWEEN THE HEART OF CHICAGO AND THE HEART OF NEW YORK

Vacation overnight aboard the new Century, first of New York Central's new Dreamliner fleet. Arrive refreshed, with no business time lost.


BURGESS

for Your Flashlight

BATTERIES

Best quality raw materials, carefully selected and expertly used in BURGESS flashlight batteries, are protected by chrome to give you extra hours of useful light.

Buy BURGESS today.

A Quality Dry Battery for every purpose

cago housewives have answered the telephone to be greeted by a voice resembling that of a radio personality. "This is the Quiz Man. Answer my question and win $50. Tell me, in a happy family should the husband or wife be the boss?" No matter what the victim answers, the Quiz Man shouts, "That's right. You win $50. A check will be sent you today." But the "check" is a credit slip for $50 on a fur coat, which turns out to be overpriced some 300 per cent.

Some gyp artists use psychology and specialize in such minor human frailties as vanity. A common dodge is the photographer who poses as an employee of a newspicture syndicate. In New York the Affiliated Photo News Service (which many confused with Associated Press) was stopped from using the word News in its name by a stipulation entered by the Federal Trade Commission. In Houston, until BBB-men caught up with them, fast-talking representatives of the Illustrated Photographic Service, without the knowledge of their employers, knocked off smart executives with promises of international publicity for the price of some personal photographs. The price was excessively high.

Sometimes an illicit entrepreneur will work twice as hard to put across a $50-a-week racket as he would to earn $100 in legitimate business. Generally, however, a well-worked fraud provides a handsome return, and promoters who have once enjoyed the sweet taste of such easy money persistently adhere to similar projects. This gives the BBB chronic insomnia. Indeed, any relaxation by a bureau is immediately apparent. The Louisville Bureau closed during the depression for lack of financial support. Almost at once a swarm of rackets buzzed the area. Stung householders were soon screaming bloody murder. With their desks buried under complaints, the newspapers demanded the bureau's re-establishment and local businessmen responded.

Tulip Time in Boston

The schemes of even the smartest grafters, however, usually follow a definite pattern, being generally simply a variation of the same standard theme. BBB-men have also learned to anticipate the seasonal racket. In Boston, for example, they know that with the first tulips will come the first complaints from property owners who have been taken for a spring cleaning.

Suburban housewives, surveying brown-spotted lawns, are approached by truckmen with loads of what they call fine humus. They offer to spread its life-giving nutrients on the winter-beaten grass for a piddling 75 cents a basket. Scattering a couple of sample baskets as a demonstration of how little is needed, the truckman clinches the order, and milady, being a proper Bostonian, sits in the window to count the baskets used. The truckman's talkative assistant comes to the kitchen for a drink of water. She loses count. When she gets a bill for $67.75 (or $167.75) she is flabbergasted. But she pays.

Boston apartment-house dwellers are sold exotic tropical flowering bulbs. When placed in water, the bulbs slowly decay. And in the spring the fake tree surgeon blooms, with prices as low as his skill; and the termite expert who, for $595 to $1,250, will ferociously attack inoffensive ants with every weapon at his command, usually a couple of foul-smelling but harmless chemicals.

There's the furnace checker who will clean your firebox for $5. Invariably he discovers vital broken parts, usually after nudging them sharply with a hammer, which necessitates a repair job which he can accomplish in a trice—for a price. And the self-styled roof expert who claims he will, for a mere pittance, clean out gutters clogged with winter debris, paint flashings, check and fix loose shingles, and guarantee his work for ten years. What a break, exclaims the householder and joyfully authorizes him in writing to go ahead. Two days later the householder is slapped in the face with a bill for $300—and his signed authorization. When the BBB-men can hear the wounded suburban citizenry screaming all the way into Boston, they know that spring is really here.

Boosting Finance Charges

All over the country, the BBB-men are now working on their toughest problem to date—the used-car financing racket. Every year 5,000,000 secondhand car buyers pay out some $250,000,000 more than they need to in "packed" financing charges. The technique is simple. Before dividing the total due into monthly payments, the dealer writes in $20 or $220 extra—whatever he thinks the traffic will bear. Rarely is he questioned. If he is, he alludes vaguely to the high cost of insurance. The customer generally doesn't know he's been taken until ten days later, when the innocent finance company sends him his contract. Then it is too late to complain. The dealer has sold the contract and accepts no further responsibility.

In a single community, Cambridge, Massachusetts, last summer four companies admitted they were guilty of such overcharges. One buyer with a $245 unpaid balance, was charged $141 to finance that sum. Another dealer told the customer that charges would be "about $175 to $225." But after the customer signed the contract, in blank, he was soaked $450—a 40 per cent annual rate.

Charges of 25 to 30 per cent per annum are usual (in one Chicago deal the rate was 86 per cent), and often provide the dealer with more profit than he makes on the automobile. BBB-men claim that if they had funds for investigation—$325,000 is needed—they could expose and break up this scandal in a year.

Outright frauds skim millions of dollars off the national bank roll. But this total is small compared with the amounts wasted by people who buy shoddy merchandise in the simple belief that no merchant today dares to make untrue claims for his goods. BBB-men handle first offenders with disarming politeness. When an entrepreneur makes false claims—it's called "bragging with intent to deceive"—he gets a letter as gentle and inoffensive as a cream puff. If he persists, the bureau crack-down is swift and headache-loaded. Offenders may find the district attorney on their doorstep, or the Federal Trade Commission, neither of which is particularly fun.

What BBB-men call comparative price claims—"valued at," "made to sell for," "worth," "priced elsewhere at"—has reached such fantastic proportions that crack-downs all over the country are just about due. The situation is particularly bad in women's fur coats, say BBB-men, where $795 "values" carry a $250 price tag. In Baltimore one merchant recently offered what he described as $149 beaver-dyed cony for $21. In St. Louis an enterprising furrier described his stock as "replicas of 1949 fur coats that will sell in better fur shops at prices up to $1,000. His price was $159. Such ridiculous claims, say BBB-men, impugn the integrity of all business.

There's nothing like a long-distance phone call to put over a fast scheme, promoters and BBB-men have found. The "hardestheaded" businessmen have been known to fall for dubious propositions put this way—and *even when the call was collect!* The head of a major institution was recently taken for $4,000 when a fly-by-night lightning-rod outfit offered to make a checkup and repairs. Most of his still serviceable equipment was ripped out and replaced at a handsome price.

Make your kids as proud as you were

WHEN YOU WERE a youngster you probably showed off the proudest bike in town — your COLUMBIA.

BECAUSE FOR THREE generations COLUMBIA has been America's FIRST Bicycle. Speedy, sturdy and safe!

WHY NOT make your own kids as proud as you once were, with big, handsome new COLUMBIA or Columbia-Built Bikes . . .

AND why not buy one for yourself! You'll be proud as ever, of America's FIRST Bicycle today!

WRITE The Westfield Manufacturing Company, 39 Cycle St., Westfield, Massachusetts, for folder and the name of nearest dealer.

BOY'S SUPERB MOTOBIKE

Fully equipped, speed-lined. One of a complete line of super-modern bikes by—COLUMBIA.

Columbia

SINCE 1877 . . . AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE

Executives also fall regularly for the check-writer repair racket. Fake servicemen call to inspect equipment, cart it away for adjustment, and demand payment for huge repair bills before they will return it.

The hottest current racket now operating in several states is the directory-advertising scheme. This recently took $65,000 out of one city in just three months. The victim's ad in the telephone Red Book is clipped, and pasted to a billhead of a firm with a deceptive name. The victim assumes it is merely the routine bill for renewal of his telephone book ad, and sends a check. The ad is published, but in a cheap volume of no worth and no circulation. The victim has no comeback. Nothing is misrepresented.

This directory racket is a refinement of a Middle Western group's operation, which was exposed by BBB-men and broken up this year. At this writing its leader, Ruth Bourjaily, was scheduled to be tried soon in Chicago. The racket worked like this: The personnel managers of big companies would be asked by telephone to approve want ads. They would recognize the wording as that of their ads currently appearing in major newspapers, and consequently would okay its publication. The gang would then send a bill on one of its letterheads, and generally would get a check in return. The Chicago BBB reported that one company they approached for information on this scheme checked up and discovered that $3,000 had been paid out for such ads.

Why Swindlers Flourish

BBB-men have not discovered any really effective method for warning the public against such schemes. Tomorrow's victims listen to stories exposing frauds not with concern, but with amusement, believing that only fools would be taken in by such obvious chicanery. But swindlers are easy to believe. The smooth flow of plausible language, the easy, open frankness shown in replying to searching questions—coupled with the allure of a bargain or big profits—can always find a sucker. The traditional farmer who invested his life savings in a gold brick may no longer exist. But hundreds of city people every day buy "solid gold" rings made of brass and "genuine diamonds" of glass.

The approach most widely used today by gyp operators illustrates all three Better Business Bureau rules for identifying a gyp. "Mrs. Jones," says the salesman, "the Mitymite Vacuum Company has asked me to call and give you free their new presentation model electric cleaner."

(Rule 1: He offers something for nothing.) "You have been selected for this presentation model because you are one of the leaders in your neighborhood." (Rule 2: The offer is hard to get or, sometimes, secret.) "We're doing this, frankly, because we believe it's good business. We feel if you own this cleaner and mention it to your friends they too will buy. I'm sorry I couldn't deliver it personally, but I have many cities to visit and I'm behind schedule now." (Rule 3: Hurry, hurry, hurry. The salesman can't come back.) "But I'm sure that you won't mind paying the small shipping charges. . . ."

High Pressure Sells Gadgets

For an extension charge he also adds a complete line of attachments and gadgets. Finally he collects $49.50 for a cheap, inefficient mechanism no reputable store would handle at any price. If Mrs. Jones balks on the attachments the free offer is withdrawn. ("After all, Mrs. Jones, we want these presentation models only in the hands of people interested enough to make every possible use of them.")

That approach is standard and has been used to sell inferior merchandise ranging from Canadian gold-mining stocks to beauty creams.

Any proposition involving these three rules, say BBB-men, may be a gyp. Telephone the nearest Better Business Bureau, and check before paying money or *signing anything.* And under no circumstances ever sign anything you haven't read or do not understand.

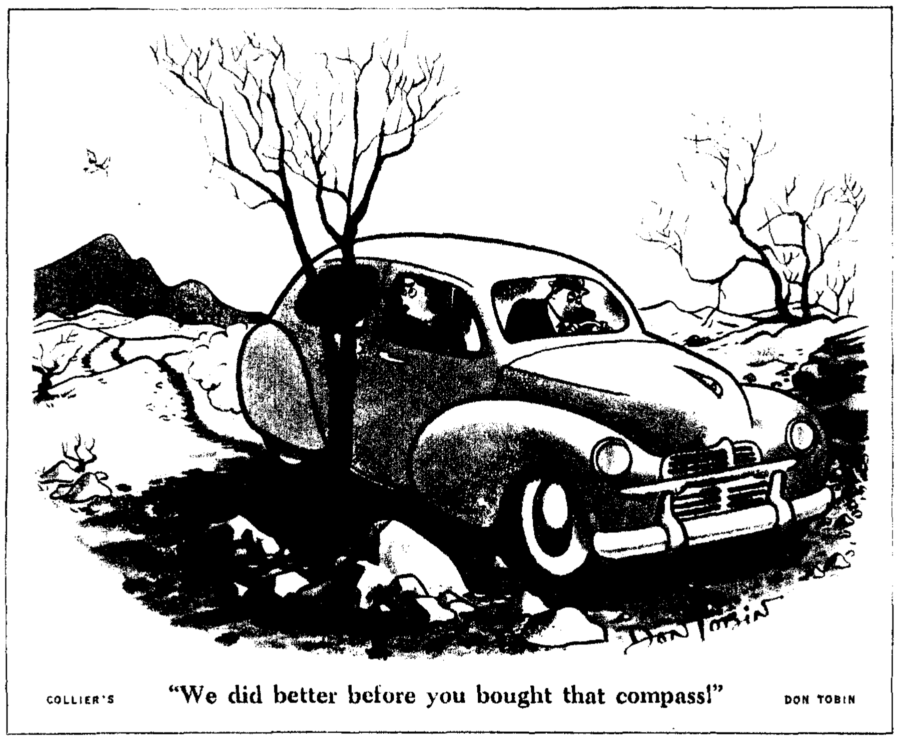
Occasionally BBB-men get a laugh. A lady called a bureau manager and asked for a report on a man to whom she had entrusted $10,000. When she heard the dossier of a notorious stock swindler she groaned unhappily. "But, madam," said the manager, "why didn't you check with us before you invested?"

"I thought of it," she sobbed, "but his proposition sounded so good and I was afraid you'd tell me not to."

Often complimented, BBB-men regard as their crowning tribute the commendation of a woman who called a New England bureau recently. "I telephoned you 20 years ago to get a report on a man I wasn't sure about," she said. "You told me his reputation for reliability was excellent."

"Has he done something wrong?" asked the BBB-man.

"No," the woman said. "On the strength of your report I married him. I thought you'd like to know about him. He's turned out fine." ☐☐☐



COLLIER'S "We did better before you bought that compass!" DON TOBIN

Bagpipe Plaid SPORT SHIRTS

. . . washable, wearable all year long!

you buy it's good it's a
Brentwood

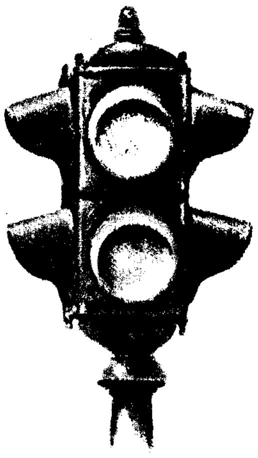
america's finer sportswear

In Summer or Winter, you'll wear with proud distinction these superbly detailed Bagpipe Plaid sport shirts. Every one is an authentic Scotch tartan of a time-honored clan . . . every one is woven through, fast color and washable. Handsomely tailored with Brentwood's famous custom-type touches in a fine medium-weight fabric for year-'round smartness . . . $9 (slightly higher on Pacific coast)

BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

TRAFFIC JAM



ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

By LEE ROGOW

THE traffic jam started when a baby carriage tied to the back bumper of an ancient touring car broke loose and went careening drunkenly across the highway, coming to rest under the wheels of a vegetable truck. Route 1 was jammed with Friday-afternoon traffic bound for the beaches of the New Jersey coast. Sixty seconds after the truck crunched over the carriage a solid line of cars backed up two miles to the Rahway River bridge.

Raymond Joralemon braked his car to a halt behind a green sedan. He slumped back in the driver's seat and swabbed his forehead with a soggy handkerchief.

"Why don't you blow the horn?" said Mrs. Joralemon, whisking languidly at her wide bosom with a bit of cambric. "It's hot when the car stops."

Ordinarily Raymond Joralemon would have been bearing down on the horn button, but now he remained calm—it was a method of demonstrating the superiority of the male over the female. "Blowing the horn isn't going to make them move," he said.

"At least you can let them know you're waiting," said Mrs. Joralemon.

"Asbury Park isn't going to slide into the ocean," said her husband, enjoying the philosopher's role he had created for himself. He pushed the dashboard lighter in, then lit a cigar with the glowing wire tip. "MG 278," he said.

"What?"

Joralemon waved his cigar at the license plate of the green sedan ahead in the traffic lane. "MG 278," he said. "You know what that stands for? Municipal government. The fellow in the car up there works for the city. Boy, what a sweet racket!"

"Some racket," sniffed Mrs. Joralemon. "With prices the way they are a man with a city salary is in trouble. Do you know what I paid for a pound of chopped sirloin yesterday?"

"Angles," said Joralemon. "A million angles to that kind of job. Say he's a building inspector. First thing every morning, he fills his gas tank from the city pump. Saves eight, maybe ten dollars a week. If he never puts away another quarter he's got a couple of thousand in the bank, just from that alone."

"What does he pay the rent with? Motor oil?"

"Rent? He doesn't pay any rent. He's got a house of his own that some local contractor put up at less than cost, just to make sure the building inspector doesn't tag him with a violation of the code every time somebody lays a brick on a job. He picks up the land for bottle tops when he gets inside word the city is going to sell a plot for back taxes. A buddy in the tax department fixes it so the assessment is practically peanuts. Did I say he has two thousand in the bank? With what he saves on housing every year the man has to be a first-class moron not to have at least five thousand socked away."

"Sounds pretty cozy," said Mrs. Joralemon. "Maybe you ought to sell your business and go to work for the city."

"You think that would be such a bad idea? No help to worry about. No overhead eating him up alive when business is slow. No employee tax records to keep. I'd say he gets to the office around ten, reads the papers for an hour, makes a few calls, goes home for lunch, takes a nap, drops in the office once in the afternoon—or maybe he just phones if it's hot—and knocks off for the day."

"It all sounds fine unless you've been shopping lately," said Mrs. Joralemon. "You realize what a pair of children's shoes costs today? More than I used to pay for a pair of shoes for myself before the war."

"A man that age has his kids all grown up," said the man at the wheel. "The son goes to law school, gets in with a firm that handles a lot of business for contractors, and never has to worry. The daughter doesn't have to go to college. She takes a course in typing for six weeks and winds up on the pay roll of the water department. Did I say five thousand? With the kids bringing money into the house the man can't have less than twelve thousand salted away."

"You know what surprises me?" said Mrs. Joralemon. "That they bother having an F.B.I. at all. Whenever they want to find out anything about anybody all they have to do is give you one quick look at the license plates, and you'll tell them everything."

"Oh, you think you're so smart," said Joralemon. "I just wish there was some way of going up to the man and asking to look at his bank books. If he has less than twenty thousand in the bank, I'll buy you a new fur jacket."

"Twenty? It was twelve a minute ago."

"For Pete's sake! Don't you suppose a man with a little capital can build it up? Especially when he's a building inspector and knows what's doing in real estate?"

"Blow the horn," said Mrs. Joralemon. "If we sit here any longer you'll have him out of that car and in a private plane."

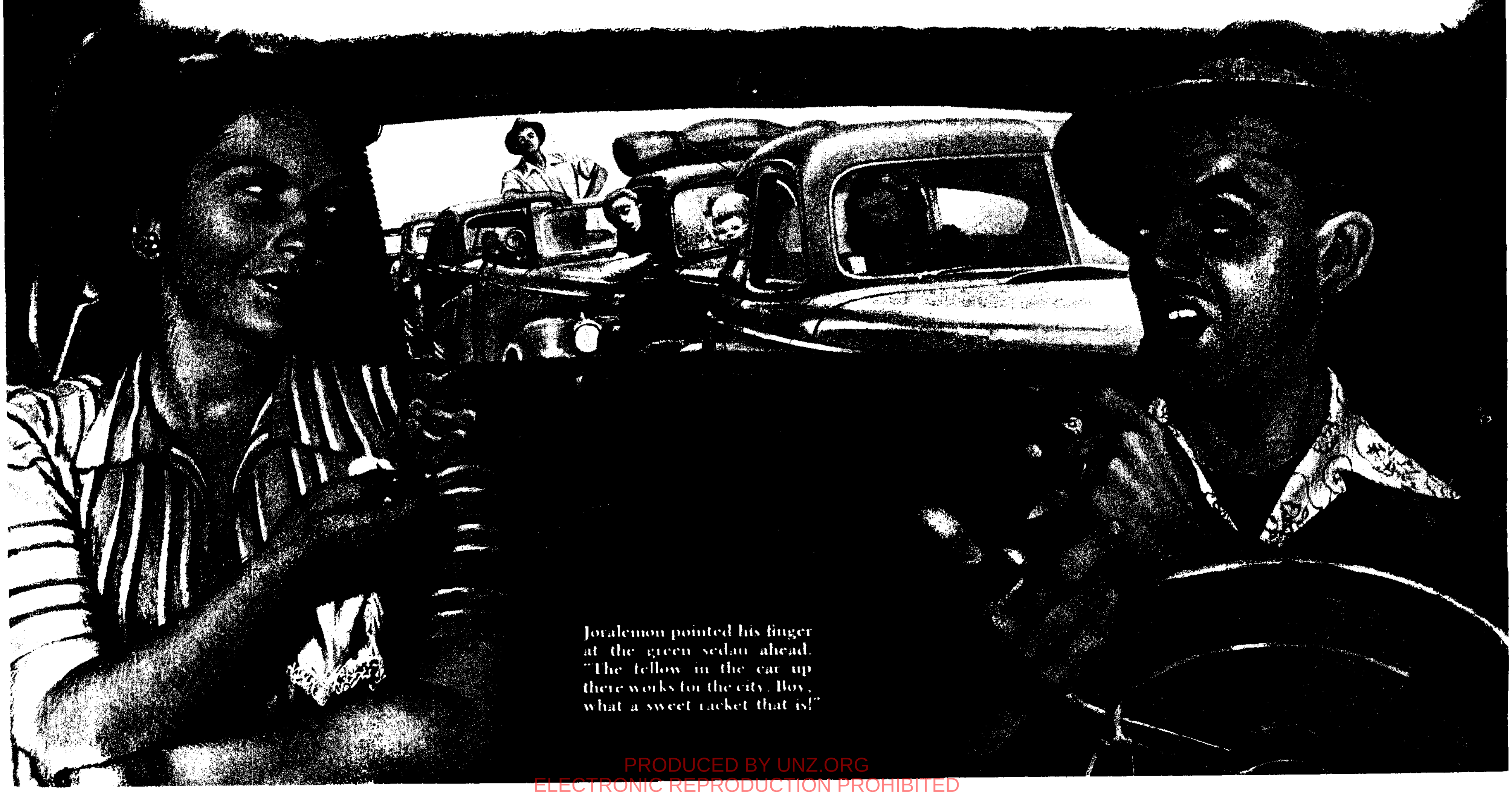
"I don't have to blow the horn," said Joralemon huffily. "See, they're starting to move. I told you all we had to do was wait."

Slowly the long lane of cars ground forward, space opening between bumpers as the leading cars charged up the vacant stretch of highway ahead. Shortly after the line got moving Joralemon took advantage of an empty space in the opposite lane to shoot out of line and knife ahead of the green sedan. The driver of the sedan, a pudgy man in a rumpled linen suit, watched as Joralemon's black convertible swept past him down the wrong side of the road.

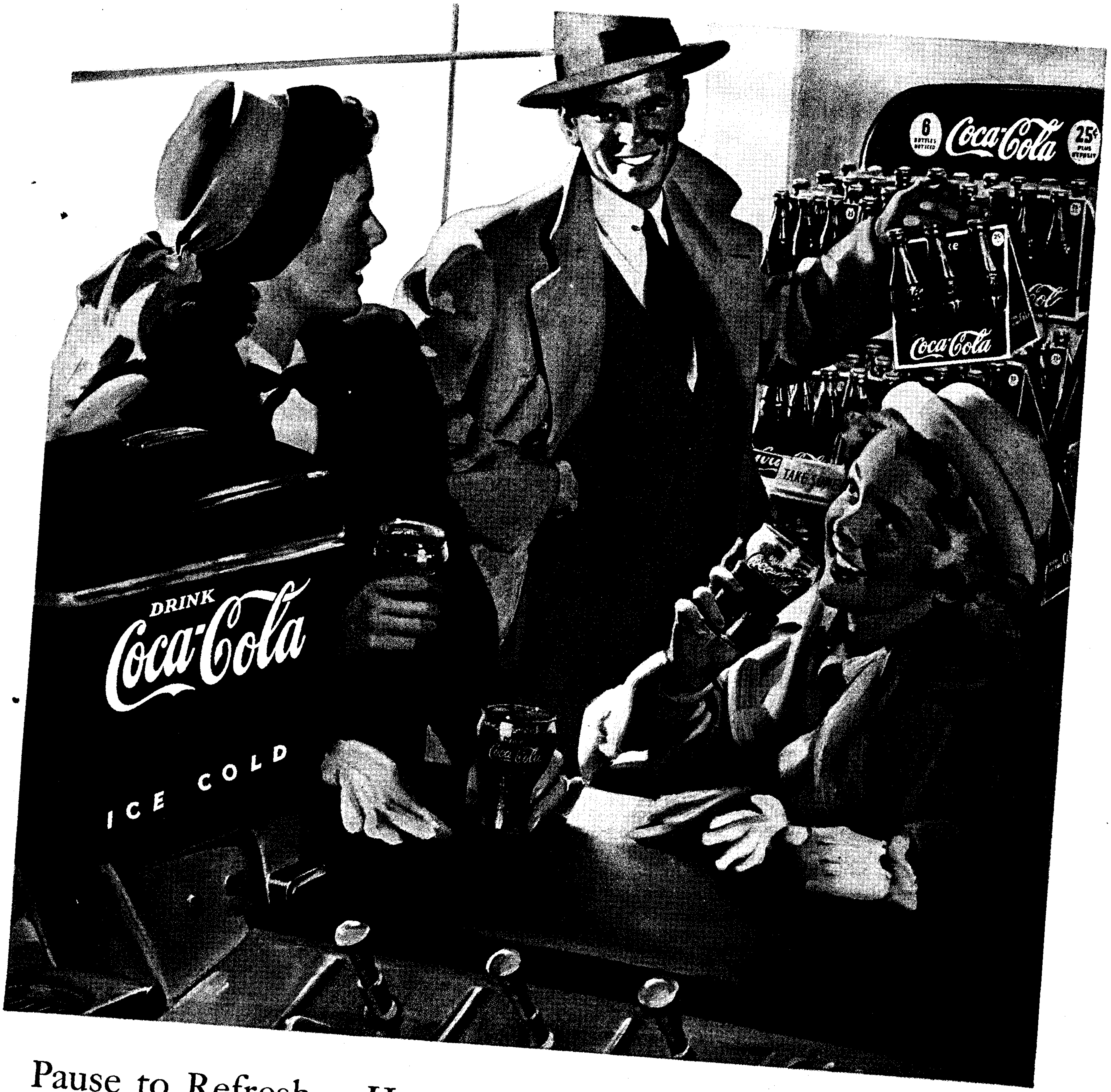
"D 465," said the driver of the sedan.

"What?" said the woman beside him, fanning her face with a magazine.

"That's his license, D 465," said the man at the wheel of the sedan. "That fellow who just passed is an automobile dealer. Man, what a sweet racket! A fellow who's got cars to sell these days can get almost anything. Let's say he wanted an apartment. . . ."



Joralemon pointed his finger at the green sedan ahead. "The fellow in the car up there works for the city. Boy, what a sweet racket that is!"


6 BOTTLES
Coca-Cola
25¢
Coca-Cola
DRINK
Coca-Cola
ICE COLD

Pause to Refresh...Have a Coca-Cola

Lots of good ideas start at the soda fountain where friendly folks talk things over. They get so much satisfaction from *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola that many fountains now offer an added convenience. They have the handy 6-bottle carton of Coca-Cola... so welcome by all the family. Enjoy a refreshing pause with a frosty Coke and prepare for six more like it at home.

DRINK
Coca-Cola

Coca-Cola
"Coke"
5¢

Ask for it either way... both trade-marks mean the same thing.

COPYRIGHT 1948, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Who plays the leading role in your life?

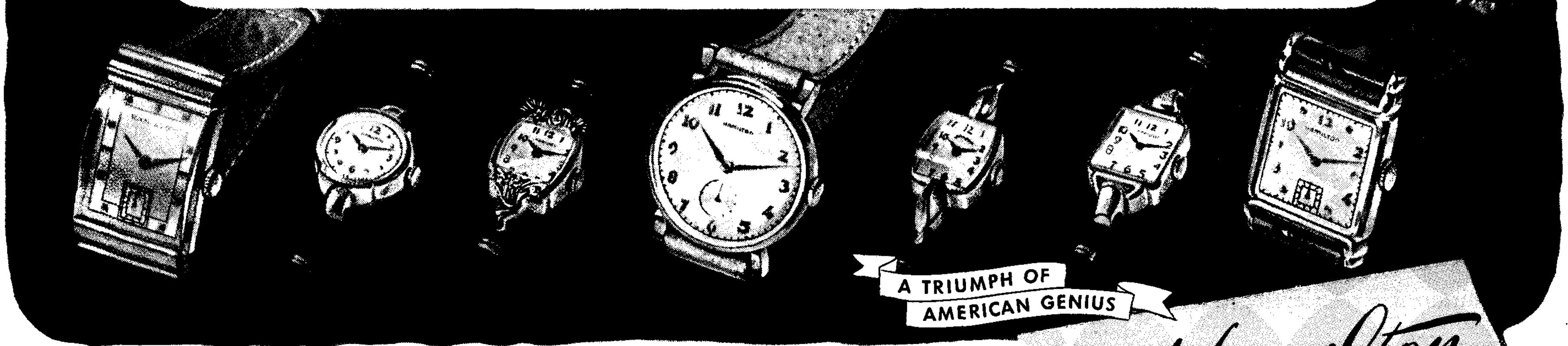
Is he that distinguished gentleman known as Dad, who has worked so hard to give you all the advantages he never enjoyed? Show him how grateful you are by giving him America's most distinguished watch—a fine Hamilton like the GORDON (below).

Is she that attractive lady who is not only your mother but the most understanding friend you've ever had? She'll have a perpetual reminder of your love when you give her an enduringly beautiful Hamilton like the A-6 (below).

Is she that lovely girl who married you—even though you then had nothing except ambition? Now that you've come up in the world, let her know how lost you'd be without her—with a lovely, accurate Hamilton like the LANA (below).

Is he that handsome guy you fell head-over-heels in love with, the very first moment you saw him? Tell him how proud you are to be his wife with the most eloquent gift there is—a handsome, dependable Hamilton like the ASHLEY (below).

ONLY IN AMERICA *could you expect to find the amazing device invented by Hamilton scientists to help them predict how accurately a watch will run even before it's put together. It's another example of how American research and craftsmanship plus precision machines work together to produce that miracle of accurate time-keeping—a jeweled Hamilton watch.*



Hamilton
THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

LEFT TO RIGHT: GORDON—18K natural gold case, *Medallion** movement: **$210.00;** JOANNE—14K gold-filled case: **$60.50;** A-6—6 diamonds set in 14K natural or white gold case: **$180.00** (other diamond-set watches in gold and platinum); NEIL—14K gold-filled case: **$60.50;** LANA—14K natural or white gold case: **$71.50;** AGNES—10K natural or white gold-filled case: **$55.00;** ASHLEY—14K gold-filled case: **$71.50.** At better jewelers everywhere. *Prices incl. Fed. Tax.* All prices subject to change without notice. Since 1892 Hamilton has made fine fully-jeweled watches exclusively. Hamilton's experience making railroad watches assures greatest accuracy in every grade. Send for FREE folder and revealing booklet "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. D-6, Lancaster, Penna.

**The "Medallion" mark means the finest watch movement created by Hamilton's skilled watchmakers.*

MISTER TOBACCO

Continued from page 24

matter how swank, he frequently draws forth from his pocket a package of Luckies and lays it on the table in full view. After cautiously casing the people at the next table, he is likely to lean over and, with consummate politeness, say:

"Pardon me. My name is Riggio. I represent the American Tobacco Company. I hope you will accept these cigarettes with my compliments. In the manufacture of Lucky Strike cigarettes, we use fine tobacco—and in a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts. Lucky Strike means fine tobacco, so for your own real deep-down smoking enjoyment, smoke that smoke of fine tobacco—Lucky Strike."

With that, Riggio withdraws, serene in the knowledge that he and the American Tobacco Company together have taken another stride forward. Listeners to Lucky Strike radio programs, of course, will recognize Riggio's little speech as simply a streamlined version of the commercial used by announcers on the air.

He Likes Shock-Appeal Ads

In the matter of newspaper ads, Riggio sometimes feels that Premier Stalin and the President of the United States, to mention two names in the news, are arrayed in a conspiracy to steal the attention of readers away from Lucky Strike's paid announcements. Riggio's own idea of the truly irresistible ad is admittedly impractical, but he sees an advantage in shocking people into consciousness and he would like to run an ad sometime, just for the fun of it, warning smokers that any other cigarette than Lucky Strike will make them hammertoed.

Now seventy-one and apparently indestructible, Riggio was born in Nicosia, Sicily, in 1877, the son of a shoemaker. Nicosia is a village near Catania which has felt the ashes of Mt. Etna, and it was also the birthplace of Antoinette Gallo, a girl who was destined to become Mrs. Riggio. They met after they had both emigrated to the United States, and they were married in 1903 after a two-year courtship. There are three grown children Frank, Flavia and Louis.

Riggio was only six when his father brought his family to New York. After learning rudimentary English, Vincent negotiated grammar school without particular distinction, the high point coming when he was nearly expelled for sticking a pin into the backside of a youth who grew up to be a United States senator.

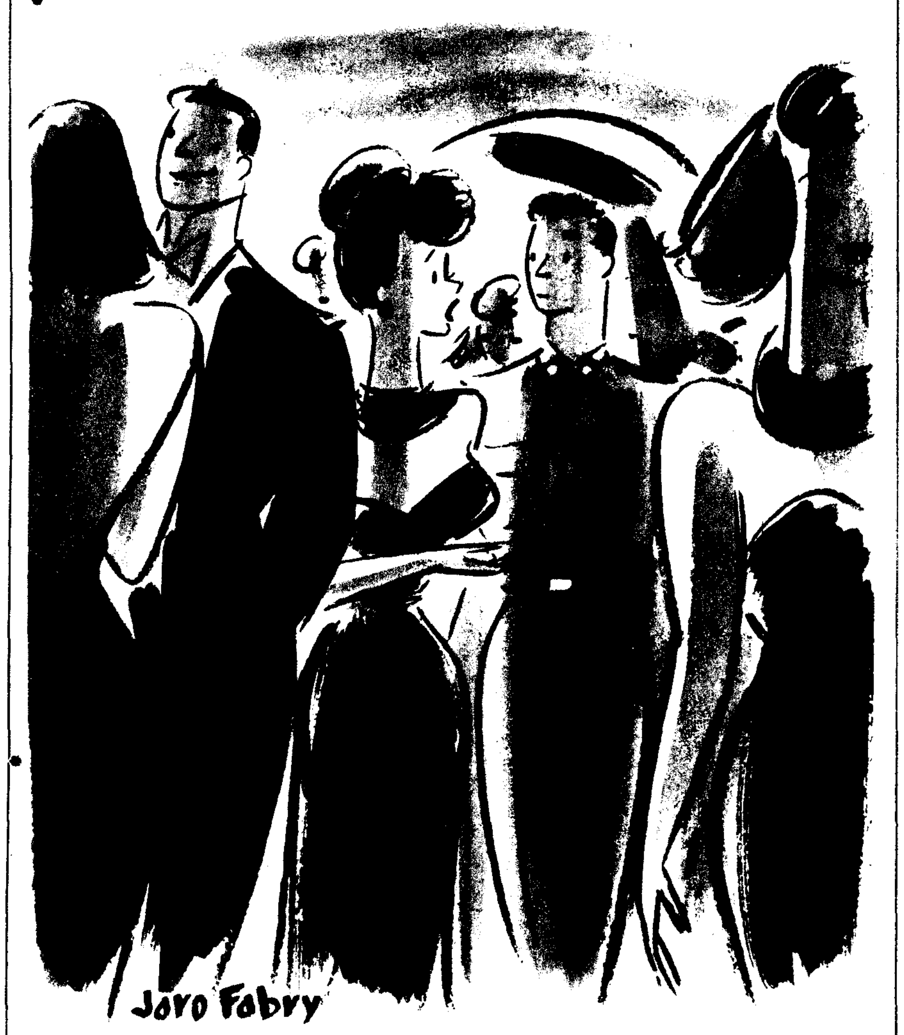
When he was fifteen, Riggio went to work. His first job was sweeping floors in a tailoring establishment. From that he progressed rapidly to shipping clerk, to button sewer, and finally to assistant foreman at eight dollars a week. Unfortunately, his employer chose that particular moment to retrench because of President Cleveland's activities in Washington, and Riggio was fired.

The young immigrant promptly got a new job painting radiators in a radiator factory, but he stayed for only three days when he discovered the paint would not come off his hands at night. He then took to hanging disconsolately around the house, incurring the displeasure of an older brother, Nick, who was a barber.

Nick vented his displeasure over Vincent's idleness with such annoying persistence that Vincent finally threw down the gauntlet.

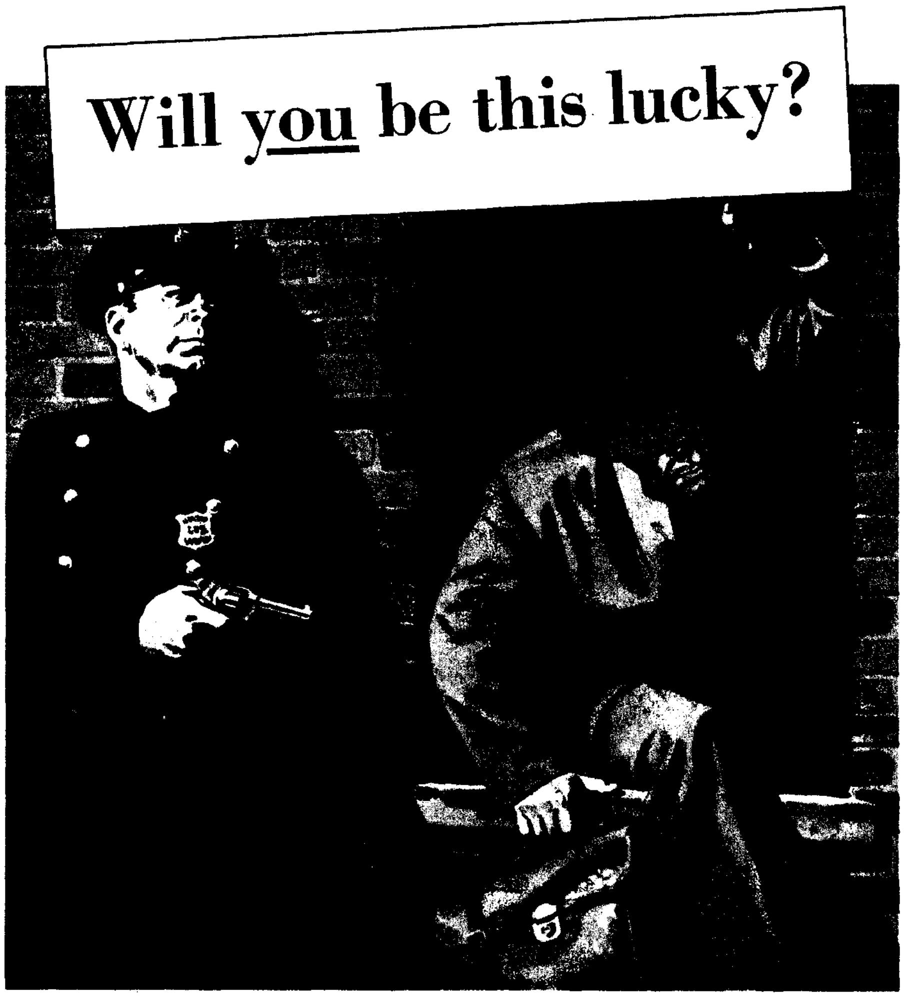
"Listen," he said, "I'm going to learn to be a barber just for spite. Inside one year I'll have my own shop and I'll be taking in more money than you do."

Actually, Riggio misjudged. It took



"Why don't you wear your brother's old uniform and start as a sergeant?"

COLLIER'S JARO FABRY


Will you be this lucky?

THE STOLEN GOODS going out that window will be returned to the owner . . . *but only because a policeman happened to be on the spot.* If *your* money or property were stolen, could you count on such luck? Chances are that by the time police got their man, the loot would be gone forever!

That's why you need *Hartford Burglary or Robbery Insurance.* Under Hartford's broad policies you can have protection against losses from burglary, robbery, theft, hold-up, mysterious disappearance . . . even damage to premises caused by burglars. Various combinations of these coverages are available to meet the special needs of home-owners, store-keepers, merchants, manufacturers . . . in fact, *everyone!*

Now . . . before the rising tide of crime reaches *you* . . . see your Hartford agent or broker about protection. In over 5000 communities, you can find the nearest agent quickly by simply calling Western Union by number . . . asking for "Operator 25."

FOLLOWS YOUR FURS

At home or away, Hartford Fur Coat Insurance covers against loss by fire, theft and many kinds of damage.

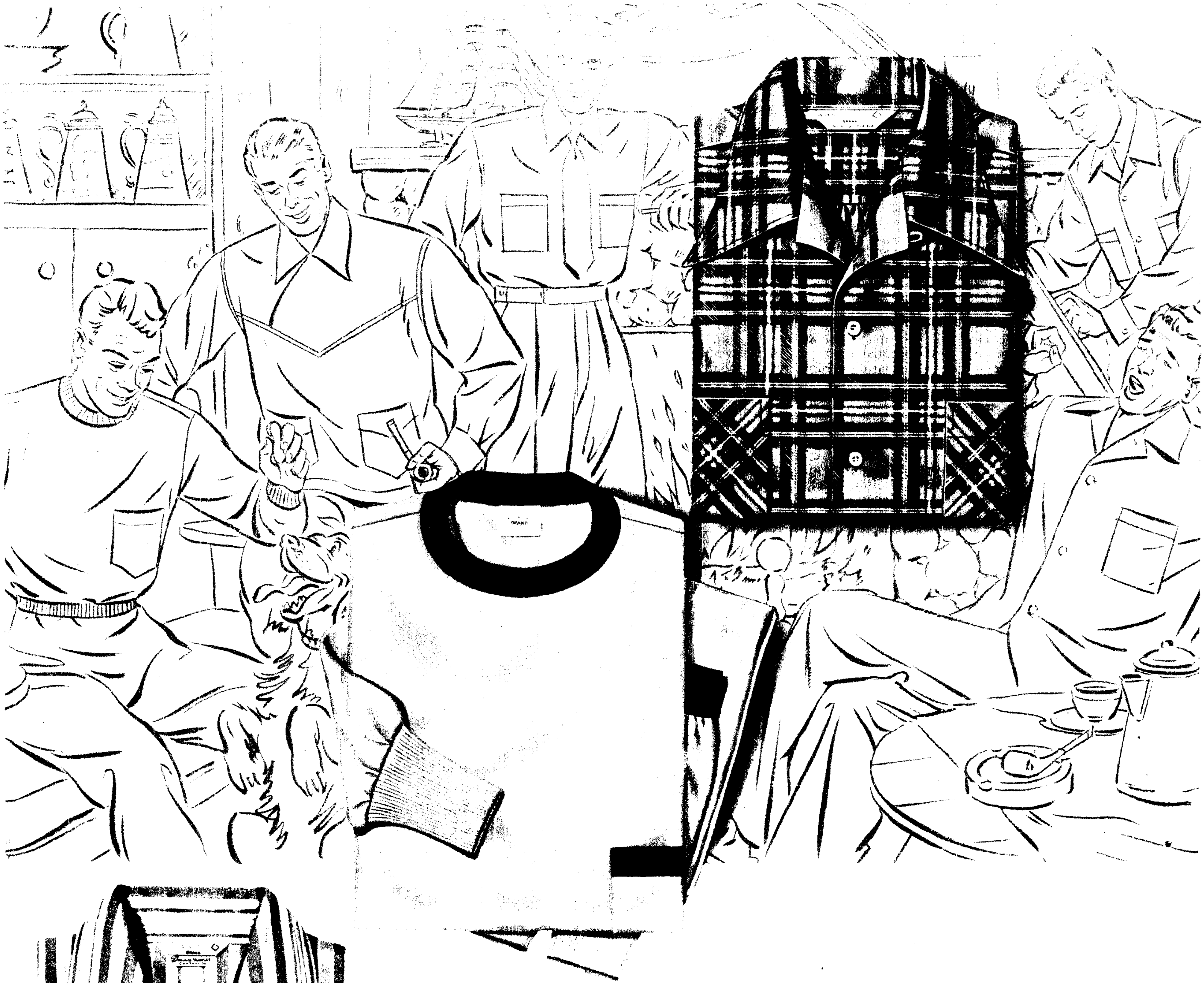
HE CARRIES ON!

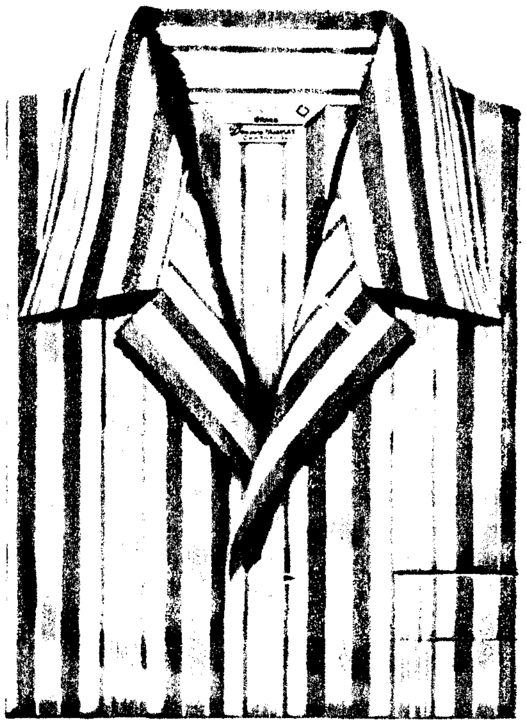
Hartford agents carry on a proud tradition by representing a company that has stood for strength and sound protection against loss since its founding in 1810.

HARTFORD

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance
Hartford 15, Connecticut





play it cozy...

chase the chills

with *B.V.D. cold weather sport shirts..

...pajamas...knit underwear...

It's fall warm-up time again—time you get cozy with B.V.D.! Here's real heart-warming, body-warming comfort for those cool days ahead. By day you'll be snug as a bug in "B.V.D." knit underwear, handsome *and warm* in your authentic Scotch plaid shirt. By night you'll slumber like lumber in your B.V.D. ski or Down's pajamas. Tailored in fabrics both lightweight and warm by B.V.D., who practically invented comfort in men's wear. Play it cozy . . . laugh at the cold weather that's ahead . . . see your B.V.D. dealer for those wonderful "warmer-uppers" today!

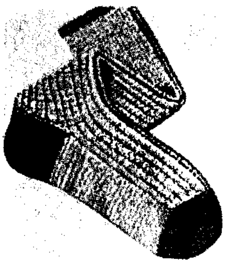
Warm, handsome Ruggers shirt in authentic Scotch plaid patterns. Double-purpose collar is smart with or without a tie. Shrink resistant fabric—**$6.95**

Ski-pajamas are draft-proof, warm. Plenty of "give" to the fabric—plenty of comfort no matter how you turn. Need no ironing. Contrasting trim—**$3.95, $4.95**

These cozy Down's style pajamas are blazer-striped, soft and warm in smooth, Sanforized fabric.—**$4.75**

B.V.D. winter-weight cotton shorts and shirts are perfect cold weather underwear. Closely knit to make them chill-proof. Shirt **$1.25,** Drawers **$1.25**

Imported 100% wool knitted hose—**$1.35** to **$1.75**



B.V.D.

BRAND

"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE B.V.D. CORP., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1, N.

him a year and a half to own his own four-chair shop and to outstrip his brother at the cash register. Nevertheless, he considered himself miscast, and he finally kicked over the traces and went to work, at the age of twenty-seven, as a salesman with the firm of Butler-Butler, manufacturers of Pall Mall cigarettes.

His start as a salesman was not auspicious. One evening, while he was contemplating the day's failures, he looked into a mirror and was shocked to see an utterly expressionless face. "Hell," he said to himself, "you'll never sell anything with that face!"

Having discovered what he considered his major flaw, he stayed up until three in the morning, practicing a variety of expressions. The next day, he started at 110th Street and went up Lenox Avenue, self-consciously making himself personable to shopkeepers. By nightfall he had captured twenty-six orders, and from that point on Riggio was unstoppable.

The Prediction Comes True

In 1911, Riggio went to the American Tobacco Company as department manager in charge of Egyptienne Straights and Sweet Caporals. By 1922 he was general sales manager, and by 1929 he was vice-president in charge of sales. On September 17, 1946, in a meeting that consumed just seven minutes, the board of directors elected him president.

As president of the company, Riggio is a tireless worker whose days are crammed with problems. At four thirty each afternoon, however, Mr. Riggio closes up shop. The deadline for decisions on important matters is four o'clock. This is Riggio's way of outwitting people who descend on him at the very end of the day when his mind is savoring the thought of going home.

At four thirty, Mr. Riggio gathers up his hat and his cane. An office boy runs for the elevator to sound the three-bell alarm that means the boss is coming, and a secretary hands him a typewritten list of the Lucky Strike radio programs for the evening. He then enters his chauffeur-driven car, scans the headlines in the afternoon paper laid out on the back seat, lights an American Tobacco Company cigar, and settles down for the forty-mile ride to his country home at Chappaqua, in Westchester County.

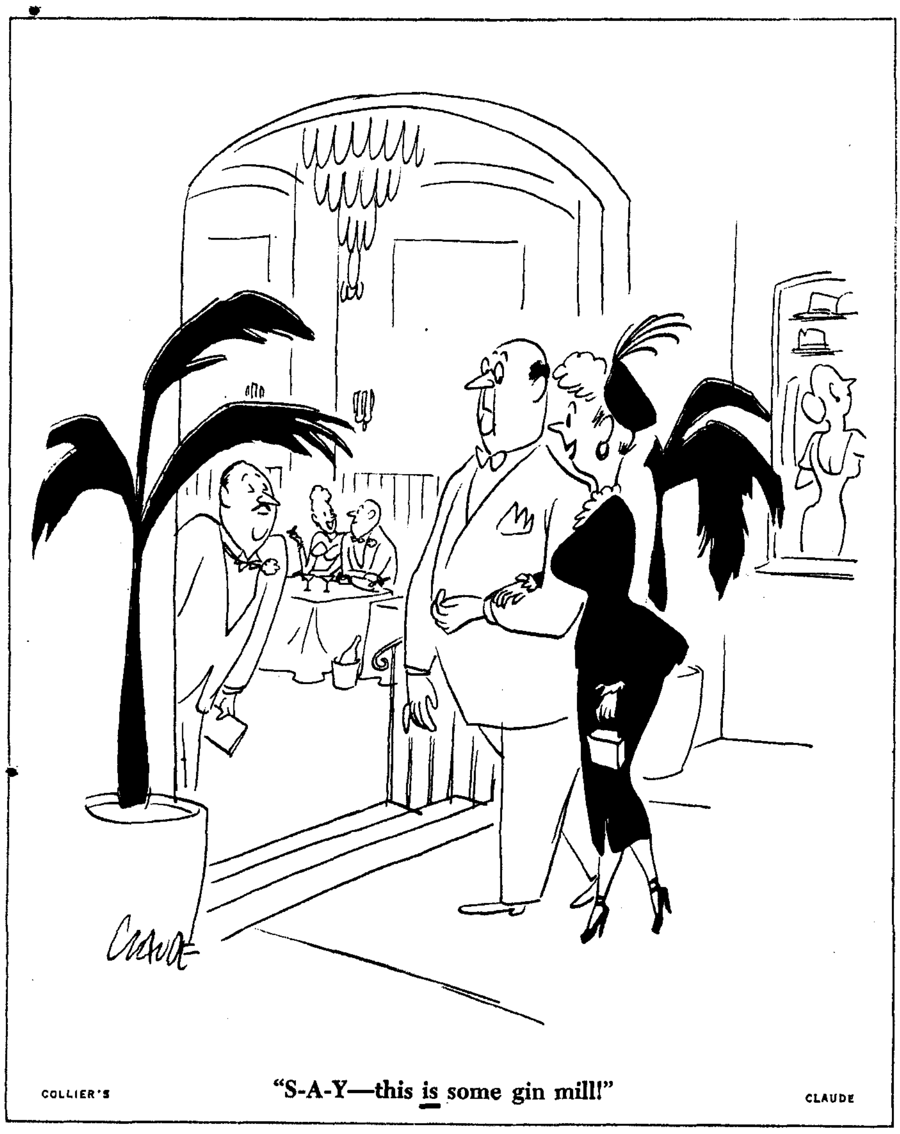
Riggio's estate, which he optimistically calls Roaring Brook Farm on the strength of a small stream which meanders through the meadows, consists of 112 acres devoted to cows, pigs, chickens, apples, hay, oats, and anything else he happens to think of at planting time. He is still astonished, after some fifteen years of country living, at the amount of feed a single cow can eat, and he blames the cows for the $10,000-$12,000 loss he suffers every year at Roaring Brook Farm. However, he makes up part of the loss by selling milk and eggs to his neighbors and by selling suckling pigs to such swank New York restaurants as the Colony and Le Pavillon. Mr. Riggio is one of the few farmers in the country who sells his produce to expensive restaurants and then buys it back when he dines out.

Although physically no giant, Riggio has been sick only twice in his life. About two years ago he had to go to bed for seven days with flu, and he recalls having an earache in 1921 following an afternoon spent in witnessing an exhibition of skywriting. It was a cold afternoon and he thinks he caught cold in his ear.

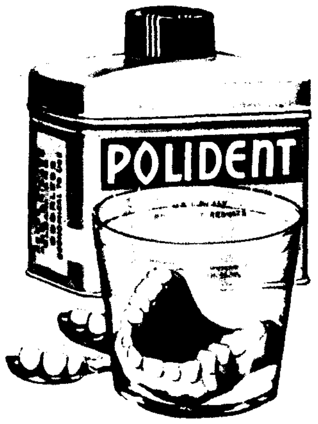
Like any other foreign-born American, Riggio dreamed for years of the time when he would return to the land of his birth. In 1935, he and Mrs. Riggio took a trip to Italy, and Riggio is still inclined to lose his temper about it, because they tried to charge him two dollars for a single cigar.

Riggio, who smokes six or eight cigars a day when things are right, promptly went on strike and smoked only one a day—after breakfast.

"Imagine," he says, "charging two dollars for a cigar!" ⊔⊔⊔



COLLIER'S "S-A-Y—this is some gin mill!" CLAUDE



I Wear False Teeth
yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool
No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

*"Every day I soak my plates in a solution of Polident and water. My mouth feels clean and cool . . . and no Denture Breath!" . Mrs. R. F. M., Denver, Colo.

WHEN plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for "Denture Breath", the oral disturbance that comes from improper cleansing. False teeth need the care of a special denture cleanser—POLIDENT. Safe, easy, quick, Polident leaves your plates feeling clean, cool and fresh. No fear of offensive "Denture Breath".

And remember, Polident keeps your false teeth more natural looking—free from offensive odor, too. For a smile that sparkles, for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh—soak your plates in Polident every day.

Polident comes in two sizes—regular and large economy size—available at all drugstores. It costs only about a cent a day to use, so get a can of Polident tomorrow, sure.

NO BRUSHING
Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT

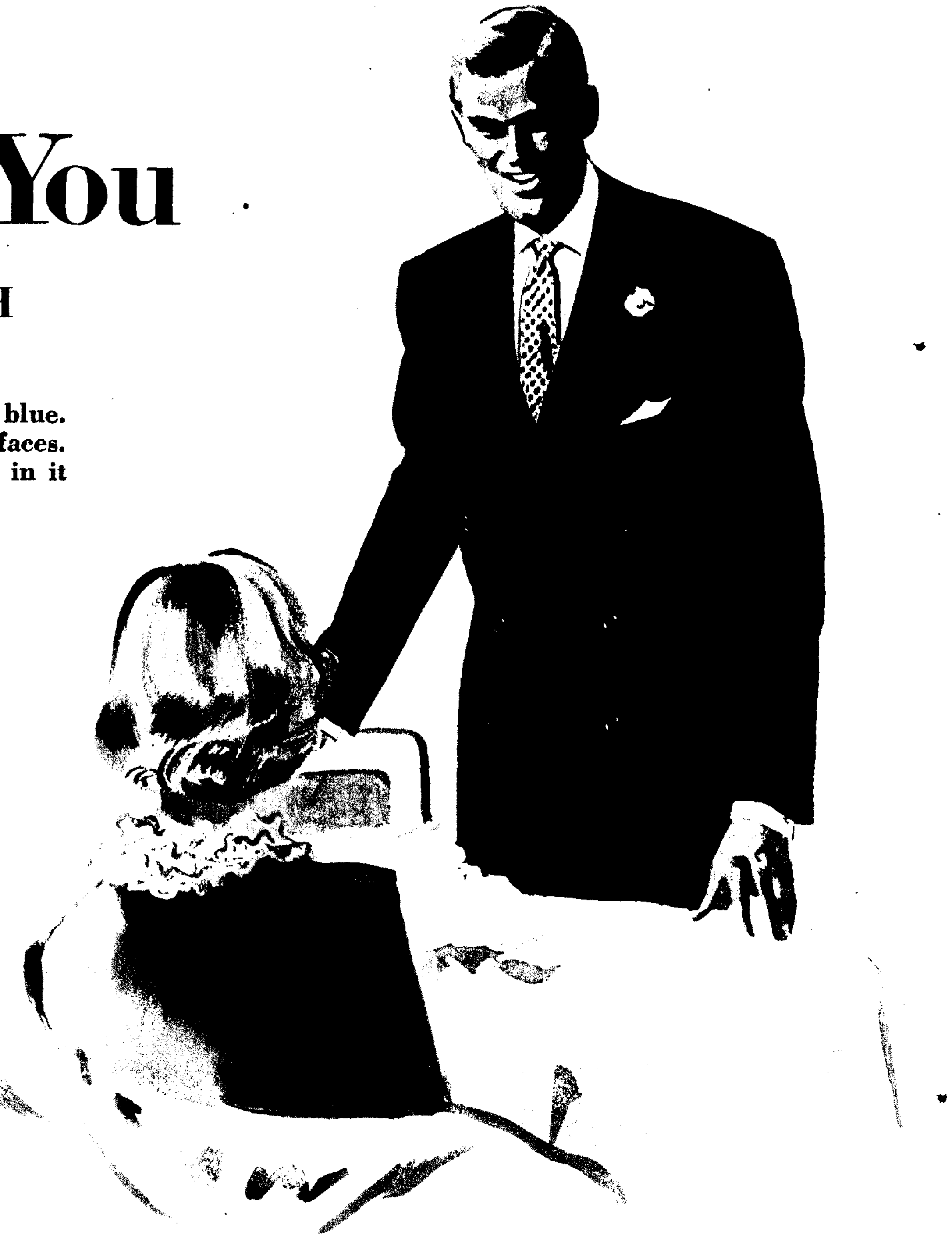
RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH ?
Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back
POLI-GRIP Made and Guaranteed by POLIDENT

Blue Suits You

By BERT BACHARACH

Whether you're a peacock or a puritan, wear blue. Cave men did. It suits all ages, shapes and faces. Women have a vain reason for seeing you in it



Women like blue-suited escorts. The color acts as a background for finery and doesn't steal the show

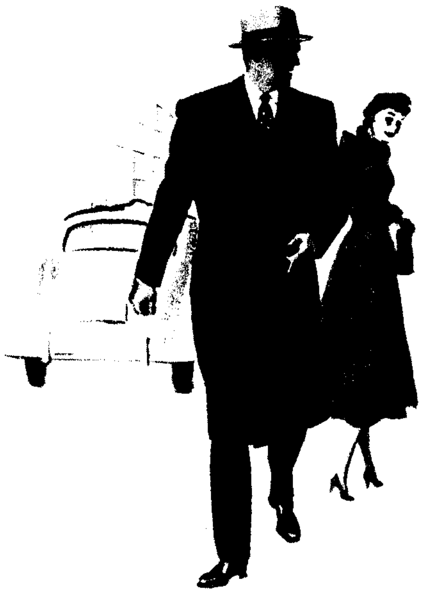
WHEN the male animal first felt the need of covering, he stained his manly self with a blue dye pressed from herbs. According to the historians he was quite a sight. From top to bottom, he was all blue.

Styles in men's clothing have changed a bit since then, but blue is still the most popular color. Men buy blue suits with unquestioning faith, trusting they will carry them through any kind of situation.

When the last war was over, the trade expected a lessening of the perennial demand. They figured the Navy lads who had worn blue for three or four years would assassinate the salesmen who offered it to them. It was a wrong guess. The sailors went for blue as vigorously as they had gone after the Japs. Manufacturers couldn't meet the demand.

Now, after three years, blue suits are back in normal supply, and once more proving to be the type of coverage the male likes best.

Blue will probably never lose its top rating. It suits everyone, regardless of size or age. No other color adapts itself so easily to all occasions, shapes and complexions. Not everyone can wear brown. Most men can wear gray. Both colors are strictly for daytime. But the man in blue is perfectly groomed for business, inconspicuously turned out for pleasure and, when evening clothes are not exactly obligatory, is properly dressed for dinner. The conservative can team blue with a white shirt, neatly figured tie, black shoes and hose; the more dashing with a cream-colored, a blue Oxford, or a striped shirt, a multicolored rep tie, socks that blend, and winged-tip brown shoes. Few suits can be so happily mated with such a variety of excellent extras.



Skipper-blue overcoats of cut velours make the right impression in town

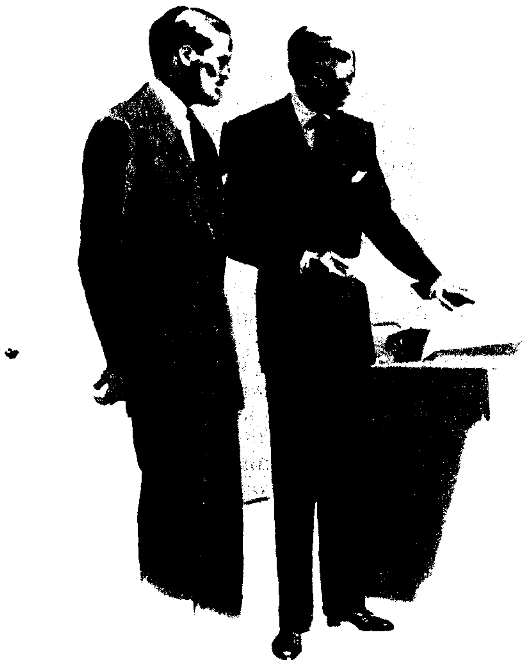
Some men, not all, look like Mr. America. For the others not so fortunate in their proportions, blue is an assist. It softens contours and so helps fat people seem not so fat. Because it is conservative it points up accessories at the extremities, like hats and shoes, and thus tends to make short people look taller. A good cut, of course, aids the subterfuge. Practically all other colors, with the exception of gray, accentuate the positive characteristics of middle age.

A blue suit on her escort can also make a beautiful woman look more beautiful. To a well-dressed girl blue on the man is as good a foil as a cushion of black velvet is to a diamond ring. For this reason a wise girl likes her man dressed in blue, although through vanity she probably won't admit it. Nevertheless, statistics tell us that women influence the purchase of two out of every three suits bought in the U.S. So . . .

The movies affect men's fashions as much as they do women's. After Clark Gable wore a shirred-back sport coat in It Happened One Night there were almost as many men wearing this type of garment as there later were women wearing hair in their eyes like Veronica Lake. In A Double Life, Ronald Colman wore a blue jacket and gray flannel slacks, a traditionally British ensemble. He got an Oscar for the performance, and could have been awarded one for style setting in this country, too.

Men are now buying blue for double duty. They use the complete blue suit for evening or business and the single-breasted blue jacket, topping gray flannels, for informal town and country wear. This outfit is fine, too, for spectator sports-

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON



The Glen plaid and chalk stripe are two variations in the male wardrobe of blue

wear, with less formal accessories. This is an economical addition to the wardrobe, which Ronald Colman did much to make popular.

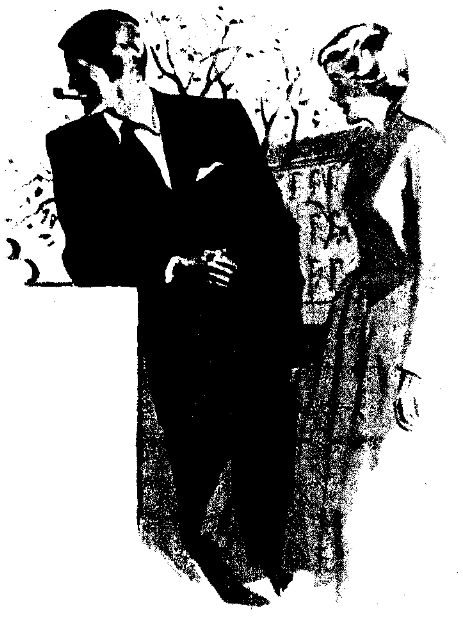
Thirty years ago there existed only one kind of blue suit, plain serge. You wore it on Sundays until the pew put a shine on the seat, then you made it your everyday suit, buying a new one for the Sabbath. Today there is an almost endless procession of patterns, shades and fabrics which you can get in blue. A few are shown on these pages. You can get a basket weave in eleven different shades; dozens of different patterns in Glen plaids; chalk stripes in every conceivable dimension and spacing; sharkskins, twills and windowpane checks and overplaids beyond description.

And as for blue topcoats and overcoats, take a look at the cut velours, camel hairs, Shetlands, cashmeres, cheviots, coverts, gabardines—even the vicuñas, if you can afford one.

And don't forget your hat! Blue hats, particularly for dress-up wear, now are becoming more popular.

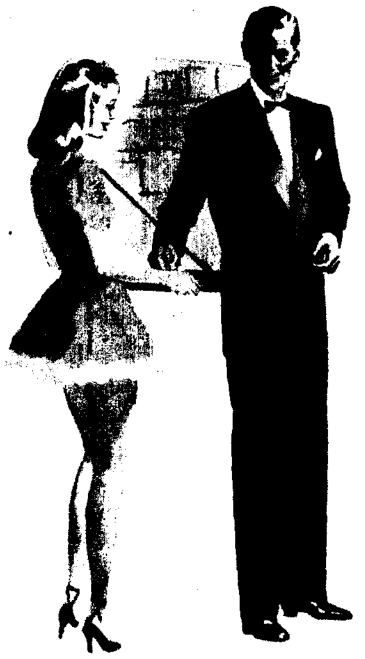
Just as the Sunday-go-to-meeting blue serge blossomed into new beauty, so have evening clothes undergone evolution. The old dinner jacket was jet black, skin tight, worn with a choker collar and a boiled shirt, so uncomfortable that men were more than justified in wanting to dine at home. The introduction of the midnight blue dinner jacket was the first step in bringing comfort and beauty to formal wear. Shortly after, someone created a tuxedo called "Eleven P.M. Blue"—aptly named because it was a degree lighter than midnight blue.

But the best and the most welcome advancement in evening clothes has just been announced: dinner jackets of lightweight fabric and tropical worsted for year-round wear. Why be uncomfortable in regular-weight tuxedos, when night clubs and restaurants are adequately heated in the winter? There's a lot in that. In fact, this new development might convert the die-hards who think that evening clothes were invented by the same person who thought up the thumbscrew and rack.



Ronald Colman helped popularize this navy-blue jacket. Men are fashioned by movies

It wouldn't be good to see a man in baby blue, but apart from that, it's almost impossible to overdo the blue suit. A bad cut is the only other threat. Unlike brown, which, in the hands of an unskillful color blender, can easily deteriorate into yellow-mustard tones, blue offers an amazingly good resistance to poor taste. For some reason, when they are working in blue, designers exercise restraint in their choice of patterns and shades.

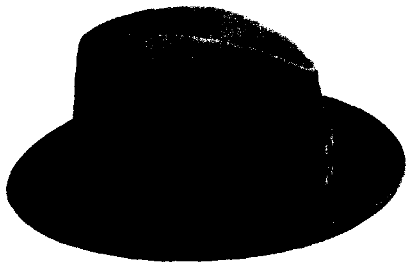


Tuxedos were once torture. New light tropicals make night life worth living

Blue is everyone's best bet. A middle-aged man, trying recently to make a hasty selection of a suit during his lunch hour, muttered, "Can't wear blue," as the salesman led him to the suit rack. For years this salesman had listened to his customer's prejudices in silence. But this was too much.

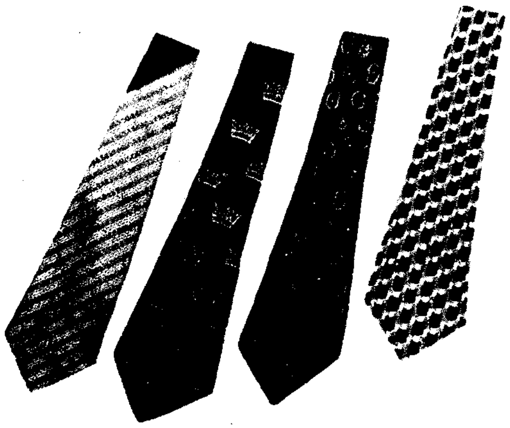
"Some say they can't, but it's only in their minds," he said, and added firmly, "Everyone can wear blue, sir. Everyone!"

Send your questions on blue clothing with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Men's Fashion Editor, Department MF, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.



Men invade the field of color and pattern and top the ensemble with a navy-blue felt

If you eliminate green and brown, almost any other color in shirt and tie blends with blue



These would tie in with blue: striped rep, large figures, classic foulard, or wool

LAZARNICK

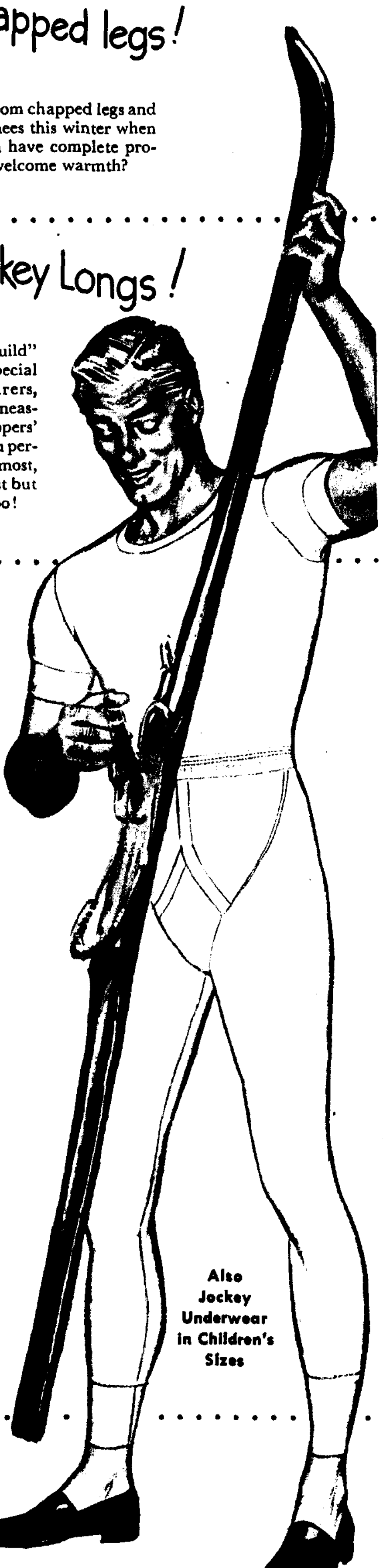
A ribbed light sock for street wear, dark blue for dress, and plaid for sportswear

Out with chapped legs!

Why suffer from chapped legs and chattering knees this winter when your legs can have complete protection and welcome warmth?

On with Jockey Longs!

"Be-measured-to-your-build" in Jockey Longs. As a special service to Jockey wearers, your Jockey dealer will measure you with the Coopers' "Hip-Tape" to assure you perfect fit where you need it most, not only around the waist but at the hip and crotch, too!



Jockey

Underwear gives you

COMFORT SO PERFECT

IT'S PATENTED!

REAL HE-MAN UNDERWEAR—that's Jockey Longs, chosen by many famous athletes and outdoor enthusiasts. The famous Y-Front with no-gap opening—the protective cradled pouch—the smooth-seamed freedom from binding and chafing—are all patented comfort features offered you only by Jockey.

See your Jockey dealer and "be-measured-to-your-build" in Jockeys. Get Jockey Contoured Shirts to match, sleeveless or short sleeves.

Also Jockey Underwear in Children's Sizes

Go long on warmth this winter with Jockey LONGS

Jockey Shorts for active sports; Jockey Midway for everyday wear; Jockey Bellin for dress-up wear; Jockey Long for cold days; Jockey Over-Knee protects tender skin, trouser press.

Don't ask for "knit underwear" ask for

Jockey

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It's a brand . it's a trademark . it's made by

Coopers INC.

Kenosha / Wisconsin

Licensees: Canada, Moodies; British Isles, Lyle & Scott; Australia, Speedo Knitting Mills; New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; Switzerland, Vollmoeller; Colombia, Ego Ltda.

FROM PIGGLY WIGGLY TO KEEDOOZLE

Continued from page 21

customers. Memphis housewives have been taking their Keedoozle shopping lists to near-by stores and comparing prices. In every case, Keedoozle has been lower. Here are a few typical items selected from one woman's shopping list:

	Keedoozle	*Chain Store*
Pt. Miracle Whip	37½¢	44¢
Canova Coffee	51	55
Rinso	30¼	33
2 Old Dutch Cleanser	20	23
48 Tea Bags	45½	55
Argo Tomatoes	20¼	30

At Keedoozle the woman's entire order of 16 items totaled $4.27. At the other store the bill would have come to $4.82.

How can Keedoozle continue to undersell the chains? Saunders says it's by serving more customers per operating dollar. With merchandise displayed under glass, there is no spoilage by handling or theft by customers or employees—a real loss to self-service chains. Fewer employees are required to load the merchandise into chutes than to display them on self-service counters. Even more important is the saving in display space. Instead of a hundred cans of a popular brand of tomatoes, a single can suffices. Office help is reduced by Keedoozle's automatic bookkeeping, and its smaller staff and mechanized routine mean fewer and lower management salaries.

Speeding Up the Customers

But the greatest single saving comes from speeding up the customer. In the big self-service stores it's easy to get lost, and housewives are inclined to dawdle. The bulky go-cart baskets snarl traffic in the aisles and pile up at the cashiers' desks.

Selling dry groceries only, the present store, "only a small sample of the greater Keedoozle," can handle 240 items a minute. Since the average customer now buys 20 items (though this will rise when Saunders installs meats, vegetables and dairy products), Keedoozle could theoretically serve 12 customers a minute or 7,200 a day—more than the average supermarket handles in a week.

With a per-item average of 25 cents on dry groceries, capacity operation would mean a sales velocity of $36,000 for a ten-hour day, $216,000 for a six-day week, or $11,232,000 a year. The present average markup of 1.6 cents would mean a yearly earning potential of $718,848 gross. In practice, Saunders says, Keedoozle can do all right on 50 per cent of capacity.

He's spent over half a million on the pilot store and estimates others will require a quarter of a million investment, of which $75,000 is required for the actual machinery which he can now turn out, he says, at the rate of a unit a day. Terms of the franchise give Saunders Automatic Systems Corporation one half of one per cent on every dollar of sales and complete say about the location, size and type of building, advertising, merchandise brands, and markup. So far businessmen have signed franchise contracts to establish regional chains all over the country and have plunked down $10,000 apiece, this to be forfeited in case they haven't opened for business within a year.

"We're opening Keedoozles next spring in Erie, Buffalo and Rochester," says E. R. Jones, president of the Smith Norton Grocery Company of Warren, Pennsylvania.

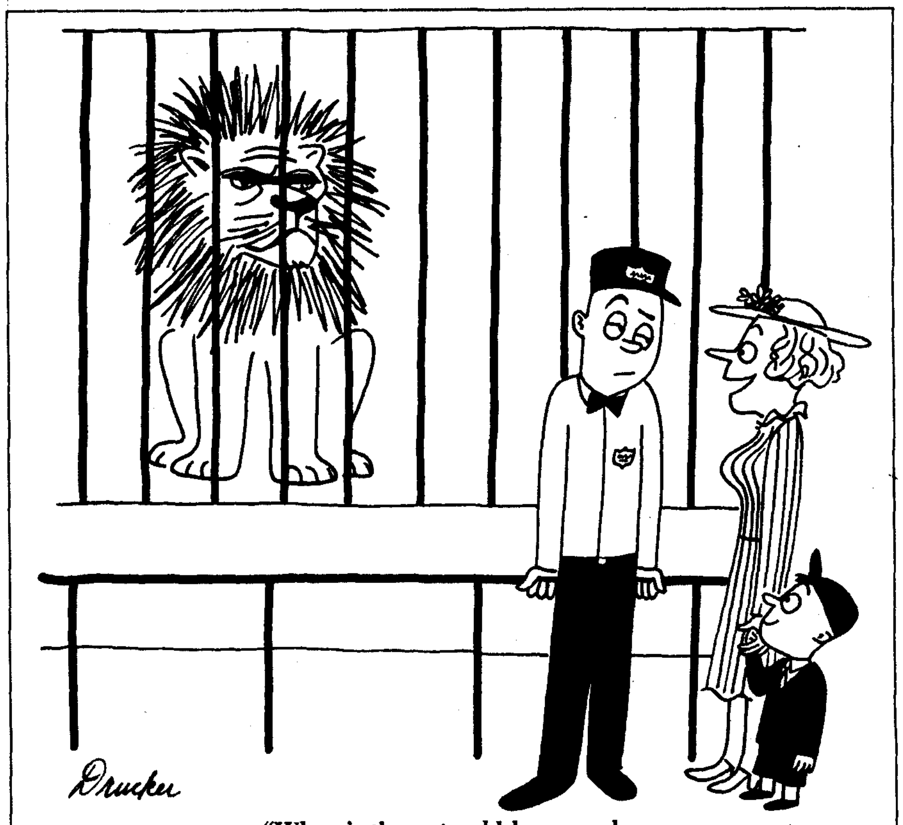
In Pittsburgh, Joseph Levy of the Jefferson Grocery Company has begun construction of two Keedoozle buildings.

"It'll revolutionize food buying in America," says Chester M. Ziff, a former Wisconsin newspaperman who's planning action in northern California.

In St. Louis, automobile dealer Bartley Dean announces he'll open a chain of 50 or more Keedoozle stores in Missouri and southern Illinois. Franchises have also been contracted for the areas centering on Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cleveland, Washington, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

And hundreds of other applications have piled up on Saunders' desk.

"In five years a thousand Keedoozles throughout the United States will be selling $5,000,000,000 worth of groceries a year," predicts Saunders. That would put Keedoozle right up with the railroads and the steel industry—but groceries are only a part of it. Along

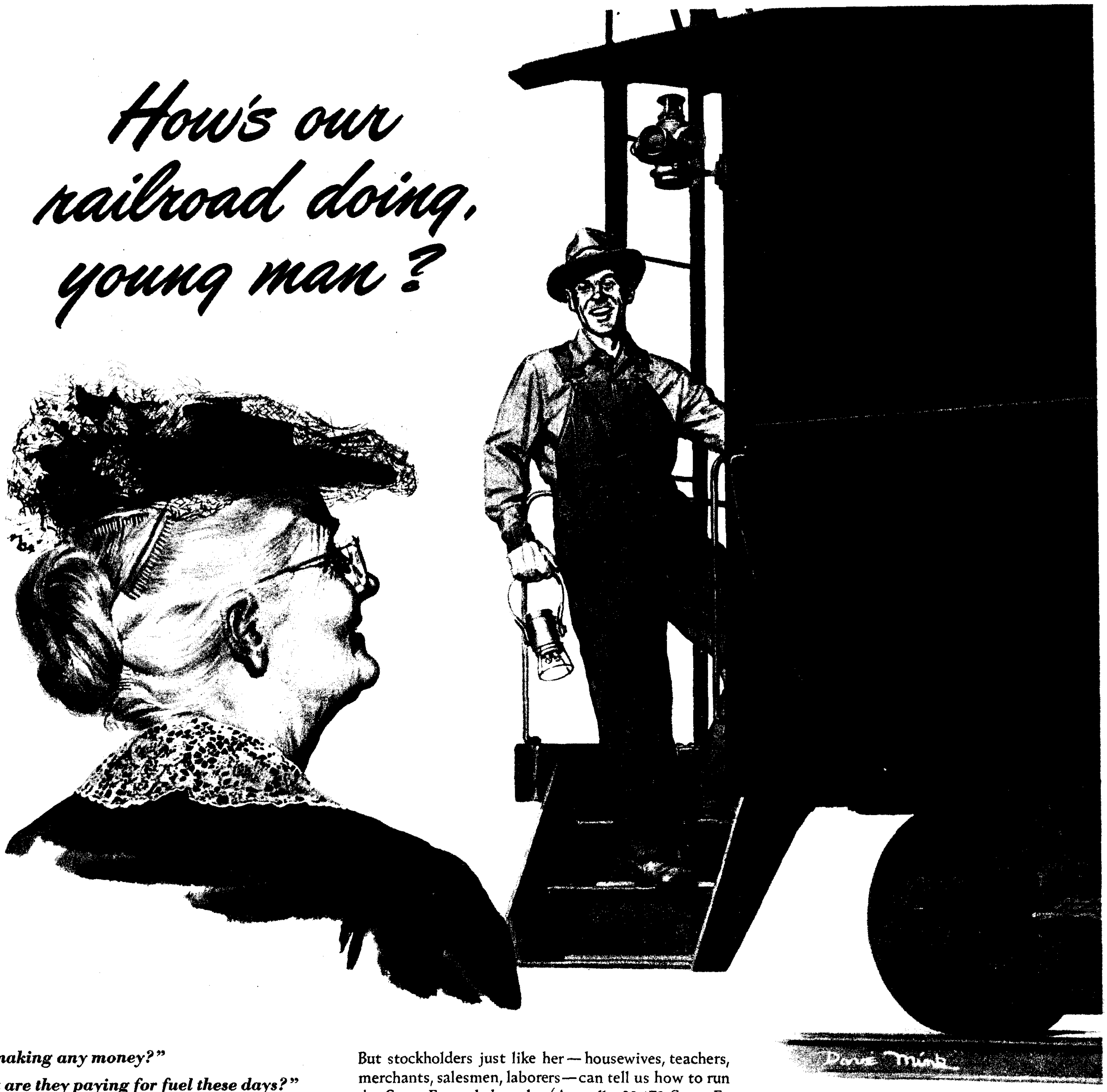


COLLIER'S

"Where's the cute old keeper who used to walk right into the cage?"

BORIS DRUCKER

How's our railroad doing, young man?



"Is it making any money?"

"What are they paying for fuel these days?"

"Are you hauling much freight?"

"Do you like your job?"

The little old lady is not a busybody—she is merely looking after one of her investments.

She has some money in the Santa Fe. Maybe it's ten, maybe it's twenty, maybe it's fifty shares of Santa Fe stock.

She is entitled to attend a stockholders' meeting. She can get on her feet and ask our board of directors questions just like the above. She can compliment those gentlemen for their management, or she can bang her umbrella on the table and tell them off.

Alone, her few shares of stock can't do a lot. Alone, she couldn't elect a president of the United States. But stockholders just like her—housewives, teachers, merchants, salesmen, laborers—can tell us how to run the Santa Fe, and they do. (Actually 29,178 Santa Fe stockholders are women, most of them holding only a small number of shares each.)

And that's the beauty of America—the voice of the people is the voice that runs things, whether it's operating a transcontinental railroad or putting a man in the White House.

Isn't it a wonderful country where so many can own so much? That's "Free Enterprise."

* * *

Santa Fe stockholders, just as those of any railroad, know that American railroads must be permitted to earn at least 6% (many other industries earn more) on their investment in order to maintain sound and progressive operations and to continue to provide shippers and passengers with the finest in rail transportation.

Santa Fe

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

Serving the West and Southwest

every great highway, Saunders dreams of beautifully landscaped "Keedoozle Villages" comprising pharmacies, cafeterias, hardware stores, and five-and-tens. In rural areas, he hopes to crack open the $3,000,000,000-a-year mail-order business by setting up highway Keedoozles where orders can be taken from actual samples, filled mechanically at a central warehouse, and delivered within a couple of days by trucks.

Moneywise, nobody could have started closer to zero than Saunders did. The orphaned son of a poor tobacco grower in Amherst County, Virginia, Saunders has been on his own since he can remember. He worked in the tobacco fields, in a coal mine, a sawmill, and a gas plant all before he was fourteen. That left little time for formal education. He was nine before he cracked his first schoolbook, a McGuffey's reader in a country school which stayed open just five months a year.

At fourteen, a $4-a-month clerking job in a Palmyra, Tennessee, general store looked like a bonanza to Clarence—and it was groceries from then on. After a 12-to-14-hour day at the store, he caught up on his three R's by reading borrowed schoolbooks. At nineteen he was making a dollar a day as wholesale grocery salesman for a firm in Clarksville. After doubling his salary he left the job to hit the big time in Memphis with a merchandising angle all his own.

Instead of "buying cheap and selling dear," Saunders talked retail grocers into buying cheap and selling cheap—and of course placing far bigger orders. Within 10 years Saunders banded his customers into a co-operative chain called United Stores, Inc., and organized his own wholesale house to supply them. To set the pace for sales he opened a model store in downtown Memphis and in 1916 this became the first link in the golden chain of self-service stores he called "Piggly Wiggly."

"That sure is a crazy-sounding name," Saunders remembers thinking at the time. "Makes everybody laugh. But they won't forget it either." They didn't. In seven years Saunders ran up a borrowed $23,000 into a $100,000,000 self-service empire.

While the millions rolled in, Saunders didn't skimp. Charity groups usually began their drives with a call on him.

Lush Days of Prosperity

In his first big mansion, now the University Club—he built the town's first swimming pool. For his country estate, which now belongs to another Memphis hero, baseball's Bill Terry, he laid out the town's first private golf course—by walking over the fields with the contractor and sticking canes wherever he wanted a bunker, green, sand trap or water hazard.

Football interested him, too, but watching it wasn't enough. He hired his own professional team, the Memphis Tigers, whipped them into shape, and lost interest only after they beat the champion Green Bay Packers in an exhibition game.

But the real monument to Saunders' millions is the 40-room Pink Palace, which he never occupied. It's now the City Museum.

Saunders' fall was as spectacular as his rise—and a lot quicker. Short selling was driving Piggly Wiggly shares lower and lower on the New York and Chicago Stock Exchanges, and Saunders bought frantically at any price to bolster the market. At one point a corner on the market gave him a paper profit of $14,000,000 and his broker, the late Jesse Livermore, advised him to cash in and get out. Saunders' answer was to fire Livermore by wire. "No longer need your services," and take on Wall Street all by himself.

His great idea was to pay fancy prices for shares he knew the short sellers couldn't deliver within the New York Stock Exchange's 24-hour limit. Trouble was, the exchange ruled this was a "conspiracy" and extended the deadline to five days—plenty of time for short sellers to get panicky stockholders to sell at around $5 the shares for which Saunders had agreed to pay around $50.

That wiped out Saunders completely, but a few months after his crash he was on his way back with a new store, first of another great "Clarence Saunders" chain.

Before long Saunders was once more the richest man in Memphis—only to lose it all in the depression. "When I go down I go the whole hog," said Saunders. "That's how I do everything." And he promptly went to work on Keedoozle.

His Keynote of Achievement

When Saunders invented "self-service," he was only doing what came naturally. Long ago he made up his mind he could do anything anybody else could do—and do it better.

In business, he uses the direct approach. Nobody working for him has ever been asked to fill out an application blank. The job interview is usually over before the applicant knows it's begun. "You an electrician?" Saunders will ask. "Then get to work on those relays."

Neither tinkerer nor technician, Saunders concentrates on the over-all plan, depends on his bright young engineers to produce what he wants. Impatient of business formalities, he allows no one, white or Negro, to call him "Boss." If you want to see Saunders, you barge right in any time. This endears him to the little guy and gives conniption fits to more conservative businessmen. So does his attitude toward money, which he regards as a kind of necessary evil.

In a discussion of one of Saunders' previous business ventures, a banker asked, "Where are you going to get the money to pay the bills?"

"That's a crazy question," retorted Saunders. "If I knew where I was going to get it, I'd have it now."

Saunders is credited with almost hypnotic powers of persuasion when it comes to raising money, though. One of his acquaintances happened to mention that a friend of his had just come into a tidy inheritance. An hour later, the man got a plaintive call from his friend. "Why did you tell Clarence about that money? He just came over and got it."

In the last 12 years, Saunders has spent $600,000 to develop Keedoozle. Almost all of it came from Memphis business and professional men, large and small.

He spent little money advertising the opening of Keedoozle. He didn't have to. Local papers—even one which had lost thousands in advertising when he went bankrupt last time—headlined it on their front pages, gave him full-page feature stories and wrote congratulatory editorials. This went on for days after the opening.

"How come?" demanded the local advertising manager of one of the big grocery chains.

"Darned if I can tell you," said the editor, "except that Clarence Saunders is always news."

Detractors have pointed out that Piggly Wiggly was something a child might have invented playing with blocks. Of Keedoozle they note Saunders didn't invent anything new—just put together a lot of gadgets to make a fancy grocery store.

But most people in Memphis feel about Saunders' accomplishments the way Huck Finn felt about the man who was munching a corn pone and just accidentally bit into a diamond:

"Anybody could find that di'mond in that corn pone; but mind you, it's got to be somebody that's got that kind of corn pone." □□□

They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit!

They fit!
They fit!
They fit!
They fit!
They fit!
They fit!
They fit!
They fit!
They fit!
They fit!

MT. ROCK COATS ARE AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Aberdeen, Wash.—Axland-O'Hare
Akron, Ohio—J. Koch Co., The Yeager Co.
Albany, N. Y.—McManus & Riley Inc., C. L. Summer & Co.
Albion, N. Y.—Sammet's Store, Inc.
Albuquerque, N. Mex.—Kistler-Collister & Co.
Allentown, Pa.—Koch Bros.
Altoona, Pa.—Westfall Co.
Amarillo, Tex.—Harry Holland
Amherst, Mass.—E. M. Switzer, Thos. F. Walsh
Amsterdam, N. Y.—Sochin's
Anchorage, Alaska—Rutherford's Men's Wear
Anderson, S. C.—Scott's, Inc.
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Fiegel's
Asbury Park, N. J.—Shutt's Clothiers
Ashland, Ky.—Youngdale's Men's Shop
Ashtabula, Ohio—Heath & Wood
Asheville, N. C.—M. V. Moore & Co.
Atchison, Kansas—Geo. H. Falter Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Parks Chambers Inc.
Atlantic City, N. J.—Algar & Company
Auburn, N. Y.—Marshall's Clo. Store
Austin, Texas—Hutchins Bros.
Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.—Duerk Bros.
Baltimore, Md.—*Isaac Hamburger & Sons*, Warner & Co.
Bangor, Maine—Lyford-Woodward Co.
Barberton, Ohio—Snyder's Men's Wear
Barre, Vt.—F. H. Rogers & Co.
Batavia, N. Y.—E. J. Beardsley Co.
Bath, Maine—John J. Desmond
Bath, N. Y.—M. Cohn & Sons
Battle Creek, Mich.—Paul R. Button
Bay City, Mich.—Walt & Stan
Bayshore, L. I., N. Y.—New Men's Shop
Beaver Falls, Pa.—Taylor's
Bellevue, Wash.—Steil-Norquist Inc.
Bellows Falls, Vt.—J. J. Fenton Inc.
Bennington, Vt.—Adams Clothes Shop
Berkeley, Calif.—Malik's
Biddeford, Maine—Lewis Polakewich
Billings, Mont.—Elliot's Men's Store
Binghamton, N. Y.—Sall-Stearns, Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—Burger-Phillips
Bloomsburg, Pa.—Lee-Pat's
Boise, Idaho—Ralph Davis Men's Store, Meffert & Johnson
Boston, Mass.—Jordan-Marsh Co., Kennedy's
Bradford, Pa.—Jas. R. Evans Co.
Brattleboro, Vt.—Goodnow Pearson & Hunt, Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.—Davis & Savard
Bristol, Conn.—Savard & McCarthy
Brockton, Mass.—Linehan
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, Sam & Mack
Buffalo, N. Y.—The Kleinhans Co.
Buhl, Idaho—Roper Clothing Co.
Burley, Idaho—Roper Clothing Co.
Burlingame, Calif.—Forsythe & Simpson
Burlington, Vt.—Hayes & Carney, Inc.
Butte, Mont.—Jim Spier
Caldwell, Idaho—C. C. Anderson Co.
Cambridge, Mass.—Harvard Cooperative Society
Canaan, Conn.—John A. Bianchi
Canandaigua, N. Y.—Shenkman's Inc.
Canton, Ohio—The C. N. Vicary Co.
Carbondale, Pa.—McCann Bros.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—The Syndicate
Charleroi, Pa.—Wolf's
Charleston, W. Va.—Frankenberger & Co.
Charlotte, N. C.—Jack Wood Ltd.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.—Irving Bogin, Inc., Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Morris B. Sachs, Inc.
Clearfield, Pa.—Jacobson & Etzwiler
Cleveland, Ohio—The Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Clinton, Mass.—The Clinton System Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo.—Perkins-Shearer
Columbus, Ohio—The Union Co.
Connellsville, Pa.—Gigliotti's
Corning, N. Y.—Farrell's Men's Wear
Cortland, N. Y.—A. Louis
Crawfordsville, Ind.—Steck's
Cumberland, Md.—The Manhattan
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio—The Sport Shop
Davenport, Iowa—The Syndicate
Dayton, Ohio—Dunhill's
Decatur, Ind.—Cal E. Peterson
Delaware, Ohio—Leo C. Wilson
Denver, Colo.—The Daniels & Fisher Stores Co.
Des Moines, Iowa—Frankel's, The New Utica
Detroit, Mich.—Clayton's, Crowley Milner Co., Demery & Co., E. J. Hickey Co., Inc., Roberts & Co., Schmitz & Shroder Co., Inc.
Dover, N. H.—Lothrops Farnham Co.
Duluth, Minn.—McGregor & Soderstrom
Dunkirk, N. Y.—Levy's
East Liverpool, Ohio—Frank Diamond
Easton, Pa.—Jacob Mayer
East Orange, N. J.—Donald Bunce Co.
Eau Claire, Wisc.—Hansen Clo. Co.
Elgin, Ill.—Charles M. Danner Co.
Elmira, N. Y.—Burt's, Inc.
El Paso, Texas—The White House
Emmett, Idaho—C. C. Anderson Co.
Ephrata, Pa.—Abe Cohen
Erie, Pa.—P. A. Meyer & Sons
Eugene, Oregon—Joe Richards
Evansville, Ind.—Strouse & Bros., Inc.
Fairbanks, Alaska—Carr's Clothing Store
Fairmont, W. Va.—Maunz Individual Shops
Fairport Harbor, Ohio—A. J. McCrone Co.
Fall River, Mass.—Nobby Men's Shop
Fargo, N. D.—Matt Siegel Clo. Co.
Fayetteville, Ark.—Boston Store Dry Goods Co.
Fitchburg, Mass.—F. H. Lane Co.
Flint, Mich.—Buckingham's
Ft. Smith, Ark.—Boston Store Dry Goods Co.
Ft. Worth, Texas—John L. Ashe, Inc., W. C. Stripling Co.
Framingham, Mass.—Carpenter's Men's Store
Gardiner, Maine—Morris Glaser & Son
Gardner, Mass.—Goodnow Pearson Co.
Gary, Ind.—Forman's Clo. Co.
Glendale, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Gloversville, N. Y.—Barney Galinsky & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Wurzburg Co.
Great Barrington, Mass.—Lloyd H. Height Inc.
Great Falls, Mont.—Kaufmans
Green Bay, Wisc.—C. A. Gross Co.
Greenfield, Mass.—H. G. Carson & Co.
Greensboro, N. C.—Younts DeBoe Co. Inc.
Greensburg, Ind.—J. M. Woodfill's Sons
Greenville, Miss.—Greenley's
Greenville, N. C.—Frank Wilson, Inc.
Greenville, S. C.—Stewart-Merritt
Grove City, Pa.—Shontz & Myers
Hanover, N. H.—James Campion Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.—Doutrich's
Hartford, Conn.—The Stackpole, Moore-Tryon Co.
Hastings, Neb.—J. H. Spotts
Haverhill, Mass.—Macartney's
Hazleton, Pa.—Frumkin Bros.
Hempstead, N. Y.—Harry Wolf
Henderson, Texas—Mays-Harris
Hollywood, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Holyoke, Mass.—E. O'Connor & Co.
Honolulu, T. H.—The Fair
Hoquiam, Wash.—Tom Finch Men's Wear
Hornell, N. Y.—Thos. F. Kinney
Horton, Kansas—Raychester Clo. Co.
Hot Springs, Ark.—Clyde's Man's Shop
Houston, Texas—Norton-Ditto Co.
Hudson, N. Y.—Kritzman-Maskin
Huntington, N. Y.—Fiegerman & Weiss
Huntington, W. Va.—Amsbary & Johnson, Malpy-Kopp
Hyde Park, Mass.—Kennedy's
Ilion, N. Y.—Fifield's
Iowa City, Iowa—Bremer's
Iron Mountain, Mich.—Colenso's
Ithaca, N. Y.—Morris' Men's Store
Jackson, Mich.—Harrington's
Jamaica, N. Y.—B. Gertz, Inc.
Jefferson City, Mo.—Meyerhardt's
Jerome, Idaho—Roper Clothing Co.
Jersey City, N. J.—Yeston's
Johnson City, N. Y.—Men's Quality Shop
Joliet, Ill.—Al Baskin's
Kansas City, Mo.—Woolf Bros.
Keene, N. H.—Bob DeLancey's
Kendallville, Ind.—Campbell & Co.
Kenton, Ohio—The Surprise Store
Kingston, N. Y.—Jacobson's
Lancaster, Ohio—Hammonds
Laredo, Texas—Joe Brand
Lee, Mass.—J. T. Owens
Leominster, Mass.—Shapley Bros.
LeRoy, N. Y.—Heaman Clo. Co.
Lewisburg, Pa.—Brough's
Lewiston, Maine—Cronin & Root, Inc.
Lexington, Ky.—Angelucci & Ringo
Lincoln, Neb.—Magee's
Little Rock, Ark.—Pfeifer Bros.
Lock Haven, Pa.—Weaver & Probst
Lockport, N. Y.—M. D. Clapsattle
Long Beach, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Los Angeles, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Louisville, Ky.—Loevenhart & Co.
Lowell, Mass.—Phil McGowan
Lubbock, Texas—Walton's Men's Store
Lynn, Mass.—Kennedy's
Lyons, N. Y.—D. P. Moran & Co.
Madison, Wisc.—F. W. Karstens Co.
Mahonoy City, Pa.—Miles & Timm, Inc.
Malden, Mass.—Benoit Duff Co.
Malone, N. Y.—Stockwell's Men's Wear
Manchester, N. H.—Larry's Manhattan Shop
Marion, N. C.—Rabb-Hitchcock
Marlboro, Mass.—J. M. Carpenter
Marysville, Ohio—Louis F. Otte
Mason City, Iowa—Abel & Son
Massena, N. Y.—Friedman & Rosenbaum
McKeesport, Pa.—Kalchstein's
Medford, Mass.—Thos. O'Brien & Sons
Medina, N. Y.—J. & G. W. Murdock
Melrose, Mass.—Aleck's Clothes Shop
Memphis, Tenn.—Phil A. Halle
Meriden, Conn.—Savard & Smith
Meridian, Miss.—Pigford's Men's Store
Middleboro, Mass.—McQuade's Clo. Shop
Middletown, Conn.—R. W. Camp Co.
Midland, Mich.—McCann's
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Brenk Brothers, Browning King & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Juster Brothers, Nicolas Inc., Hubert W. White Inc.
Mishawaka, Ind.—Fred A. Ullmann
Monroe, La.—Fink's Men's Wear
Montpelier, Vt.—A. D. Farwell Co.
Morgantown, W. Va.—Reiner & Core
Morristown, N. J.—Frank Iorio
Moscow, Idaho—Murphy's Men's Apparel
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—The Langdon Shop
Mt. Vernon, Wash.—The Varsity Shop
Muncie, Ind.—Steck's
Muskegon, Mich.—Grossman's
Muskogee, Okla.—Modern Clothiers
Nampa, Idaho—C. C. Anderson Co.
Nashua, N. H.—Avard's
Nashville, Tenn.—Mallernee's
Newark, N. J.—Kresge's Dept. Store
Newark, Ohio—The Roe Emerson Store
New Bedford, Mass.—M. J. Leahy Co., M. C. Swift & Son
New Bern, N. C.—Hill's
New Britain, Conn.—N. E. Mag & Sons
New Brunswick, N. J.—A. Wolfsons' Sons
Newburgh, N. Y.—Farrington's
New Castle, Ind.—Goodwin Pope
New Haven, Conn.—Besse-Richey, Long's
New Orleans, La.—Keller-Zander Co., Porter Clo. Co., Inc.
New Rochelle, N. Y.—The Langdon Shop
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's Inc., A. Kaplan & Sons, H. A. Ritchie & Co., Sam Rosenthal, Stern Bros., *Wolf the Clothier*, Chas. Young, Inc.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Amberg & Co.
Niles, Ohio—Phil E. Pritchard
Norfolk, Va.—The Hub
Norman, Okla.—Garner's Men's Shop
Northampton, Mass.—Merritt Clark & Co.
Oakland, Calif.—Smiths
Ogden, Utah—R. M. Hoggan Co.
Oil City, Pa.—Michael Potts
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Cutchall's
Oldtown, Maine—Ben Sklar
Olean, N. Y.—Carnahan's
Olympia, Wash.—Elmquist's Men's Store
Omaha, Neb.—Nebraska Clo. Co.
Oneida, N. Y.—Fred Hodges
Oneonta, N. Y.—Carr Clo. Co.
Orlando, Fla.—Walter Menges
Orono, Maine—E. J. Virgie
Oswego, N. Y.—Frank G. Wells
Paris, Ky.—J. W. Davis & Co.
Pasadena, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Passaic, N. J.—Harry Joseph Men's Shop
Paterson, N. J.—Charles W. Elbow
Pawtucket, R. I.—Oscar's
Perry, N. Y.—King & Scott
Philadelphia, Pa.—Jacob Reed's Sons, Strawbridge & Clothier
Philipsburg, Pa.—Walter Maguire
Pittsburg, Calif.—Carey's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Rosenbaum's
Pittsfield, Mass.—Rosenfeld's
Pittston, Pa.—Corcoran & O'Brien
Pocatello, Idaho—The Peoples Store
Pomona, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Pontiac, Mich.—Bird & St. Louis
Pt. Huron, Mich.—George Innes Men's Wear
Portland, Maine—Kennedy's
Portland, Oregon—Collins & Naslund, Mathis, Inc.
Port Richmond, N. Y.—Garber Bros.
Portsmouth, N. H.—Clarke's Inc.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—M. Shwartz & Co.
Providence, R. I.—Kennedy's, The Outlet Co.
Racine, Wisc.—Joseph Lawrence, Inc.
Raleigh, N. C.—Lewis'
Reading, Pa.—Croll & Keck
Red Bank, N. J.—J. Kridel
Redwood City, Calif.—John Brooke
Richmond, Calif.—Jay's Store for Men
Richmond, Va.—Berry Burke & Co., Inc.
Roanoke, Va.—Airheart Kirk Co., Rutrough's
Rochester, N. Y.—McFarlin Clo. Co.
Rockland, Maine—J. F. Gregory Sons Co.
Rocky Mount, N. C.—Worsley Brooks Inc.
Rome, N. Y.—Sam Simpkins, Inc.
Roseburg, Ore.—Joe Richards
Rossville, Ga.—Hixon's Men's Store
Rupert, Idaho—Roper Clothing Co.
Russell, Kansas—Raychester Clo. Co.
Rutland, Vt.—Carbine Clo. Co.
Saco, Maine—Fred Rowe Co.
Sacramento, Calif.—Mayhood's
Saginaw, Mich.—Mueller Bros.
St. Joseph, Mo.—Townsend & Wall
St. Louis, Mo.—Boyd's
St. Paul, Minn.—Hubert W. White, Inc.
Salamanca, N. Y.—Sam H. Kohn & Son
Salem, Mass.—Clark & Friend
Salem, Ohio—Bloomberg's
Salina, Kansas—Smith Clothing Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach Co.
San Angelo, Texas—Hoyt Bros.
San Antonio, Texas—Fomby's, Frank Bros., Hutchins Bros.
San Bernardino, Calif.—Harris & Frank
San Diego, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Sandusky, Ohio—Byer Bros.
Sanford, Maine—Beaudoin & Roberge
San Francisco, Calif.—The White House
San Jose, Calif.—Leon Jacobs
San Marino, Calif.—Charles Ernst
San Mateo, Calif.—The London Shop
Santa Ana, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Santa Barbara, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Santa Monica, Calif.—Harris & Frank
Savannah, Ga.—Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.—Jos. Nusbaum
Scottdale, Pa.—C. Morris' Sons
Scranton, Pa.—Samter Bros.
Seattle, Wash.—Prager's, Iddins' Men's Shop
Seneca Falls, N. Y.—Seneca Clo. Co.
Shamokin, Pa.—Leader-Hamilton Co.
Sharon, Pa.—Shontz & Myers
Shreveport, La.—Rosenblath's
South Bend, Ind.—Parker-Winterrowd
Spokane, Wash.—Emry's Inc.
Springfield, Ill.—Arch Wilson, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.—Haynes & Co., Albert Steiger Co.
Springfield, Mo.—Marx Clo. Co.
Springfield, Ohio—The Harvard
Stamford, Conn.—Frank Martin & Sons
Steubenville, Ohio—Morley's Clothes, Inc.
Stockton, Calif.—John Ball Inc.
Sunbury, Pa.—Markley-Altvater
Superior, Wisc.—Siegel Brothers
Syracuse, N. Y.—Wells & Coverly
Tacoma, Wash.—Baker's Men's Shop
Tarrytown, N. Y.—Levitan's
Taunton, Mass.—The Seeley Co.
Titusville, Pa.—Ralph Cohen
Toledo, Ohio—H. O. Nichols Co.
Topeka, Kansas—Ray Beers Clo. Co.
Torrington, Conn.—McCann's Men's Store
Townsend, Mont.—The Toggery
Trenton, N. J.—Jahos Bros.
Troy, N. Y.—Wells & Coverly
Tulsa, Okla.—The Palace, Woolf Bros.
Tupper Lake, N. Y.—Ginsberg's
Turtle Creek, Pa.—I. Fineman & Co.
Utica, N. Y.—Henry Martin Co.
Vancouver, Wash.—Hoffman's
Walla Walla, Wash.—Sporleder's
Waltham, Mass.—Collins & Rooney
Washington, D. C.—Raleigh Haberdasher, Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, Pa.—C. H. Jones & Sons
Waterbury, Conn.—Jones Morgan & Co., Inc.
Watertown, N. Y.—Stitt's Clothes
Waterville, Maine—Stevens
Waukegan, Ill.—The Globe Dept. Store
Wellesley, Mass.—Ara
Westfield, Mass.—H. S. Eaton Clo. Co.
West New York, N. J.—Schlesinger's
Wheeling, W. Va.—Max Crone & Co.
Wichita, Kansas—Woolf Bros.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—The Hub
Williamsport, Pa.—Hoover & Gehron
Williamstown, Mass.—House of Walsh
Willimantic, Conn.—The Church Reed Co.
Wilmington, Del.—Toadvine's, Inc.
Woonsocket, R. I.—Mousseau's
Wooster, Ohio—Nick Amster
Worcester, Mass.—Ware Pratt Co.
Yonkers, N. Y.—Padow Clothes
York, Pa.—Lehmayer's
Youngstown, Ohio—G. M. McKelvey Co., Men's Fashion Shop

MT. ROCK COATS 15 HAND STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.

They fit! They fit! They fit! They fit!

They fit!

MT. ROCK
COATS

"If they've got my picture inside . . .

They fit!

THAT'S WHY THEY FEEL AS GOOD AS THEY LOOK!"

Meet the famous Mt. Rock goat on the label of the smartest, fitting-est coat you ever refused to take off. They fit because they have extra width from here to there, keeping the lapels flat. They fit because extra depth from here to there makes collar snug, shoulders smooth. They fit because they put you in the middle of your coat where you should be. Like this: **CHEVIOT** . . . a fine Cerey fabric in an excellent variety of top-fashion patterns and colors. Shown here in a big comfortable ulster, the Mt. Rock PARLAY. $70. Other Mt. Rock Coats are priced at $50 to $125. Send for don herold's book, "This Man Just Had A Fit". Write Dept. C-2.

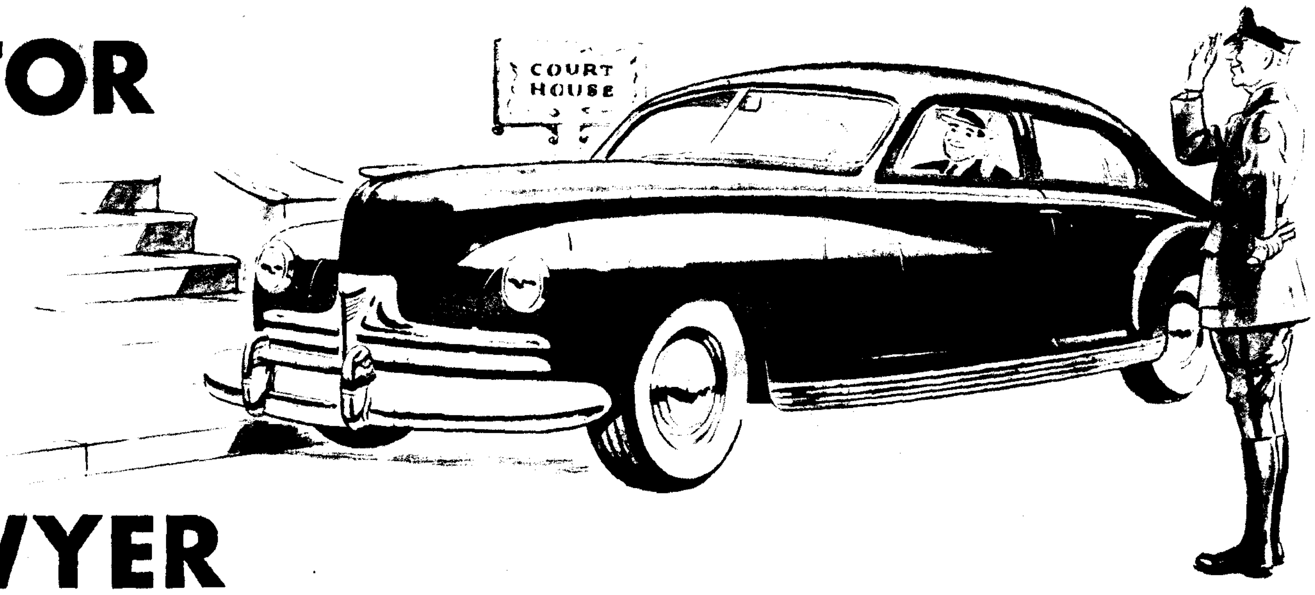
MT. ROCK COATS

15 HAND ST., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

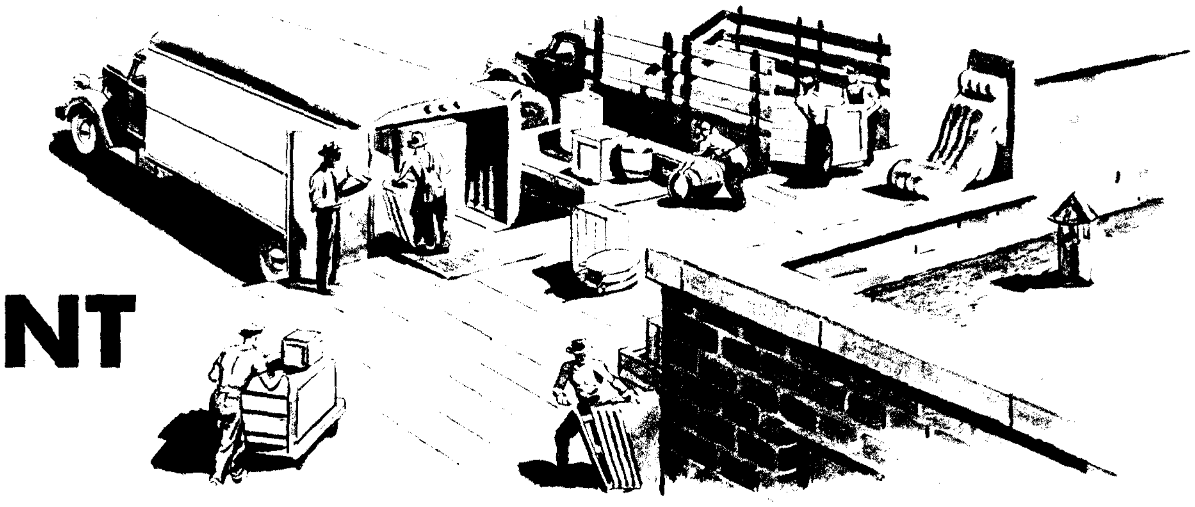
They fit! *Featuring exclusive fabrics by Ardsley, Cerey, Continental and Worumbo*

Whether you're a

DOCTOR



LAWYER



MERCHANT

use less oil...use less gasoline...get more power

Motorists by the thousands are finding they use less OIL when they use Premium Sinclair Opaline regularly. Here's why: — Opaline's special chemicals provide better piston seal. Better piston seal means less wasted GASOLINE, too — and MORE POWER, smoother power, for improved performance. Stop at the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign for Premium Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil.

NET 1 QUART
SINCLAIR
OPALINE
MOTOR OIL

PREMIUM

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Keeps your motor clean as a whistle

SINCLAIR H-C GASOLINE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sinclair Refining Company

Girl with a Poetic Touch

By KYLE CRICHTON

Cathy O'Donnell trekked from Oklahoma to Hollywood to see David Selznick. But instead she got detoured to Sam Goldwyn who gave her a lift to stardom. She finally met Selznick, following a friendship smashup that rocked the movie capital

ON THE afternoon of July 16, 1948, in the city of Hollywood, U.S.A., the professionally important cinematic idyl of Samuel Goldwyn and Cathy O'Donnell exploded with a detonation heard in parts of the Pacific Northwest. It ended a tutorial relationship as touching as the celebrated association of Abélard and Héloïse and was featured by letters, poetry and sage advice.

Mr. Goldwyn had taken Miss O'Donnell as a young and unknown actress, guided her as a novice and student, and finally launched her in The Best Years of Our Lives. That was followed by the creation of the new romantic acting team, Cathy O'Donnell and Farley Granger—and now, to the amazement of the Western world, Cathy was leaving Goldwyn and going to Selznick. You could have knocked people down all over Hollywood with a club.

The astonishment was greater by reason of They Live By Night, an O'Donnell-Granger venture made by RKO and a supercharged bundle of sadism, bank busting and vigor, neatly covered with a fine coating of young love. It was fondly predicted that this would stun America with delightfully devastating financial results.

It had all started so simply. While still living in Oklahoma as Ann Steely (her real name) Cathy had sent a letter and picture to David O. Selznick. He had replied he would be glad to see her if she ever got to Hollywood. She did get to Hollywood and was interviewed by Selznick's casting director and a date was made for the great David to see her a week hence.

In the meantime, while she was sitting demurely at Schwab's pharmacy absorbing a chocolate malted, Ben Medford, an agent, sidled up and said, "You ever been in movies?"

Cathy looked at Mr. Medford with interest and said, "No, sir; I can't rightly say as how I have but I sure enough mean to be." These are not the exact words and are given merely to indicate that Cathy originally had an accent compounded of equal parts of Gullah and Lone Prairie, since she had lived in Alabama to the age of twelve and after that in Oklahoma City. Medford felt his way carefully through this miasma of sound and led her over to the Goldwyn offices.

Mr. Goldwyn saw her *(Continued on page 83)*

Given normal reflexes, you'll want to spread knee-deep velvet before those charming O'Donnell toes

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

80 YEARS AGO

Johann Strauss' famous "*Blue Danube Waltz*" was first introduced to enthusiastic music lovers in this country in 1868—the year the Ollendorff Watch Company was founded.

*MONICA
2 DIAMONDS
$71.50

*SERENADE
$39.75

OTHER WATCHES
FROM
$24.75 TO $2,500.00

*STIMSON
SELF-WINDING
GOTHAMATIC
$71.50

*GOLD CUP ... IN 14 K.
$145.00

*RONALD
$65.00

AT BETTER
JEWELERS EVERYWHERE

TIME FOR A LIFETIME

Gotham Watches
Fine Watches Since 1868

PRODUCT OF
OLLENDORFF WATCH CO., INC.
20 W. 47TH. ST., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

*ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

INSIDE SPORTS

Continued from page 36

"We don't guarantee you'll get a lion," Lockwood tells clients, "but we guarantee the lions won't get you." A white professional hunter protects the amateur standing of Lockwood's lion shooters every step of the safari. Lockwood supplies the equipment—sun helmet, brush clothing, guns, and the hunting license, a $300 item.

Naturally, there is a charge for these services and—as you might expect—inflation has hit the lion-hunting market. The 30-day air safari costs the hunter approximately $8,000, which means a 1948-model lion is selling approximately $1,500 above list price.

Admittedly, you can shoot rabbits in Pennsylvania for less money, but hunting lions always has run a photo-finish second to betting horses as the world's most expensive sport.

Last summer, for instance, the Aga Khan went on a 10-day safari in Serengetti with a small party: one doctor, one wife, two personal gunbearers, 60 servants, and four chefs. The ruler of the Ismaili and guests roughed it in carpeted tents equipped with private baths. An airplane delivered fresh milk, meat and vegetables every morning. The Aga Khan's bill was $55,000.

THE CORRECT PICTURE

Bernie Bierman, the Minnesota coach, never talks football with his son, Jim, during the season. "Don't get a chance to," Bernie explains. "Jim's one of our varsity ends and he stays away from me off the field. He says our relationship should be strictly player-coach and that's the way it is."

The Biermans have their off-season arguments, however. While reconstructing the 1947 Michigan game, Bernie mentioned that Jim had missed a tackle on Bob Chappuis. Jim didn't argue, but next evening he came home with a motion-picture projector and the Michigan-Minnesota films.

"I'm not the best end you've ever coached," Jim told Bernie. "I'm a little bit slow out there and I know it, but I didn't miss Chappuis." And to prove it, Jim ran off the game pictures for his father.

"That's right," Bernie finally admitted, "you didn't. My mistake."

Bernie won't have to worry about slips of memory when he meets with Collier's board of outstanding college coaches to select the 1948 All-America. Collier's board will make its selections from film evidence on every worthy candidate and, as Jim Bierman told his dad, "You can't argue with a camera."

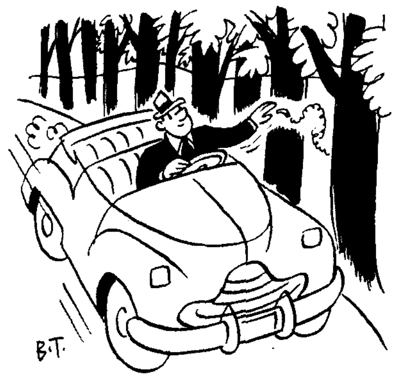
THE "SPORT" KIDS DON'T LIKE

Professional boxing is dying and few will mourn its passing. There are no good young fighters coming up. Army, Navy and Marine Corps athletic programs did not produce the bumper crops of colorful contenders which fight promoters blissfully anticipated during the war years.

Professional boxing is dying because youngsters simply aren't interested in fighting. Other sports—football, baseball, basketball, golf, tennis—are more fun and more remunerative. Did you ever hear of a seventeen-year-old high-school boxer being paid $50,000 to sign a professional contract? Or a twenty-two-year-old college graduate being guaranteed $20,000 a year for four years? No, and you never will. Chiseling promoters and managers don't operate that way, but $50,000 bonuses and $80,000 guarantees are not uncommon payments to proficient young baseball and football players. Golf and tennis are not considered big-money sports, yet how many fighters are as well off as Byron Nelson or Ellsworth Vines or Don Budge?

Environment? Most gyms where pro fighters work out are rickety, dirty athletic tenements. And that old argument about boxing being the manly art of self-defense is fallacious as a three-dollar bill. Boxing is the least efficient art of self-defense. Ask the men who learned hand-to-hand fighting during the war (and who played volleyball and softball in the recreation areas while thousands of pairs of boxing gloves rotted and were thrown away). They didn't waste time learning to lead with their lefts. Instead, they learned to gouge, kick and elbow—all practical, deadly maneuvers.

OUNCE OF PREVENTION



FORESTS AREN'T GROWN IN A DAY

Bright autumn's here with azure sky,
And burnished leaves are crisp and dry,
So bear in mind when driving through
The woods, there's one thing *not* to do:
Don't flip your cigarette when lighted
On leaves that beg to be ignited.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

A middleweight hand-to-hand expert could knock out any of the current heavyweight contenders in 30 seconds—provided that the heavyweight was naïve enough to observe the rules set forth by the New York Boxing Commission.

The war and subsequent boxing events emphasize there is little, if any, relation between the commercialized brutality which fighters exhibit in the ring, and the mental, disciplined courage soldiers exhibit in combat. All things considered, the scarcity of "promising heavyweight contenders" is no mystery. Professional boxing has little to offer young men except rickety gyms, callous managers and promoters, and a small percentage of those big purses that come to one fighter in 10,000.

The average professional spends the best years of his life collecting scar tissue over the eyes. Boxing is a poor sports investment. Today's youngsters aren't buying any.

YOU CAN GET JUST SO MUCH JUSTICE

Continued from page 19

been shut up for a long time and when you open it you know that the people who used to live there are dead.

But I didn't have any trouble with Mrs. Staples and I worked for her a long time, two or three years. I did my work and kept my mouth shut, and when Mr. Staples came home and she lit into him, I made myself scarce, after the first time or two. I used to get as far away as I could, find something to do down at the end of the garden, but even then sometimes I could hear her shouting at him and him shouting back, because once she got him mad he gave her as good as she sent.

ONE day, I remember, when she didn't have a cook, I was in the kitchen doing something—washing dishes, I think—and I heard him come in and she began to light into him the way she always did. But this time it was different. He didn't say anything, not a word, not even when she began to scream at him and call him names. The kitchen door was open and I could see her at him, like a horsefly on a hot day, pouncing and stinging, and all the time he went on looking for some paper in the desk and didn't even look at her. He just went on looking for the paper and when he found it he went out of the front door without saying a single word. A week later I found out why.

One job leads to another, when you are good, and if you are a gardener, anybody can tell whether you are good or not. You don't have to talk, and I didn't have to talk, because anybody who had seen the Stapleses' garden before I took it over couldn't believe their eyes. That was what Miss Mollie had said first time she saw it, she said, "Ben, I'm proud of you." I was still working for her, two days a week, and I worked two days a week for Mrs. Staples. At the Staples place I could do whatever I pleased because Mrs. Staples never paid any attention. But Mr. Staples did. He used to stop and talk to me, and praise me. He would say, "Thank God for you, Ben," and we would both of us laugh. We laughed because we knew that if it hadn't been for me, Mrs. Staples would have had one thing more to nag him about.

He got me my next job, though I didn't know it at the time. All I knew was that somebody had moved into the old Abercrombie house and sent word to me to come out and see about taking charge of the garden. Sam Fox, a boy who lived next door to us and delivered groceries, said, about a week after Mr. Staples had acted so quiet, "Miss Mary Lou wants you to come out to the Abercrombie place." I said, "Who is this Miss Mary Lou? I don't know anybody by that name," but he didn't answer. All he said was, "Go and see."

The Abercrombie place was out on the edge of town. It set back a hundred yards from the road and there wasn't another house within sight. There was a high mock orange hedge ran along the front of the lot, and at the back a thicket of scrub oak that ended at a cart track that nobody used except to get wood. Nobody had lived there for I don't know how long and when I went out there the next day it looked like nobody ever had lived there, the way the yard was grown up and weeds all over everything. Miss Mary Lou must have seen me coming, because as soon as I came up the back steps she opened the kitchen door and said, "You're Ben, aren't you? Well, Ben, they tell me you're the best gardener in town, and that's what I need."

I have never seen anybody like Miss Mary Lou. She was about thirty years old and had red hair and her cheeks were like peach blooms. But that wasn't what made her different. What made her different was what she did to you. She made you tingle. I didn't know much about women or girls then, but even when I did later none of them were like her. They might get you excited and make you do crazy things, but that wasn't the same feeling at all. Miss Mary Lou made you come alive, made you feel like you were somebody. Not just a man. I don't mean that. Lots of women can do that. No, it was something different, and I don't know whether it had anything to do with her being a woman, though I think maybe it did, at least a little. She made you tingle. That's the only way I can say it. Even if things hadn't happened the way they did, I could never forget Miss Mary Lou.

As soon as I heard her talking I knew she didn't come from around here. She didn't talk lazy, the way we do. She sort of chopped her words, but you never heard her words by themselves. Her smile and her look were all mixed up in what she was saying. She said, "How much time can you give me, Ben?" and when I told her I didn't have but two days a week to spare, she said all right but she had hoped I could come every day. Then she said, "I'm not going to tell you what to do. There's only one thing. Please don't trim the mock orange hedge any more than you have to." . . .

The next morning I began with the mock orange hedge and about eleven o'clock I went around back of the house to the well to get a drink of water. While I was pulling up the bucket I heard somebody coming through the scrub oaks and when I looked to see who it was, it was Mr. Staples. He passed close to where I was standing but he didn't see me. He kept his eyes on the back porch and when he put his foot on the bottom step the door opened and she came out. Well, I've seen a lot of married people in my day, and if ever there was man and wife, they were it. She held out her arms and he walked into them like a man going home. They stood that way for a long time, not moving and not saying anything, just standing and holding each other. Then they went into the house. Now I knew why Mrs. Staples hadn't been able to make her husband mad.

He had driven his buggy along the cart track back of the place and hitched to one of the scrub oaks. That was the way he always came, and he came at least once a day. Sometimes he stayed only a few minutes, sometimes a long time, but no matter how long or short a time he stayed, he came out of the house like a man walking without his feet touching the ground.

I SAW him four days a week, two at Miss Mary Lou's and two at his own house. It was like seeing two different men. At home he was like a man who had a fence built around him, and his wife couldn't get at him through the fence or over it. Sometimes she looked at him hard and said, "What is it, Ben Staples, what are you up to?" But he never answered. Then one day when I was in the kitchen I heard her say, "I know what it is now," and she laughed the nastiest laugh I ever heard.

That happened about a month after I went to work for Miss Mary Lou, and a few days later Mrs. Staples came out in the yard where I was pruning some holly and said to me, "Ben, you work out at the Abercrombie place, don't you?" When she asked me that, I got good and scared. I didn't want to get mixed up in any white folks' troubles. But I had to answer, so I said, "Yes, ma'am."

"What's she like?" she said.

I said, making out like I didn't understand, "Who you mean, Mrs. Staples?" I asked.

"You know perfectly well who I mean,

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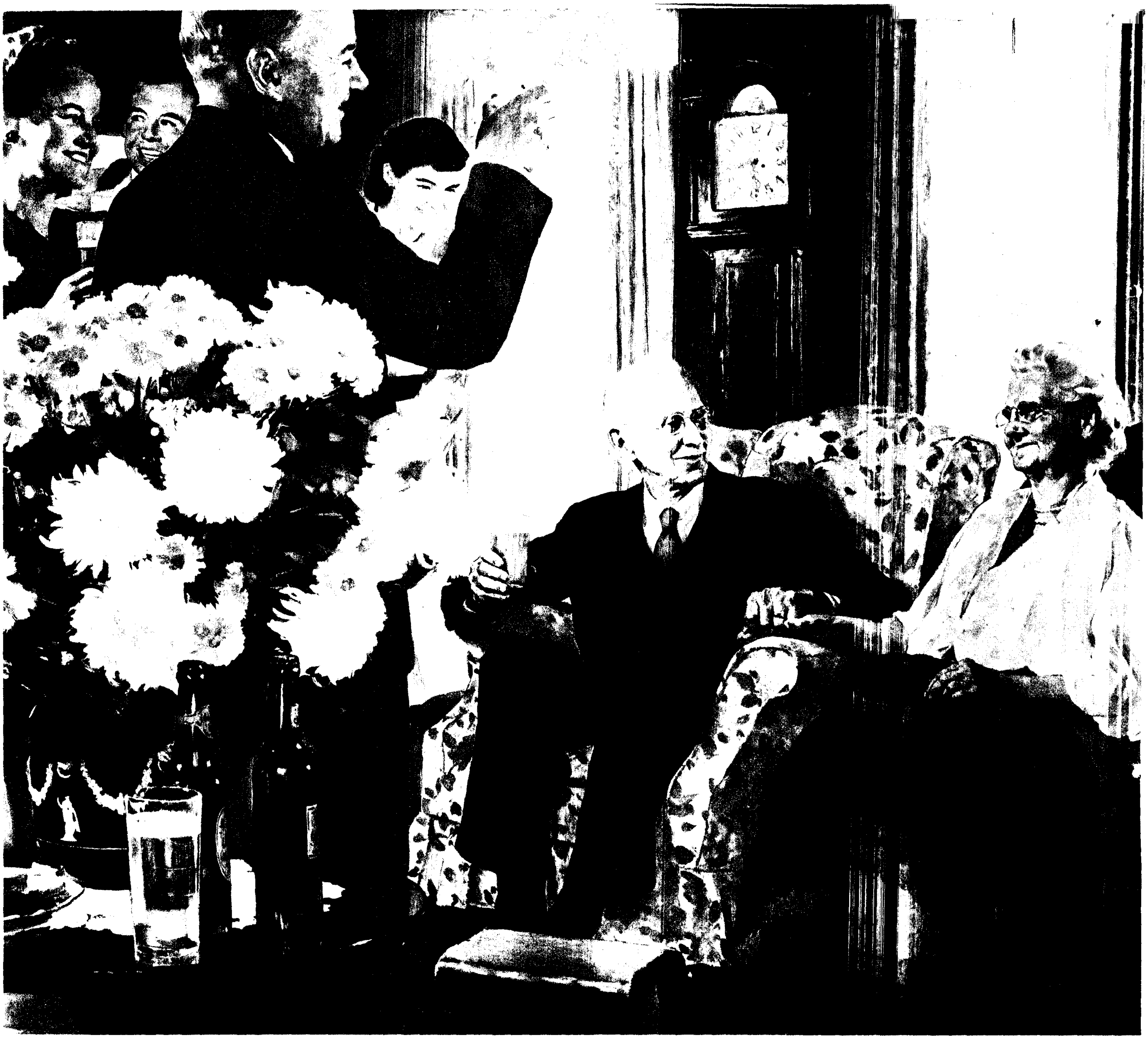

"WEDDING ANNIVERSARY," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 22 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

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now answer me," she said, and I knew I would have to say something.

I said, "She seems like a nice lady, Mrs. Staples."

"Nice!" she said. "Nice? Is that the word you use for a woman like that?" I didn't look at her. I kept on pruning the holly bush, but I could see her out of the corner of my eye, and what I saw scared me again. She looked like she was ready to murder somebody, and I could feel the sweat coming out on the back of my neck. Then all of a sudden her look changed. Her face broke all to pieces, and she began to cry. Not soft and easy like most women cry, but loud—groaning and shrieking like a lost soul. I don't know how long she stood there and cried, wringing her hands and letting the tears roll down her dry old face. Then she stopped as sudden as she had begun. She took out her handkerchief and wiped her face, and now her face was like stone.

"All right," she said, "all right. I'm going to *do* something. You hear, I'm going to *do* something," and without looking at me again she started toward the house, saying, as long as I could hear her, "I'm going to *do* something, I'm going to *do* something."

WHEN it was six I went to the back door and knocked, and when she came I said, "Mrs. Staples ma'am, I'm quitting. I ain't coming back, ma'am."

She stood looking at me for a long time. Then she said, and she never had spoke to me in that tone, she said, "No, Ben. Please don't, Ben. Please don't."

I didn't know what to say, so I didn't say anything. I just stood there sort of twisting my hat and trying to find something to look at, something that wasn't Mrs. Staples. She said, "Promise me, Ben, you won't quit. Promise me you'll come back," and she sounded like a little scared girl.

I said, "All right, Mrs. Staples ma'am, I'll come back." I would have said anything to get away, and by the time I started down the steps I could feel my feet getting ready to run.

After that, Mrs. Staples was always nice to me, because I did go back, like the fool I was. But most of the time it was like it had been. She didn't know I was there, and she kept on not knowing I was there until the very end, until the day when, if she had only seen me standing outside the big double window at the back of the parlor, if she had just taken one look and really seen me, everything would have been different. Anyway, it might have been. I don't know.

Something told me not to go back, some warning thing inside me, but I did. I went back. One reason was the way she had looked standing there on the back porch looking like a little girl. Another, and I guess that had more to do with it, was that I needed the money, and she always paid me good.

I needed the money because I was saving every nickel I could rake and scrape to go to Tuskegee in the fall. I had learned all I could in the school. It wasn't much but I had worked hard at school and at home with Pa, and I was as ready as I ever would be to go to Tuskegee. Some nights, when I had worked hard all day, I could hardly keep my eyes propped open, but I did somehow and now I wanted to go. And Pa wanted me to go. It was just like he was going himself. And then one night he said, right out of the blue, "They'll take you, son."

I said, without trying to think what he meant, I was so dead for sleep, I said, "Who, Pa?"

He reached over to the table and picked up a paper and handed it to me. He said, "I wrote to Mr. Washington and I got this today. He says he will take you." And then I saw something I had never seen before, and something I never was to see but once again, and that would be a lot different, that second time. When I looked at Pa two big tears rolled out of his eyes and down his cheeks. I blubbered like a baby.

Two or three days later Judge Tolliver came out in the yard where I was working and said, "Ben, your Pa tells me you are going to Tuskegee."

I said, "Yes, sir, Pa got a letter."

"So he told me," he said. "I'm glad, Ben. I'm glad for you and I'm glad for him. He's a good man, Ben, and I hope you'll be like him."

I couldn't say a word. I was afraid I would blubber again. Then he sort of half smiled and said, "When you get ready to go, let me know. Maybe I'll be able to help out a little."

After that, after Judge Tolliver said that, and Pa sat under the lamp and let himself cry, I worked harder than ever at my book learning. It was hard, because it was the middle of the summer and I used to get mighty tired working outdoors all day and then having to work some more at night. The lamp made the room hotter still and the bugs pretty near drove me crazy, but I stuck at it, even though Mr. Washington had already said he would let me come.

The hardest thing was trying to talk and write good English. I used to listen to Judge Tolliver, and when I got home at night I would tell Pa what he had said and try to say it the same way he did. And Miss Mary Lou was a big help. I used to play a game. I would listen careful to what she said to me first thing after I got there and then I would spend the rest of the evening trying to say it just like her, and at night I wrote it out, what she had said during the day, and showed it to Pa. That way, I learned to talk and write as good as any white man. I can't do it any more.

I worked for Miss Mary Lou on Monday and Thursday and for Mrs. Staples on Tuesday and Friday. Usually I worked for Miss Mollie and the judge on Wednesday and Saturday. But when Mr. Staples was away on business Mrs. Staples wanted me to be there as much as I could, maybe because she didn't like to be by herself all day. I reckon that was how come I took the letter.

I WAS working for Mrs. Staples on a Saturday. Mr. Staples had gone to Atlanta the day before and wouldn't be coming back until the middle of the next week. Saturday night, when Mrs. Staples was paying me off, she asked me was I working at the Abercrombie place on Monday, and when I said yes, she said would I come by her house on the way.

I didn't think much about it, her asking me to come by on Monday. I thought she probably wanted me to take the garbage or do something like that, but when I went to the back door that morning she was waiting for me with a letter in her hand. She said, holding it out to me, "Take this, Ben," and when I started to reach up for it, she said, "Take it to the Abercrombie place," and it was just like my hand froze. She said, sharp, "Take it," and I made my hand go up the rest of the way, all the time looking sort of begging at her. But she wouldn't look at me. She went back into the house.

I was scared. It was just like the letter was something hot in my hand. It meant trouble, some kind of trouble. I knew that. I looked down at the letter. It said on the envelope, "Mrs. MacDonald." That was the first time I had ever heard Miss Mary Lou's name, her full name. I put the letter in my pocket out of sight and went as fast as I could to Miss Mary Lou's house, but when I got there I went quiet and sneaked up the back steps and stuck the letter under the kitchen door. I felt funny. I felt like you do when you just missed getting hurt, and I sort of skipped to the tool shed and was reaching for my hoe when the back door opened and I saw Miss Mary Lou.

I never had seen her look so fresh and pretty, in a cool white dress with a red ribbon on it, but it was her face that

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looked so pretty, like a flower garden just after a rain. She saw me, I think, but at the same time she saw the letter lying at her feet and she knelt down and picked it up and opened it. I stood still, not looking straight at her, but watching her. She read the letter, first sort of curious and then all of a sudden the gaily look was gone. She stood there holding the letter, her hand trembling so much that the letter fluttered, and looking straight at me. But she didn't see me. She didn't see anything. Her eyes had a dead look, at first, and it seemed like for a long time, then light came back into them and she began to smile, but awful slow, and she tore the letter into narrow strips. When she had finished tearing it she held the strips high and let them go, like somebody turning a bird loose, and then she went back into the house and shut the door and I didn't see her all that day.

NEXT morning I spent in the Stapleses' kitchen, washing dishes and scrubbing and doing what a cook would have done if she had had a cook, all except cooking. I couldn't cook and I didn't aim to learn. But I did everything else and by twelve o'clock I had the kitchen clean and I told Mrs. Staples the garden needed me, and she said all right, I could work in the garden. All the time she was talking it was just like she was laughing inside. That was different from the way she usually acted when Mr. Staples went away on a trip. Usually you might have thought I was him the way she nagged me all the time he was away. But today she was different. It was "Ben please" this and "Ben please" that, and thanking me for everything. I couldn't make it out.

Wisteria is a pesky vine, and the one at the back of the parlor was always giving me trouble. Seemed like it could grow a mile in one night and next morning I would find shoots clear inside the window. I never did like wisteria, there or anywhere else, but since that day I have never touched a wisteria vine. When I take a new job I tell them right at first that if they have wisteria they will have to grub it out or get someone else to take care of it. I won't. I don't try to explain. I just tell them I won't.

But until that day, I didn't feel so strong about wisteria, except thinking it was a nuisance, and about three o'clock it was awful hot weeding and I went to the back of the parlor where the double windows were and began to tie up the wisteria. Mrs. Staples was inside the parlor, sitting down and then getting up, sitting down and getting up, and sometimes walking around the room, and once she went to Mr. Staples' desk in the corner and opened the left-hand drawer and looked down in it and smiled to herself and shut it slow and careful, the way you close a door on a sleeping baby. And all this time I was outside the window working at the wisteria, in plain sight.

But I wasn't paying much attention. Seeing Mrs. Staples restless wasn't anything new, and I had almost forgotten she was there when I heard the front doorbell ring. Mrs. Staples was in the middle of the room when it rang and when she heard it she went stiff as a poker and stood there for a second and then she went out into the hall. She walked just like she was on stilts. I bent down to cut a shoot close to the roots and when I stood up again there was Miss Mary Lou, standing with her back to me, facing Mrs. Staples.

Miss Mary Lou said, "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes," Mrs. Staples said, "I wanted to see you very much. I suppose, since you are a newcomer, I should have called first, but I thought that under the circumstances we could dispense with that formality." I had never heard Mrs. Staples talk so careful and proper, but there was a mean streak in what she said, and down underneath was that laugh. "Now won't you sit down?" she said, and motioned to a chair that wasn't five feet from where I was standing.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to stay and I didn't want to go. I was all mixed up. I didn't like the sound of Mrs. Staples' voice. It sounded like trouble to me, trouble for somebody and that somebody could only be Miss Mary Lou. But the first rule for us was to get out of the way when there was white folks' trouble. I knew that. But something else kept me there. I didn't want to leave Miss Mary Lou at the mercy of that mean old woman. I reckon I was so scared I went crazy. For a minute I forgot I was a colored boy.

WHEN I heard them talking again Mrs. Staples was saying, "And how long have you known Mr. Staples?"

"About six months," Miss Mary Lou said, and her voice was so quiet that I breathed again and I reached inside the window and pulled out a shoot.

"Where did you meet him?" Mrs. Staples was sitting facing me and I could see her eyes sort of snap.

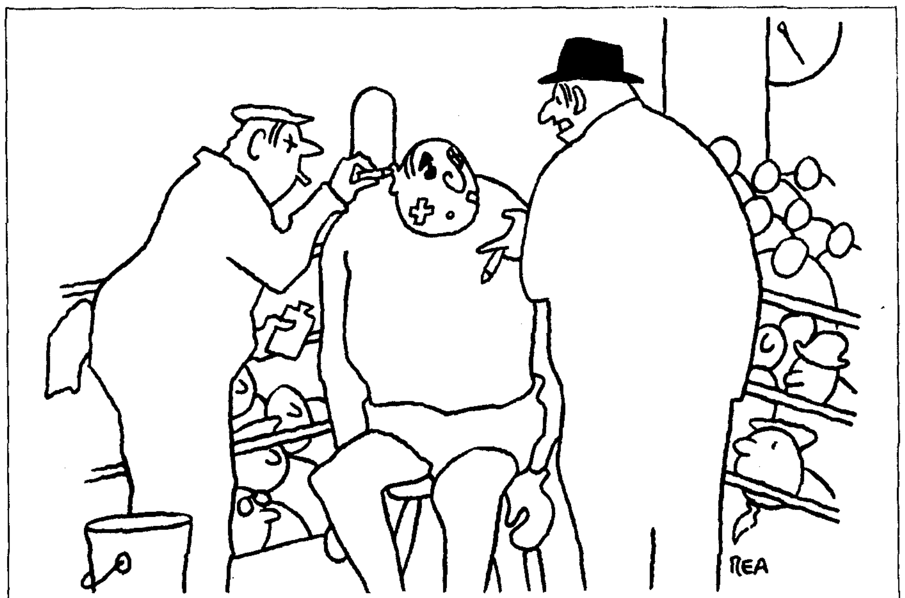
"In Birmingham," Miss Mary Lou said, still calm.

Mrs. Staples leaned forward a little. "Did you know that he was married?"

"Yes," Miss Mary Lou said, "I knew."

Mrs. Staples said, "You are married too, aren't you?"

"I was," Miss Mary Lou said, and then: "My husband died three years ago." The way she said it said as plain



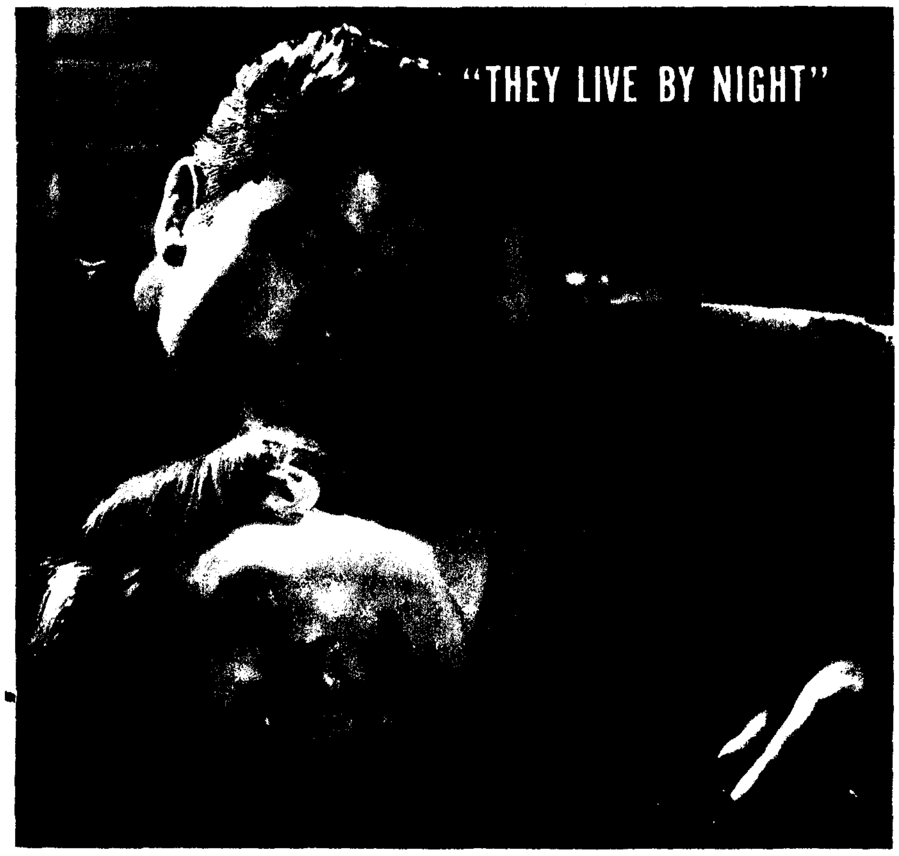
"Feint him twice with the left this time, before you come in with your right. If he socks you again, I'll think of something else"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

"BLOOD ON THE MOON"

SURROUNDED by unseen enemies, ROBERT MITCHUM sits frozen to his saddle in this scene from RKO's *Blood On The Moon*, a walloping Western epic. Story concerns bloodiest cattle war that ever raged across the plains. Co-stars: BARBARA BEL GEDDES, ROBERT PRESTON.



HUNTED by police, yet they dream of love. CATHY O'DONNELL and FARLEY GRANGER in scene from *They Live By Night*, the RKO picture you've heard so much about, sometimes referred to as "Your Red Wagon" or "The Twisted Road." HOWARD DA SILVA co-stars.

"EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED"

"QUICK DARLING, the thermometer!" CARY GRANT, bachelor Baby Doctor, and BETSY DRAKE, husband-hunting babe, *both* appear to be running a temperature in RKO's *Every Girl Should Be Married.* FRANCHOT TONE and DIANA LYNN help them get together.

"THE JUDGE STEPS OUT"

PARTY on movie set. ALEXANDER KNOX has a birthday, during shooting of RKO's *The Judge Steps Out;* co-workers ANN SOTHERN, Florence Bates, Director Boris Ingster help him celebrate. In film, Knox plays a Judge who runs out on his wife and into a gorgeous blonde.

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as words that there wasn't going to be any quarrel if she could help it.

But she couldn't help it. Mrs. Staples came back at her with, "So you meet a man, a married man—" Then she broke off and said, "You knew he made plenty of money, I suppose?"

Miss Mary Lou said, "I didn't know and I didn't care. My husband left me enough to live on."

Mrs. Staples said, and now all the meanness had come back into her voice, but not the laughing—that was gone—she said, "You mean to sit there and tell me that Mr. Staples isn't paying the rent for the Abercrombie place?"

I could tell from the sound of Miss Mary Lou's voice that she was smiling. She said, "I didn't mean to tell you, but I will. Bob isn't paying my rent."

Mrs. Staples jerked up straight and shouted, "How dare you!"

"How dare I what?" I could tell from the way Miss Mary Lou said it that she was puzzled, for a fact.

"How dare you call my husband, how dare you call Mr. Staples 'Bob,' and right to my face too?" She was almost screaming now.

Miss Mary Lou didn't say anything for a little while. She sat twisting her hand on the arm of her chair. Then she said, quiet and still, "I didn't come here to quarrel. I came because I wanted you to know that—" She stopped and was quiet again, then she went on, "I hoped that when you saw who I was and what I was, you would be willing to let Bob go, divorce him. We'd like to get married, Bob and I."

"So," Mrs. Staples said, and it sounded like the snarl of a hound dog, "so you think you can take a woman's husband away just like that," and she snapped her fingers.

"I haven't taken your husband away, Mrs. Staples." Then she tapped on the arm of the chair and looked across at Mrs. Staples. I could see from her hand that she was getting mad, but she was still holding on to herself. "Your husband was already away, as you call it, and you know it. And there is no way you can get him back, no way on God's earth. You know that as well as I do."

Mrs. Staples said, "I don't know any such thing."

MISS MARY LOU began to stir in her chair, like she was going to get up, and she said, sort of tired, "All right. Have it your way. Talk doesn't do any good. I see that now," and she began to pull herself out of her chair.

Mrs. Staples said, "Well, what are you going to do?"

"Do? What do you mean? Why, I'm going on just the way I've been, if that's what you mean." She sounded like she was talking to a cross child.

"Wait. Wait a minute." Mrs. Staples almost shoved her back into the chair, the way she spoke. "You think, don't you, that if you went away it wouldn't make any difference? Is that it?"

"I know it," Miss Mary Lou said. "If Bob had never seen me, if he should never see me again, it wouldn't make any difference, not a particle."

"That ain't so. You're wrong. That ain't so and I'll prove it." Mrs. Staples jumped up when she said that, jumped up and began to back toward the corner, and when she got to Mr. Staples' desk she put her right hand out behind her. Then I heard the drawer opening and the next thing I knew she was coming toward Miss Mary Lou with a pistol in her hand, the big heavy pistol Mr. Staples used to practice with in the back yard. It was so big and heavy it looked like Mrs. Staples' skinny wrist would break, but she came on, shaking all over and waving that pistol in front of her. What happened next happened so fast I couldn't tell to this day how. Miss Mary Lou was out of her chair as quick as a cat, and, just like a cat, she ran sideways and she grabbed Mrs. Staples by the arm. Then it happened. There was a shot, and next thing I saw was Mrs. Staples lying in the middle of the floor all crumpled up.

When I stopped running I was in the alley a block away. . . .

My ma used to make blackberry wine. When she first squeezed the juice it would be a deep clear purple, but a day or so after it was set, it would begin to get cloudy, and in another day or two the scum would begin to rise, and by the end of a week it would be boiling up and running out of the spout of the demijohn. That was the way the town was.

THE day after Mrs. Staples was shot, Wednesday, was my regular time at the judge's, and a little after twelve I went in the kitchen to get a bite to eat from Ma, and to listen. I hadn't said a word to her or Pa or anybody about what I knew and I didn't aim to, but I wanted to hear what people were saying, and I knew Miss Mollie would ask the judge about it.

Sure enough, soon as they sat down Miss Mollie said, "But how'd it happen?" From the way she said it, they must have been talking about it, before they came in the dining room.

The judge said, "Seems Maggie Staples went crazy all of a sudden. That ain't hard to believe. She went crazy and grabbed a pistol and began waving it around, and when Mrs. MacDonald tried to take it away from her it went off and next thing she knew Maggie was lying there dead."

"Good gracious," Miss Mollie said, "what did she do then?"

"What any decent person would do," the judge said. "She came downtown looking for somebody to tell about the accident, Bob Staples being out of town and her not knowing anybody, and somebody sent her to Sheriff Griggs. After she had told him about it, Griggs sent a couple of deputies out to the Stapleses' house, and then he got a hack and sent her home. Seems she was awful upset. I can imagine."

Miss Mollie said, "Who is she?"

"I told you," the judge said sort of slow, "she is a Mrs. MacDonald."

"Must be somebody new here." You could tell from Miss Mollie's tone of voice that she hadn't heard any of the talk about Mr. Staples and Miss Mary Lou. It didn't seem possible, excepting Miss Mollie kept pretty much to herself and she never went in much for woman talk. Both of them ate for a while without saying anything. Then Miss Mollie said, "Have you heard anything about her before, before this happened?"

The judge took his time about answering. You could see he was picking his way careful, like a man walking across a slippery place. "Yes," he said at last, "I've heard her name."

But Miss Mollie didn't suspicion anything and she said, "Who told you about it, about her coming downtown?"

The judge said, "Zeb Proudfit."

The name sent a cold chill all through me, and I didn't hear anything more they said. He was the county prosecutor and there wasn't a meaner man anywhere, to white folks when he could get away with it, and to us all the time. And, to make it worse, he was a low-down coward. He was like a kind of hound dog you see sometimes, one that can't pick up a scent to save his soul, but when the pack has picked it up, pretty soon he's way out front acting like he's been there all the time. I didn't know anything about white folks' justice then and I don't know much now, but I knew the Lord help anybody ever got into Zeb Proudfit's clutches. I went out in the yard and began to dig. . . .

The funeral was next afternoon and I reckon all the white folks must have gone, the way they do when something like that has happened. And they must have begun to talk. Anyway, I began to feel some sort of change in the air, like you feel when it's about to rain or something like that. I didn't talk to anybody and I didn't hear anything, but I could feel it. Ma was home when I got there and Pa, too, and Ma must have said something to him about it, because when I come up the steps I heard him say, "It ain't none of our business." Ma asked me to fetch a bucket of water and when I went out in the back yard to the well, Sam Fox, the boy that lived next door, Sam asked had I heard what people was saying but I said I hadn't heard nothing and I got the water and went back in.

By Saturday the scum had begun to rise. I could feel it all around me. Ma sent me to town to get some groceries before I went to work at the judge's and when I went by the courthouse there was more people than usual, even for a Saturday, sitting on the courthouse steps. That didn't mean anything special. There always is a bunch of loafers around the courthouse, chewing tobacco and talking and laughing. But this Saturday there was a lot more of them and they weren't laughing. They were arguing like they was mad.

And there was another difference. They wasn't mad at us. If they had been mad at us they would have looked hard and mean at me, but they didn't look at me at all, they just went on talking to each other. Then all of a sudden everybody looked up at the door of the courthouse. Zeb Proudfit had just come out and was talking loud to two or three of his friends. His face was red and he was chewing hard on the butt of a cigar. I didn't hear what he was saying, but I knew trouble was on the way.

THE judge was a good half hour late to dinner and when he did get there he looked worried and two-three times, when Miss Mollie asked him a question, he said, "What's that, Mollie?"

Mostly she didn't repeat, like she generally did when he was studying, but one time she said, "I said it seems strange Mrs. MacDonald wasn't at the funeral."

The judge said, "I don't suppose it made any difference to the deceased. She's probably got plenty of other things to think about where she is."

Miss Mollie said, "Why, Judge Tolliver, what on earth do you mean?"

He laughed sort of short and said, "I wasn't thinking about anything on earth. Somewhere else. If Maggie Staples ain't in Hell, somebody's been lying to me."

Miss Mollie laughed in spite of herself and said, "You ought to be ashamed to say such a thing."

He said, "It's the truth and you know it."

"Yes," she said, sort of sober, "it is the truth for a fact." And after that they didn't say anything else. . . .

Next Monday morning, when I asked Miss Mary Lou what she wanted me to do she said could I begin clearing the underbrush in the scrub oaks, because she planned to set out some azaleas there come fall. That was how come I was out of sight when they came for her. Middle of the morning I heard the front gate open and when I looked to see who it was, Sheriff Griggs and two deputies were coming up the walk. I got down under the sassafras bush and stayed there until I heard the front gate again, and a buggy driving away. Seemed like a year.

I remembered Zeb Proudfit's red face and loud talk and I could have cried. I knew what it meant now. If Zeb Proudfit was after her, it meant the whole town was after her, and not only him and his kind. He was the hound dog out in front.

He stayed out in front. Next day at dinner Judge Tolliver said, "He didn't want me to let her out on bail."

Miss Mollie said, "But, Judge Tolliver, they say—"

The judge didn't let her finish. He shouted at her, first and last time I ever heard him even raise his voice to her, he shouted, "*They, they!* They would hang me, or you, Mollie. They want blood." And Miss Mollie was as scared as I was and didn't say another single word.

Worst thing about it was Miss Mary Lou didn't have any friends, not a one, except Mr. Staples, and me, but I didn't count. But she was sort of puzzled scared, like a child, not grown-up scared, and she would sit on the back steps with Mr. Staples and say time and again, "But I don't understand," and he would say, "Don't you worry, honey, it'll come out all right."

Trial was set for the first week in September and you could feel people beginning to look forward to it, the way they look forward to camp meeting. Even Miss Mollie couldn't keep from talking about it to the judge, when she could get him to talk.

One day she said, "Who is her lawyer, Judge Tolliver?"

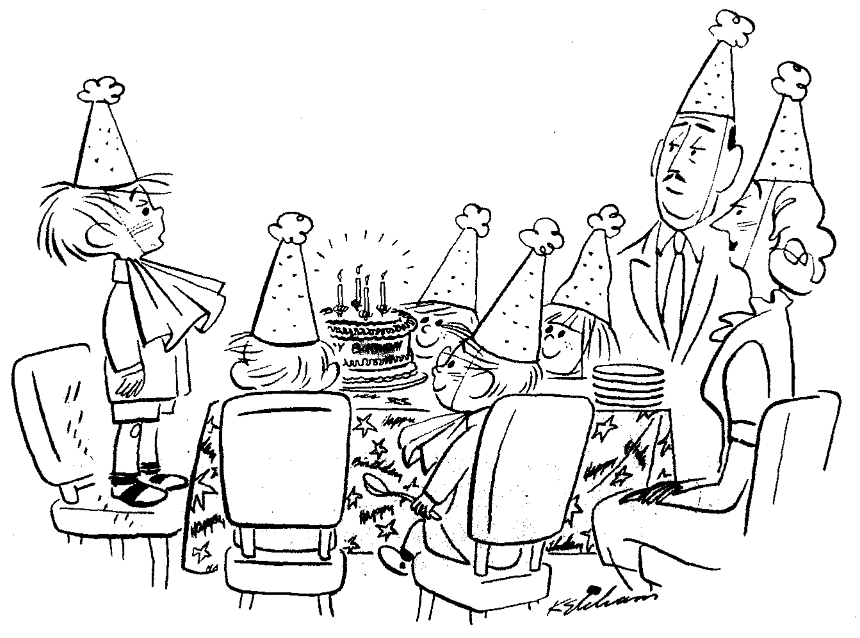
He said, "Asa Peacock."

"Land sakes," she said, "don't she know any better than to get that old fool?"

He said, "He's Bob Staples' uncle. He wears a Prince Albert and a white vest."

She said, "But he don't know any law."

"No," Judge Tolliver said, "no, he don't, but maybe they figure it ain't a lawyer they need, and they may be right. But they may be wrong," and he got up



"Mother, Daddy, friends. As I look back across the years . . ."

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and went in the parlor without waiting for dessert.

All this time, except for feeling sorry for Miss Mary Lou, I didn't for a minute think I had anything to do with it one way or another. Like I said, I didn't know anything about white folks' justice, and all I knew about the law was that you better stay out of the way. And nobody could have made me believe that any jury, once they had taken one good look at Miss Mary Lou, would convict her of murder. Miss Mary Lou? It didn't make sense. Besides, they didn't have any evidence against her. All she had to do was to tell them what happened, and even Zeb Proudfit, mean as he was, would know she was telling the truth. It never entered my head that even if there wasn't any evidence *against*, she might still need *for*.

I HAD a lot to learn and first thing I learned about was juries. The second day after the trial started Miss Mollie asked the judge what sort of jury they had picked. The judge said, "The usual sort. Riffraff, most of them hangers-on of Zeb Proudfit's."

Miss Mollie said, "But didn't Asa Peacock have anything to say?"

"He had plenty to say," the judge said, "but he didn't say it. Just sat there like a bump on a log and let Zeb put it over on him." He was quiet for a while, eating, then he said, "It's a waste of time, even having a trial."

"What do you mean, Judge Tolliver?"

"I mean," he said, "the jury is ready to vote right now."

"Without waiting to hear the evidence? Is that what you mean?" You might have thought Miss Mollie was getting mad with the judge.

"I'm very much afraid," he said slow like, "there isn't going to be any evidence. There weren't any witnesses, you know." Miss Mollie must have seen he didn't want to talk about it any more. She didn't say anything.

I must have been acting curious, because next day after the judge said that about that there weren't any witnesses, I came in the kitchen and Ma said, "What you doing here this time of day? It ain't time for dinner yet, not for another half hour," and I had to think up some sort of excuse about taking out the garbage or something. She said, "You a funny boy, Ben," but when the judge and Miss Mollie began to talk and Ma saw me listening with both ears her face got sort of tight and she looked scared.

They were talking when they come in the dining room. The judge said, "You know Bob Staples. He did the best he could. He lied like a gentleman, but he wasn't very convincing, and when Zeb Proudfit went after him, he went all to pieces. Contradicted himself half a dozen times about the pistol, even said at one time he'd forgotten he had it in the desk, and when Zeb asked him, 'Are you sure it was in the desk?' he didn't see what Zeb was driving at."

Miss Mollie said, "I don't either. What was he driving at?"

"He was suggesting," the judge said, "that Bob had given it to Mrs. MacDonald."

Miss Mollie said, "That awful woman."

The judge looked across the table at her and said, "You too?" and when Miss Mollie looked at him quick, he went on, "I never expected to hear you condemn anybody. Other women yes, all the other wives in town, to judge by the talk, but I never expected to hear you condemn anybody until all the evidence was in."

"But you said yourself," Miss Mollie said, sort of crying, "that there wasn't any evidence."

"I think I said there weren't any witnesses, to the shooting." The judge was quiet for a minute, then he said, "But of course there's plenty of evidence about what was going on before Maggie Staples' death, and that's all people want. You should see them rolling it around their tongues. There's another kind of evidence, but of course they don't see that, and don't want to."

"What do you mean? What kind?" Miss Mollie was trying to make up for what she'd said, but she couldn't keep it up after what the judge said next.

He said, "They don't see her face."

Miss Mollie flashed at him, "That woman's, you mean?"

"Yes," he said, quiet, "that woman's, as you say. I wouldn't use the word myself, about her. If I'm any judge, and I think I am, she's a lady, to her fingertips."

"Why, Judge Tolliver." Miss Mollie was so mad she was shaking all over.

The judge didn't say anything for a long time. He just sat looking down at his plate without touching his food. Then, when he did look at her, all he said was, "Mollie." Miss Mollie sat still for a minute, her face white as a sheet, and then she broke down and cried. The judge let her cry, not saying anything until she dried her eyes and looked across at him sort of pleading. Then he said, "Yes, Mollie, a lady, and if she could shoot anyone in cold blood, or hot blood for that matter, so could I, and so could you. And that's what I would like to say to the jury, if the law would let me. But, as I've told you before, law and justice ain't the same thing. If I had my way—but what's the use?"

Miss Mollie said, "I'm so ashamed," and she got up and stumbled toward him but he pushed his chair back quick and put his arm around her shoulder and they went out of the room that way.

When they were gone, Ma said to me, she didn't ask, she said, "Ben, you know something about this."

I said, "Yes, Ma."

"Look at me, boy," she said, and when I looked at her: "Don't you tell nobody. You hear what I say? Nobody. Now go on about your business."

THE next two days in my remembrance are like a bad dream, all jumbled up and crazy. One day the judge said, "Zeb is getting it over to the jury that Bob gave her the pistol."

One day—I don't know which—the judge said, "Zeb Proudfit tore her to pieces. I knew it would happen when Asa, the old fool, put her on the stand. Zeb kept shouting at her, 'Who brought the letter. Who? Who?' and when she said she didn't know and he said, 'Well, where is it now?' and she said she had torn it up, he just stood there and looked at her without saying a word, and then he turned around so the jury could see him. That man is a devil."

Then, the fourth day—I can remember it was the fourth day he said it because that was the last time I heard him talking to Miss Mollie about the case, and more than that, I remember what it did to me, what he said—he hadn't said anything for a long time, then he looked across at Miss Mollie sort of frowning, and said, "It don't seem possible that a thing like that could happen without anybody seeing anything at any time. Take the letter, for instance. The jury doesn't think there was any, but I know there was. Well, who put the letter under the door? Or did Maggie Staples put it there herself in the middle of the night? I suspect she did, because I'm as sure as I'm alive that she meant to get her victim where she could shoot her and she was slick enough to know how to cover her tracks. She was mean as hell—excuse me, Mollie, but she was—and her meanness played into her hand at every turn—except the last. Nobody would ever come near her if they could help it. And so, when she shouted at Mrs. MacDonald and started toward her with the pistol, there was nobody to see or hear—nobody. Nowhere, nowhere along the line, was there anybody. So, it's Mrs. MacDonald's word against what? Against hatred and blood

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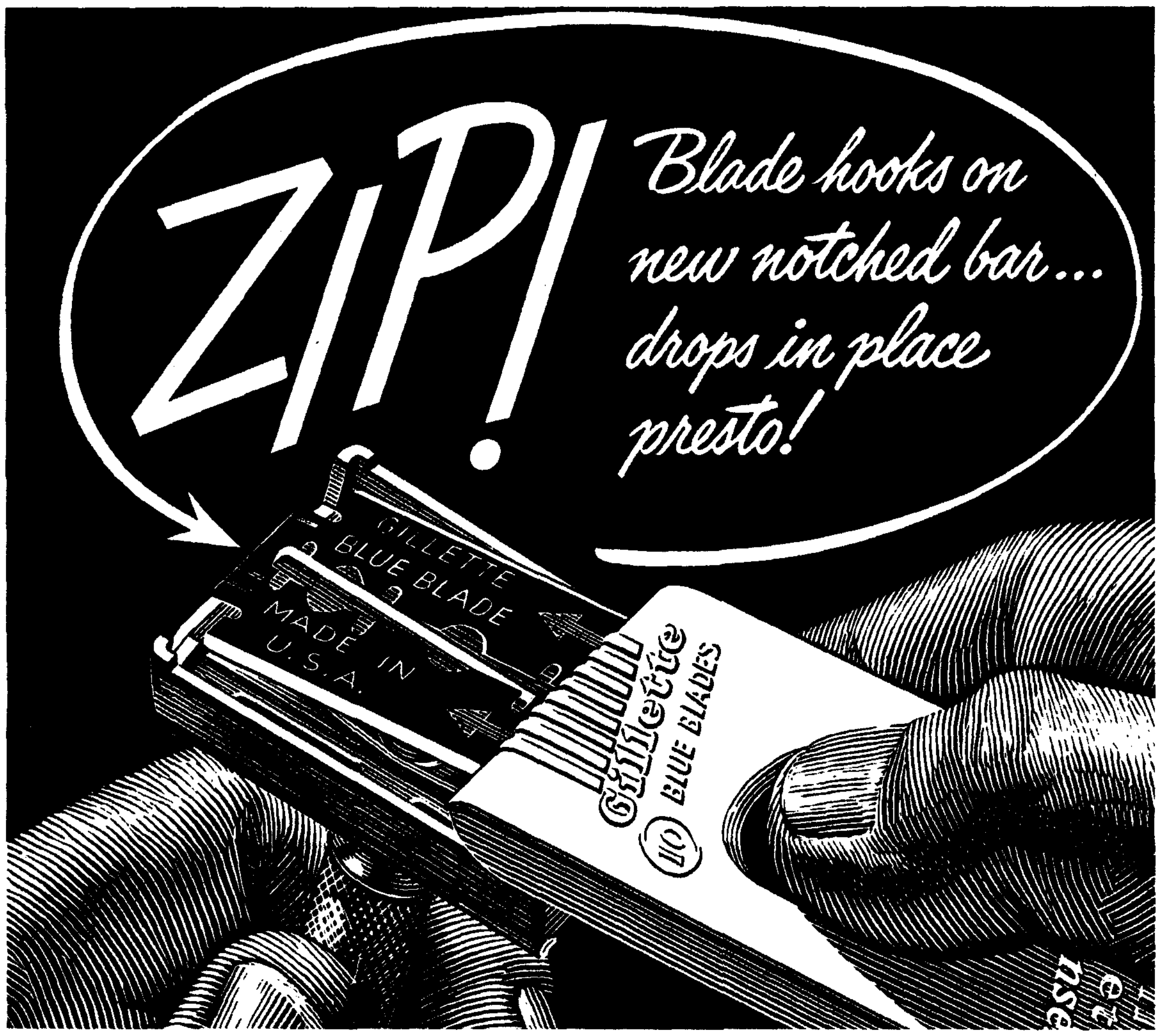
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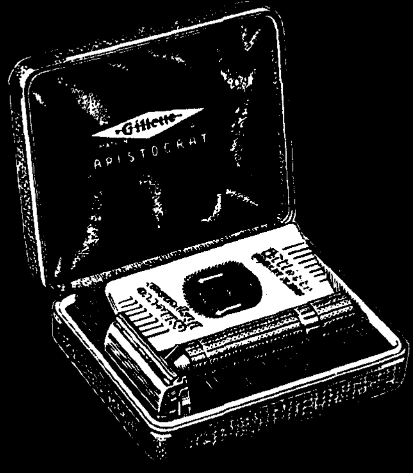
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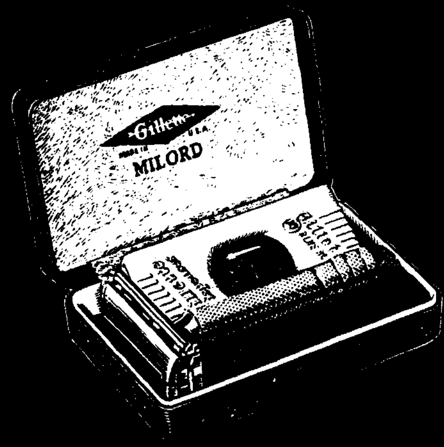
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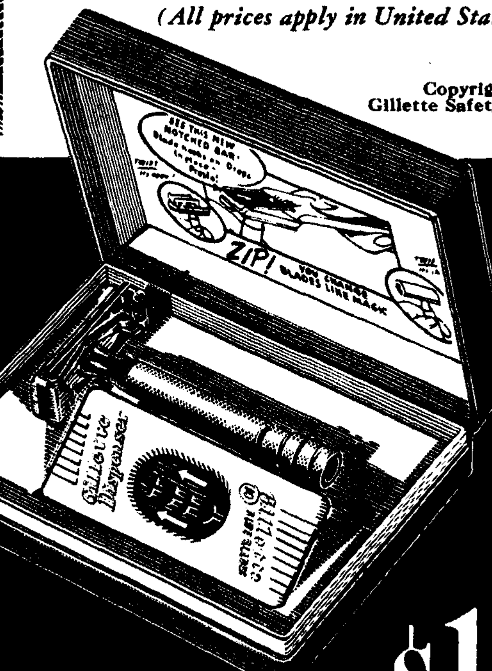
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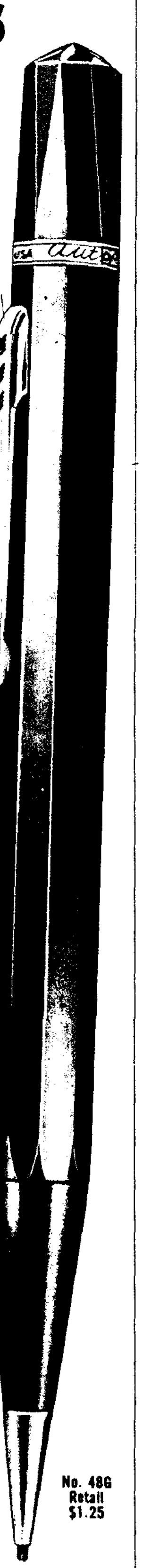

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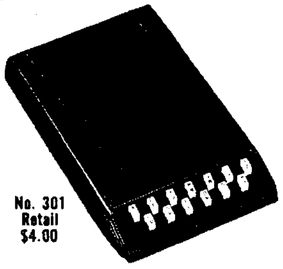

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lust. And there's no way she can break through. If at any point, any point at all, somebody could stand up and say, 'Yes, I saw that'—" Then he didn't say anything more. He just waved his hand, sort of tired.

After dinner, about the time I thought he would be starting back to the courthouse, I went down near the front gate and made out like I was setting out some plants, and when he came down the walk and was right by me, I said, "Judge Tolliver, sir, can I see you today sometime?"

"Why, certainly, Ben," he said, "I'll be out of court by five. Come to the courthouse then."

I said, "I want to see you by yourself, Judge."

He looked sort of surprised. Then he laughed and said, "Oh, sure. You'll be going to Tuskegee pretty soon now. Well, Ben, I haven't forgotten my promise to help you out. You come down about five."

I was as surprised as he was. I had almost forgotten about Tuskegee.

When I got to the courthouse there was a lot of white men standing around talking loud and laughing. How could they laugh? That was the first thing I thought. They didn't see me, and that meant that none of us was mixed up in the business. Then I thought to myself: *Not yet*, and I was so scared all of a sudden that I ran all the way up the stairs to the judge's room.

SOON as he saw me standing in the door he said, "Come in, Ben, and sit down."

I said, "Can I shut the door, Judge Tolliver, sir?"

"Sure, Ben," he said. "It'll shut out the noise from downstairs. You'd think they'd been to a picnic," and he smiled mighty sour.

When I had sat down across from him—he was sitting in one of those tilt-back chairs behind his desk—when I had sat down he said, "When do you go to Tuskegee, Ben?"

I didn't say anything right away. I didn't know how to begin. But at last I said, when he looked at me sort of curious, "I ain't come to see you about Tuskegee, Judge Tolliver, I come to see you about something else."

He said, "What about, Ben? You ain't in trouble, are you?"

"No, sir, Judge," I said. By this time my mouth was so dry I could hardly talk, but I managed to say, "It's about Miss Mary Lou."

"Miss Mary Lou? You mean Mrs. MacDonald, Ben? I didn't know you knew her."

I said, "Yes, sir, I been working for her."

"You have? Well, I declare." When he said this he looked sort of worried. Then he said, "Funny, the things you don't know." He drummed on the arm of his chair. Then he sort of braced himself, like he was afraid of what was coming, and said, "Well, Ben, what is it you want to tell me?"

I got it out, somehow, with him stopping me every now and then to straighten me out, asking me questions and making me go back over what I had said. But I did get it out, the whole story, and when I'd finished he sat for a long time looking at nothing. Then he said, "About the letter, Ben. You say she tore it up?" and when I nodded he looked across at me, and I knew something mighty important was coming from the way he looked when he said, "You say she tore up the letter. Now, Ben, what happened to it, the pieces, after she had torn it up?"

I said, "They laid on the back porch until I swept them up."

"What did you do with them?" He asked it quick.

"Threw them on the trash pile," I said, and soon as he heard what I said he leaned forward like somebody asking for something.

Then he said, sort of getting hold of himself, "Are they still there, the pieces? Would they still be there, Ben?"

I shook my head and said, "No, sir, I burnt them up."

It was just like I had reached across the desk and hit him. He slumped back in his chair and to look at him you would have thought he was going to cry. At last he said, half to me and half to himself, "That was the one thing she needed. Something to prove she was telling the truth, about something."

"I didn't know, Judge Tolliver, sir."

"Of course not, boy, of course not. I'm not blaming you. Don't think that for a minute." He managed to give me a smile when he said it. Then he got up and went to the window and stood there for a long time looking out. When he came back and sat down he said, "You want me to tell you what to do, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I come for."

"Nothing," he said, and when I looked surprised, "absolutely nothing." I started to say something, but he stopped me. He said, "Go to Tuskegee and make something of yourself, Ben. Forget about this business, or if you can't forget, put it behind you, and when you're old as I am you'll know I was right. Get out, get away."

I said, "I can't."

"You can't what?" His voice was sharp as a whip.

I said, "I can't go away and let them hang Miss Mary Lou for something she never done."

"They won't hang her, Ben," he said, "she'll get life imprisonment, but they won't hang her. You can take my word for that."

I said, "That'll be just as bad, Judge Tolliver, sir. Not for somebody else, but for Miss Mary Lou it'll be just as bad. No, sir, I can't keep my mouth shut any longer. I've tried, but I can't."

He didn't say anything for a long time. He tipped his chair back and sat there studying, not looking at me, not looking at anything. Then he said, "No, Ben, I'd never forgive myself if I let you go to Mr. Peacock and tell him what you've told me and he put you on the stand. And he would. He wouldn't know enough not to." Then he must have seen me looking stubborn as a mule, because he said, "You're a good boy, Ben," but when I shook my head again he leaned forward and put his hands on the desk and said, and his voice was hard and bitter, "It wouldn't do any good, not a particle of good. Know why? Because they wouldn't believe you. They'd believe you were lying, they'd believe you were paid to lie. They'd believe it because that's what they want to believe. And they'd never forgive you, not as long as you live. Every time they saw you they'd say to themselves, 'He was telling the truth,' and they'd hate you like poison. They'd hate you because even now they hate themselves, they can't even now live at peace with their own dirty mean little souls. And they'd welcome the chance to turn it all on you. No, Ben, they wouldn't believe you." He stopped and waited for me to say something, but I couldn't. I busted out crying. It was then he said, "Now, Ben, you're not to tell anybody, not a living soul, what you've told me."

I NEVER went to Tuskegee. Four or five days after sentence was passed Pa said to me, and it was more like a question, "You'll be in Tuskegee in another week, son."

I said, "I ain't going, Pa."

I can see him now, and that was forty years ago. I can see his tired face in the lamplight, with the tears coming out of his eyes and falling in big drops. But he didn't say a word. He never did say anything, and he never asked me why, never. I couldn't have told him, if he had.

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GIRL WITH A POETIC TOUCH

Continued from page 71

immediately and decided to listen to her in a scene from Romeo and Juliet. After a few yards of what should have been golden Shakespearean strands, Sam looked around in befuddlement and said: "What's she sayin'?"

This presented a pretty dilemma because if Sam didn't understand Cathy, Cathy didn't understand Sam, who talks in a strange way through his teeth. Sam, however, had the advantage of being in a position to state his case. He arranged for a screen test, then signed her to a contract before seeing it.

What Sam saw in Cathy is still a mystery. She was an infant and not pretty in the Hollywood sense. Her accent was frightening. But Goldwyn takes pride in his clairvoyance and set out to prove he knew a future star when he saw one. He sent her over to the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where she acted in studio plays and studied diction under Natasha Lytess. Then he shipped her off to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

She lived at the Barbizon, a hotel for women, in New York, and had nothing to distract her. She cried a great deal during these months and relieved herself with a spate of poetry to send to Sam. Her poetry makes up the bulk of the famous O'Donnell-Goldwyn correspondence.

SEEN IN A THREE-SIDED MIRROR

Note the suit which a man, growing older,
Has tailored, in very best taste:
Those are pads made of felt in the shoulder
That's the wearer, himself, in the waist.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Mr. Goldwyn said every time her poems were great and not to forget to wear her coat on autumn nights, which could be mighty cold at that season of the year in New York.

After six months it was decided Cathy should have acting experience, and it was discovered that the Goldwyn name was more potent in Hollywood than elsewhere. Even with letters from Miriam Howell, Goldwyn's representative in New York at the time Cathy had to make the customary rounds of casting offices. She finally got to Oscar Serlin, was hired for the second company of Life with Father, and toured the country after a run in Chicago.

"Coy" Role Was Too Boring

Cathy got bored with the job and kept up a constant plea with Mr. Goldwyn to get her out of it. To make the case even stronger, she enclosed a poem each time. "I am getting more coy every performance," she wrote, "and I think it would be better if I got into You Touched Me, which is by Tennessee Williams and he is a very poetic man and I would like to work for him."

She also wanted to change her name to "Lark." Mr. Goldwyn replied that her poems pleased him more each time but that "Lark" didn't really strike him favorably and she had better stick to Father.

When the season ended she started looking for stage jobs again and was getting nowhere when Goldwyn recalled her to Hollywood for what turned out to be The Best Years of Our Lives. Cathy played the wife of the handless veteran, Harold Russell. She considers him one of the great characters in history.

"I don't want to sound sappy," she says, "but he has a—a saintlike quality. He must have been that way even before he lost his hands. Everybody who met him felt better about the world."

When this picture was done Cathy O'Donnell went back to studying. Farley Granger returned from the wars, and he and Cathy read and rehearsed together, all part of the Goldwyn grooming of his new stars.

The idea of teaming them in They Live By Night was Granger's and not Goldwyn's. Granger had the role and worked on it with Cathy as part of their study course. RKO had another girl in mind for the part and Granger did a screen test with her. He then suggested that they might like to try Cathy.

"I had to pretend I'd never seen the script before," says Cathy. "I guess that wasn't quite accurate."

Murder Finances Honeymoon

The plot concerns a young punk (Granger) who has broken out of prison with two older thugs and meets the girl (Cathy) in his travels. They fall in love, get married and hope for a better life—but his ambitions in this regard are complicated by the fact that he engages in another bank holdup and murder to get the money for his honeymoon.

The remarkable thing is how the spectator acquires a rooting interest for the young man, although there is never any chance that fate will excuse him. He and Cathy strive desperately to hide away and enjoy their few weeks of happiness. The authorities close in on him and he is killed. It is strong, heart-warming fare despite the aura of murder, violence and waywardness.

Despite her Irish name, Cathy is of French, English and German stock. Like so many Hollywood actresses she is the product of a divided family, her mother and father separating when she was quite young. Last April she eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, with Robert Wyler, returned to Hollywood and spoke of an annulment, made up, separated and finally decided to make it work. Bulletins will be issued on this at intervals.

No matter what happens she works on her acting and writes her poems. There is the threat that a book of these will be published in the near future but the effect on her acting career will probably be very slight. The number of movie-ticket buyers who read poetry is infinitesimal.

What she brings to the screen is a quality of sincerity quite rare among the young beauties who labor in the cinematic factories. Goldwyn, who operated the famous Vilma Banky-Ronald Colman team in the past, was guiding the O'Donnell-Granger duo with great astuteness when the blowup came. He was putting them into red-meat dramas far removed from the saccharine young love epics of yore.

And now it is all over. Cathy finally got around to the interview with David Selznick that had been skipped years before and will be appearing in due course in The Greatest Show on Earth, a circus story utilizing the resources of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey, Inc.

It was a great thing while it lasted. Cathy learned a lot from Goldwyn, and he learned something from Cathy. Sam learned a lot of poetry.

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THE IMPUDENT RIFLE

Continued from page 23

day with an ax should not be required to polish his breastplate and stand inspection.

All in all it was a good camp. Royall had made it so, and he took pride in it now as he had at this hour on other nights.

"Good night, Sergeant," he said.

"Good night, sir."

Tramping to his bed, Royall thought that but for Hogue these would have been the most satisfying two months of his life.

SERGEANT TAYLOR put his dab of honey in a bakepan and held it over the coals until it melted and bubbled. He stirred a small flame and tipped his pan, letting the flame touch the honey until it filled the morning air with its pungent odor of burnt sugar.

"Now she's primed," he said. "Grab a bucket or a pot, you men, and don't forget the axes."

He carried the pan of honey out from the trees of the camp to the edge of the clearing and set it down there. The men trooped behind. They were full of good humor, aiming rough gibes at Taylor for wasting the last of the honey and laughing at Capper, the smallest man in the camp, for lugging a large wooden bucket. But every man carried a container as well as his rifle, Royall noticed, except Hogue.

Taylor set the honey pan on the ground. He stationed two of the men on the horses a dozen feet away. Royall hunkered beside him, sniffing the honey a little hungrily.

"Why did you burn it?" he asked.

"Well, sir, now, I couldn't rightly say. But this is the way my pa always did it, and if there was a bee in the country it fetched him—hey, you horsemen! Come alive! We've got one!"

Sure enough, a bee had alighted on the pan and was working hungrily at the edge of the honey. The men crowded around eagerly and a warning shout went up as the bee flew off.

"I see him!" yelled one of the horsemen, and both horses raced away in pursuit. The men on foot raced after them. Taylor delayed only long enough to grab his honey pan, then he and Royall ran too.

When they caught up after a quarter of a mile the men were gathered beneath a large dead oak, and axes were ringing. Royall could see bees flying unconcernedly in and out of an opening thirty feet up.

The oak came crashing down, splintering as it struck. After a moment the bees swarmed out in an angry cloud. Taylor and Capper stepped to the trunk with their smoking faggots while everyone else stood motionless. The bees retreated submissively and the men rushed in. It was a big haul. Great stores of honey lay exposed in the open trunk, some of the combs white and clean and new, some blackened with age. The men attacked it with spoons and pocketknives and bare hands, eating their fill before giving a thought to the containers.

Hogue, sitting astride the trunk, called to Capper, "Hey, Capper, gimme half the room in yer bucket."

"I lugged it here," said Capper. "You shoulda fotched your own."

"I'll help you lug it back," said Hogue.

"You'll not," said Capper.

Royall saw Hogue's face harden, and started toward him as Hogue dipped his cupped hands into the trunk and brought them up brimming and dripping with honey. But Royall was not quick enough.

Hogue flung the honey full into Capper's face, following through with his big hand until it struck the smaller man and sent him sprawling.

Sergeant Taylor, standing on the other side of the tree, grabbed Hogue's left leg as Hogue reached, laughing, for the bucket. Taylor jerked the leg upward, throwing Hogue off the trunk and dumping him hard on his back at Royall's feet.

Hogue looked up at Royall through a moment of sheer surprise. Then, bellowing a curse, he rolled to his stomach and started to push himself up. Royall jammed the heel of his boot against the man's ribs and thrust with the full strength of his leg. Hogue sprawled again on his back.

"Lie there, Hogue!" Royall commanded.

Hogue lay motionless, blinking his hatred. Taylor scrambled over the trunk to stand beside Royall.

"Take his rifle," directed Royall. To the man on the ground he said, "You're under arrest. Get up and return to camp."

Hogue came slowly to his feet. He sent one ugly, defiant glare at Royall before he turned and sauntered down the creek bed.

Watching him, Royall felt a baffled fury. It was such sheer, bullying wantonness. Now this day which had begun so well was ruined. And now Royall would be forced to punish him. This was too brazen to let pass with only a reprimand.

The men returned to the honey, quietly because the boisterous good humor had gone from them. Not more than two minutes had passed when a long hallooing call came from Hogue. It was repeated after a few seconds' pause, and there was clearly a summons in the sound of it.

"He's found something," said Taylor.

"Come on," said Royall. "If he's doing this without reason, God help him."

THEY came on Hogue not more than a hundred yards down the creek bed, standing over the body of a small black bear. Blood still oozed from the animal's ribs where steaks had been cut from it. The shaft of an arrow, broken in the bear's dying violence, hung from its shoulder. Taylor squatted to examine the arrow, felt of the animal's warm body, then scanned the ground, walking twenty yards down the creek bed before he was satisfied. When he came back his face was grave, his eyes sharp.

"It ain't an Osage arrow," he said. "And I ain't seen a Cherokee or Creek hunt with a bow in ten years. And anyway, they were in here when we come up to the bee tree. They seen us and laid low, and I'd sure like to know why, lessen they was Pawnees or maybe even Comanches."

"How many?" asked Royall.

"Five, I make it. Anyway, five horses."

"Have the Pawnees or Comanches ever come this far east before?"

"The Comanches ain't, that I ever heard of," said Taylor soberly. "But I ain't surprised if they have, neither. They's somethin' been workin' on this whole frontier, Lieutenant. 'Tain't nothin' you can put your finger on, but there's trouble in it."

"I'm going after them with the horses," Royall decided. "If they're traveling deeper into the Cherokee country, we've got to give what warning we can."

Taylor would have to remain in charge of the detachment. Royall looked about to choose a man to go with him. His eye fell on Hogue.

"You, Hogue. Get your rifle and mount."

Taylor came to the side of Royall's horse. "They ain't too much difference between a Pawnee and a Comanche," he said, "and either one'll come after your hair if he thinks he's got the odds. But you'll want to know. The Comanche's

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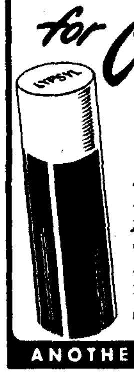

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small and rides his horse better, and he's usually loaded down with silver gewgaws the Spaniards traded him. I can't tell you any more about him because the Army ain't never fought Comanches."

"Thank you, Sergeant. Post pickets when you reach camp. I'm not going to get into a fight if I can help it."

With Hogue at his side, Royall rode out of the creek and its narrow band of trees onto meadowland. The grass was tall and seared by the summer sun.

Royall's only hope was to catch sight of them, to determine their direction and follow them if he could. He halted at the top of the ridge, Hogue pulling up silently beside him. They took several minutes to search the country, finding no movement.

"Come on," Royall said, glancing at Hogue. He surprised a thoughtful stare that Hogue was holding steadily upon him.

Royall aimed at the high-point of the next ridge, dismounting well short of its crest. They walked their horses into the growth of post oak that lay sparsely along the ridge's shoulder, tethered there and moved on afoot. At length they stretched full on the ground with a view before them of the next ridge and a stretch of the river on their left.

IT WAS a long wait. Royall had about concluded that he had guessed wrong when Hogue issued a warning grunt. A horseman rode out of timber to their right front. Another followed, and another and another until there were five. They picked their way alertly along the slope of the ridge, moving single file at a walk.

"Comanches, if you can believe the sergeant," said Hogue.

Royall murmured assent, watching the repeated flashes of reflected sun from ornaments on both riders and horses. They were at about five hundred yards, much too far for a shot. But he had no thought of the rifle cradled in front of him. He was not here to fight Comanches, and he had no evidence that they were raiding. He lay motionless, excited and delighted, as the Indians dropped off the slope, kicked their horses into a run and covered the exposed ground to the edge of the river's thick woods. Then they halted, milling about and searching back the way they came before plunging into the woods. A few minutes later they appeared on the far side of the river, moving west at a run.

"We'll follow," said Royall. He started to rise. Hogue's open hand slid across in front of his face. "Hogue! What the—" The heel of Hogue's hand caught the cock of Royall's rifle, chopping it back to firing position. Even as Royall divined his intention the hand found the trigger and the rifle roared.

The buttstock struck Royall's shoulder and caromed stunningly against his jaw beneath the ear. His arms beneath him gave way. He fell with his face against the earth, momentarily blinded by the blow and the pain. Dimly he heard a second roar as Hogue fired his own rifle.

Pure instinct made him roll violently away from Hogue and saved him for the moment. For Hogue lunged heavily across with a hunting knife in his left fist, bringing it down where Royall's shoulder had been an instant before.

Royall came first to his feet, reaching for his own knife and finding it gone. He stepped a long step back, still held by astonishment and a disbelief that this was happening. Hogue rose too, a knife in each hand. He threw Royall's knife far down the slope, then shifted his own to his right hand, holding it hip high.

"Drop that knife, Hogue!"

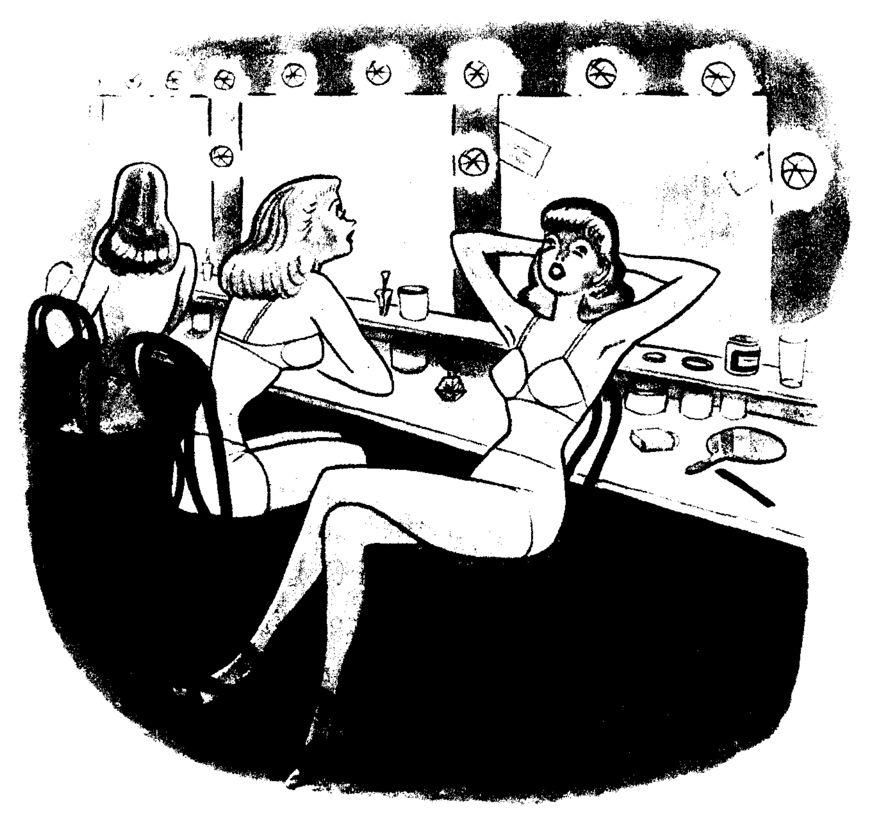
Hogue spat without answer, and as he came forward Royall gave ground. The bleak thought worked through him that Doctor Clausen had been wrong. But Hogue would desert, if he could satisfy his hate by killing an officer first.

"It won't work, Hogue. They'll track you down and shoot you wherever they find you. Drop that knife, man."

Hogue's lips shaped into a mirthless grin. His left hand reached into the waistband of his nankeens and pulled forth an arrow that had lain against his thigh. It was the twin of the broken arrow in the bear. So there had been two arrows in the animal.

"No, Lieutenant," he gibed. "They won't look for Hogue boy. They'll find this in yer throat and yer scalp gone. They'll say, 'Poor Mr. Royall, but at least that Hogue got his'n too, and let 'im rot, wherever he is.' No, they won't look for Hogue boy."

He lunged at the last words, his big arms hooked out before him. Royall



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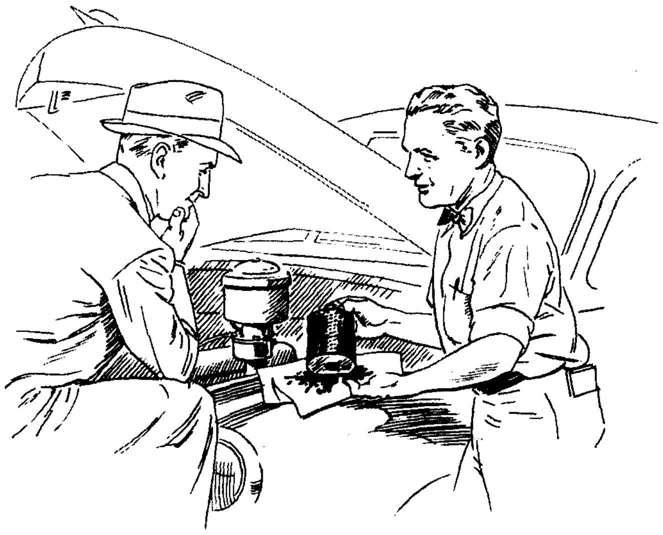

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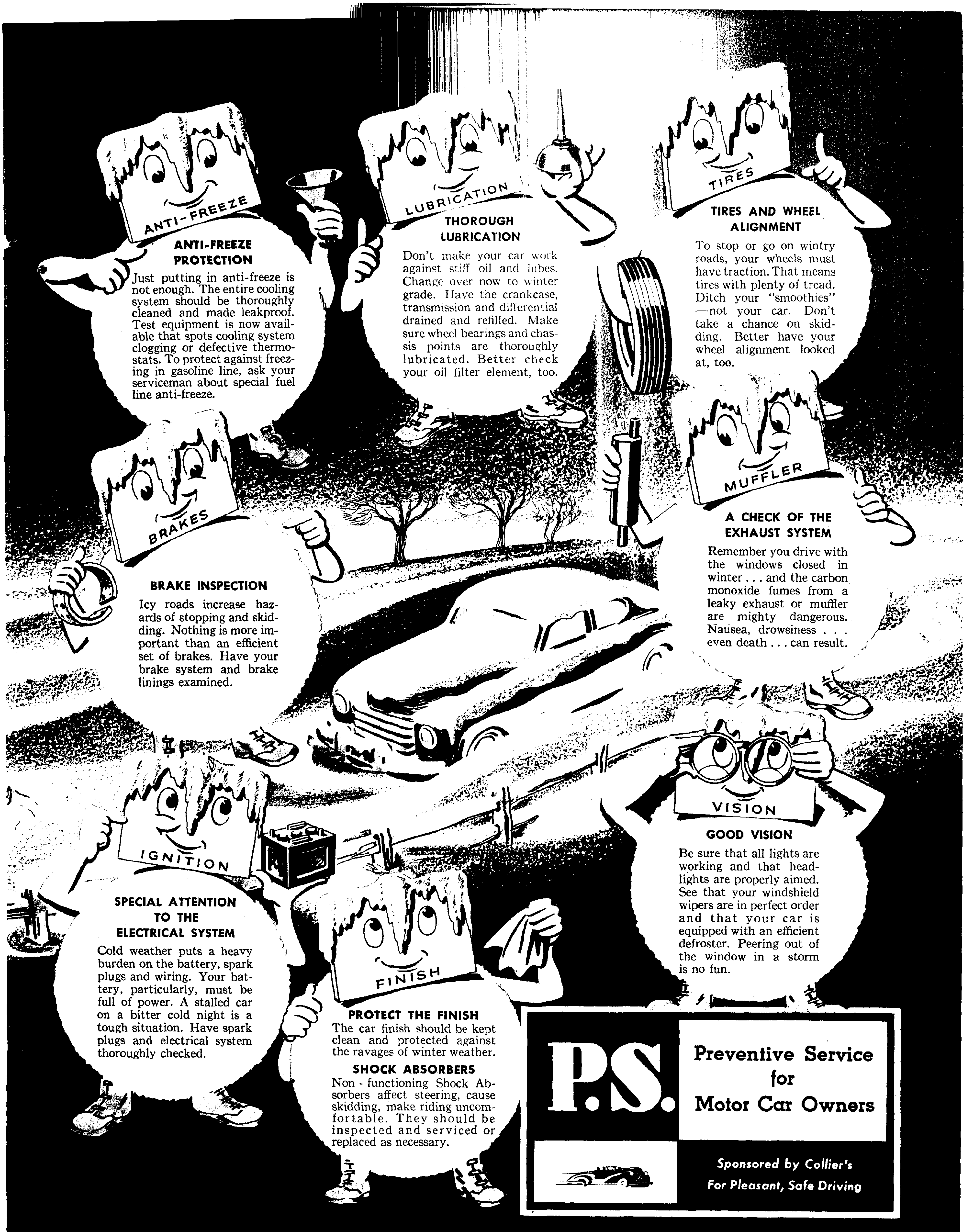
Well, how about it? Here we are right on the threshold of winter. Once again the time has come for winter car care. And once again Collier's, in the interest of safe, trouble-free driving, reminds... yes, urges you to visit your service man right away. Why not do it today? Have him render the Preventive Service for winter that Collier's suggests. Then just sit back and relax. Your car will be able to "take it"... and you will have peace of mind.



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Just putting in anti-freeze is not enough. The entire cooling system should be thoroughly cleaned and made leakproof. Test equipment is now available that spots cooling system clogging or defective thermostats. To protect against freezing in gasoline line, ask your serviceman about special fuel line anti-freeze.

THOROUGH LUBRICATION

Don't make your car work against stiff oil and lubes. Change over now to winter grade. Have the crankcase, transmission and differential drained and refilled. Make sure wheel bearings and chassis points are thoroughly lubricated. Better check your oil filter element, too.

TIRES AND WHEEL ALIGNMENT

To stop or go on wintry roads, your wheels must have traction. That means tires with plenty of tread. Ditch your "smoothies" —not your car. Don't take a chance on skidding. Better have your wheel alignment looked at, too.

BRAKE INSPECTION

Icy roads increase hazards of stopping and skidding. Nothing is more important than an efficient set of brakes. Have your brake system and brake linings examined.

A CHECK OF THE EXHAUST SYSTEM

Remember you drive with the windows closed in winter . . . and the carbon monoxide fumes from a leaky exhaust or muffler are mighty dangerous. Nausea, drowsiness . . . even death . . . can result.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE ELECTRICAL SYSTEM

Cold weather puts a heavy burden on the battery, spark plugs and wiring. Your battery, particularly, must be full of power. A stalled car on a bitter cold night is a tough situation. Have spark plugs and electrical system thoroughly checked.

PROTECT THE FINISH

The car finish should be kept clean and protected against the ravages of winter weather.

SHOCK ABSORBERS

Non - functioning Shock Absorbers affect steering, cause skidding, make riding uncomfortable. They should be inspected and serviced or replaced as necessary.

GOOD VISION

Be sure that all lights are working and that headlights are properly aimed. See that your windshield wipers are in perfect order and that your car is equipped with an efficient defroster. Peering out of the window in a storm is no fun.

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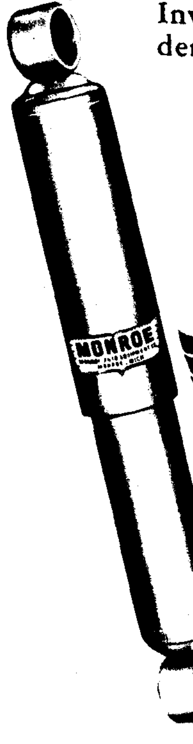


danced quickly back. Just in time his eyes caught the green of foliage above his head and he leaped to his right, back-stepping again, but Hogue came against the tree trunk with a grunt, swung around it and lost momentum. That was why he had lunged, to pin Royall against the unseen tree and drive home the knife.

Royall ached to throw a quick glance behind him. He could not go on giving ground like this, for he was certain to lose his footing. And he had to stay on the uneven crest. If he turned down either side of the ridge, Hogue would be above him. Blood ran warmly down his neck, telling him the buttstock had torn his ear.

"I tell you it won't work, Hogue! Taylor can read sign," Royall said. "He'll know the Comanches never came up this ridge."

"Then I'll lug you down to the river and dump you where there is Comanche sign," Hogue growled. "I ain't turnin' back now."

THE coolness of controlled fury was returning to Royall. Behind Hogue, in the tree Hogue had collided against, he saw a broken and leafless limb not more than seven feet off the ground. It was dead and dry and thick as his forearm, and it would snap off for a club if he could reach it. But he had to get around Hogue.

"When you gonna run, Beauty Boy?" goaded Hogue. "Run, Lieutenant. Run and I'll throw this knife clean through yer backbone."

"I'm not going to run, Hogue," Royall answered. He side-stepped to his right, but Hogue turned as quickly. "I'm going to stay here and break your damned neck."

He side-stepped once more and Hogue plunged in, leaping spraddle-legged, a hoarse bellow exploding out of him. Royall saw the knife flashing in an upward arc as he leaped back. He thought it would miss him and he was already reaching for the wrist behind it when he felt a slashing pain across his lower ribs.

His fingers found the wrist as the knife completed its arc, and he hung on, grabbing the forearm with his other hand. He strained forward and down against the arm, at the same time crashing the weight of his body against Hogue. His quickness caught the heavier man off balance, but Hogue would not go down so easily. He stumbled sideways, holding to his feet, hunching his head down and battering it against Royall's mouth.

The agony of it was still grinding against Royall's skull when he felt a blow against the point of his right shoulder and then a searing pain there. There came to him a bleared memory of the arrow that had been in Hogue's left fist.

He dropped his left shoulder lower and lunged with a supreme effort of muscular will, feeling Hogue fall and falling with him and rolling over and beyond him.

It seemed to him that he struggled to his feet with a terrible slowness. But when they were under him at last and he started running toward the tree, Hogue had just come to his knees.

Royall leaped at the dead limb, grasping it with both hands and hearing the clean crack of it as his weight brought it down. He stumbled on for several steps, fighting for balance and expecting the knife in his back at every step. When finally he swung around, Hogue was upon him, driving heavily at him again with the knife still in his fist.

Royall brought his club down in a short, one-armed blow, feeling it strike and seeing the knife spin away, and giving ground again as Hogue's drive carried him on. He heard Hogue's grunt of pain and saw the man's thumb laying across his palm at a crazy angle. Fighting instinct possessed Royall wholly now. He swung the club over his head and down at Hogue's skull. Hogue jerked up his right arm before his face, trying for the first time to give ground. The dry and decayed wood of the club splintered against Hogue's forearm, but not before there came a crack of broken bone that twisted the arm as crazily as the thumb.

Royall ran against him, knocking him sprawling. Hogue rolled slowly over, coming to his knees and trying to lift himself with his good arm. He was still on one knee when Royall's boot thudded against his temple. He sank to the ground with a moan and did not move again.

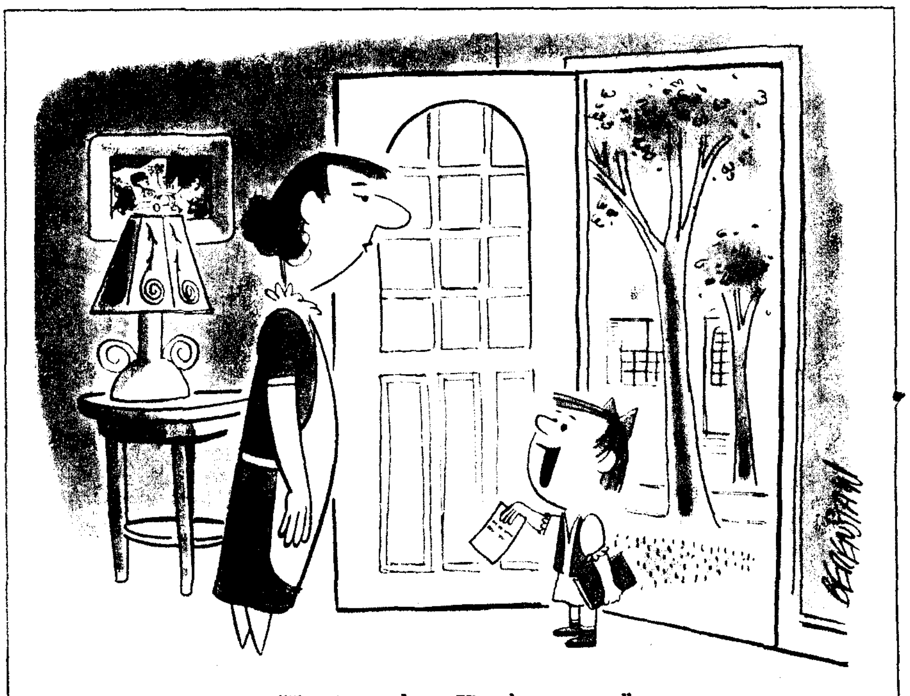
Royall found the knife, walked very deliberately to his rifle, and sat down hard. He was a long time reloading, and a longer time searching the empty reaches of the river with vision blurred by exhaustion. After that he lay back, staring up at the sky for many minutes without thought.

A LONG time later Royall rode into camp with the conscious Hogue slumped in the saddle beside him. Sergeant Taylor came running.

The sergeant stopped between the horses, looking from Royall's bloody shirt to Hogue's arm.

"They were Comanches," said Royall, "and they have crossed back over the river. We did not fight them."

"Ahhh," said Taylor, and there was thunder in his face as he settled a stare



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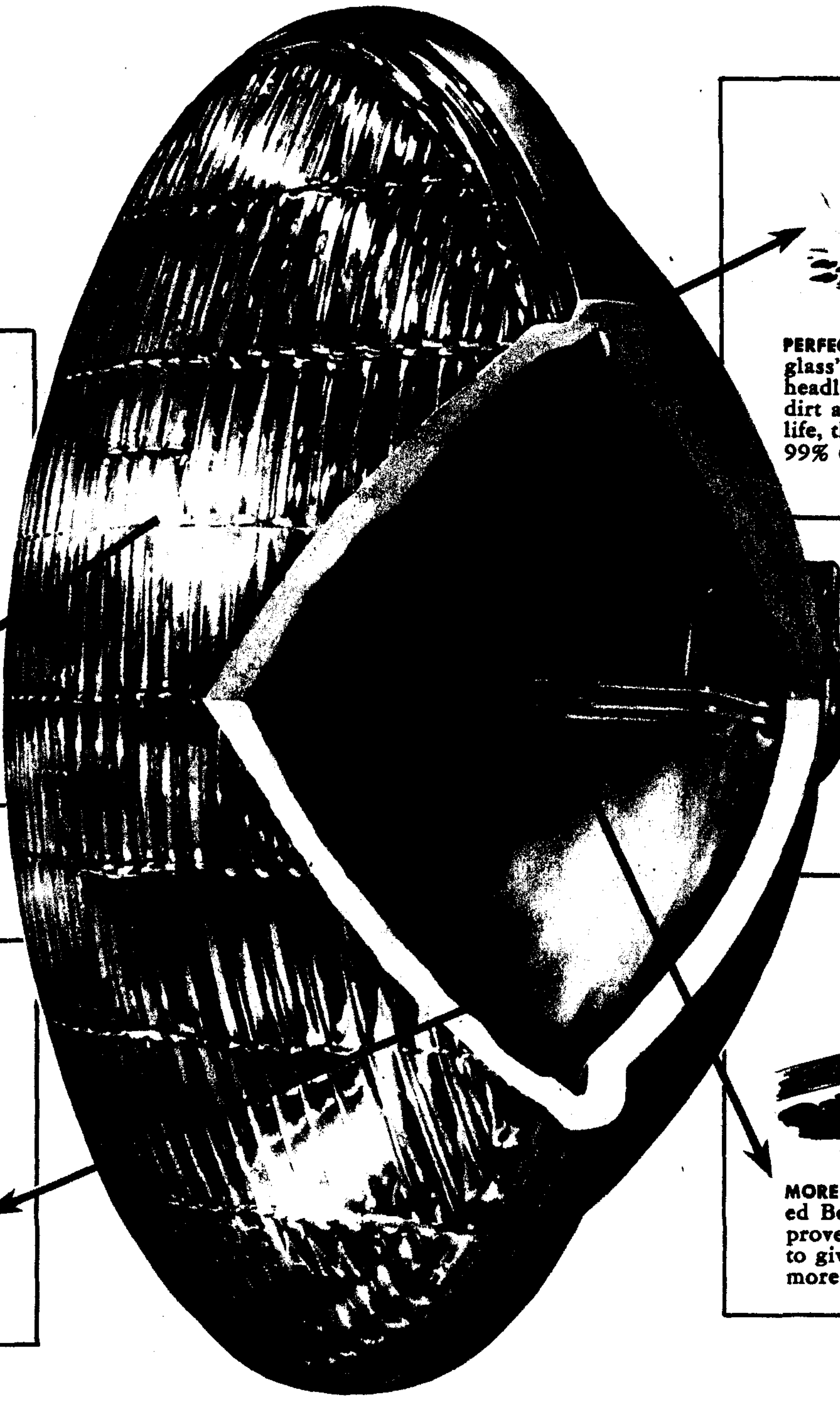

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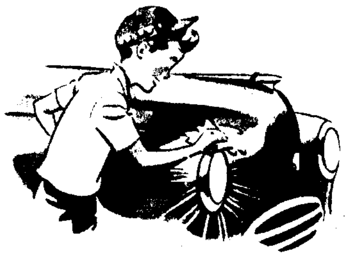

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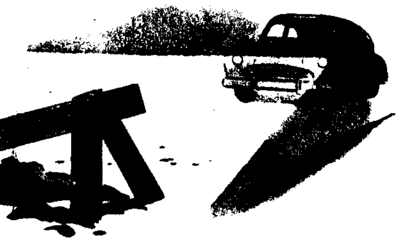

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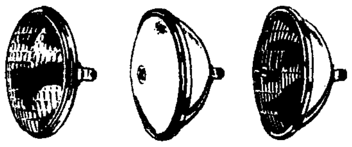

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on Hogue. "Then you will want leg chains for this one."

"No, Sergeant. Splint his arm and confine him to camp."

Taylor looked steadily at the ground, scratching the side of his corded neck. It was as near a gesture of open disapproval as Royall would ever see the sergeant make. But Taylor said no more on that. There was, however, another matter.

"The supply wagon came. Summer sickness is bad at the fort. They couldn't spare men for an escort. One man brought the wagon through."

"I'll see him later."

"He said Miss Sprague ast him to tell you. Mr. Donnell has been bad sick but is some better."

"Thank you, Sergeant."

Stretched on his back later, his wounds washed and his hunger for bread satisfied, Royall felt the sleep of exhaustion overtaking him. But he had to tidy up this long day first, and he called Taylor to him again.

"You will go pick up the Comanche trail tomorrow and follow as far as you feel it safe," he said. "Then I will have to send a report to Gibson."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't want to mention Hogue in that report, Sergeant. I can't stop the men from talking, nor will I try. But if they talk in the wrong place, I'll have to answer sooner or later to the commanding officer. It's up to them."

Taylor met Royall's eyes steadily. "There's men here that 'ud send Hogue to hell for a gull of whisky, sir. But there's none here that wouldn't take the lash before he'd stand you before the major."

MAJOR TRAUT entered the empty sutlery, rapped the side of a barrel with his knuckles and strode around the room impatiently until Harriet Ollers came through the passageway.

"Your father has returned," he said abruptly. "Harriet, you must go see him."

She shook her head slowly. "He will come here."

Traut crossed to her, his movement quick and threatening. She remained immobile as he stopped before her, gazing angrily down.

"This can't go on," he said. "I'm going to stop it. Now. It has lost any meaning it ever had."

"Not for me. Or for my father."

"Damn you!" he shouted. He flung both hands to her shoulders, digging into them with his fingers, thrusting her away from him and glaring at her. She held her smile as she met his eyes, her own eyes darkly smoldering. He pulled her against him violently. His mouth crushed down upon hers, his lips hard and furious and demanding. She closed her eyes. Her arms went half about him.

Only his hands moved. His fingers, thin and hard, dug into her shoulder blades, into her ribs, into the small of her back.

As the finger tips bit into her, her body went suddenly slack. She forced her head back against the pressure of his fingers at her neck, then dropped it forward to his chest. Her fists beat against his sides. She worked one arm forward and up between them, striking small but fierce blows at his jaw, his eye and his temple. Harriet fought silently, almost methodically, and when she saw the wildness die from his eyes she stopped her blows even before he dropped his arms.

"One day," she said, "I will kill you if you do not kill me first."

He answered with the unevenness of an anger again riding out of control, "I am going to give your father permission to take you back with him. By force."

"My father does not ask your permission for anything," she answered contemptuously. "He uses you, as he uses everybody else."

His right arm came up swiftly, and he struck her cheek with his clenched fist as he would a man. She swayed from the force of the blow but she continued to stand before him, watching inscrutably the fury of pride work in his face.

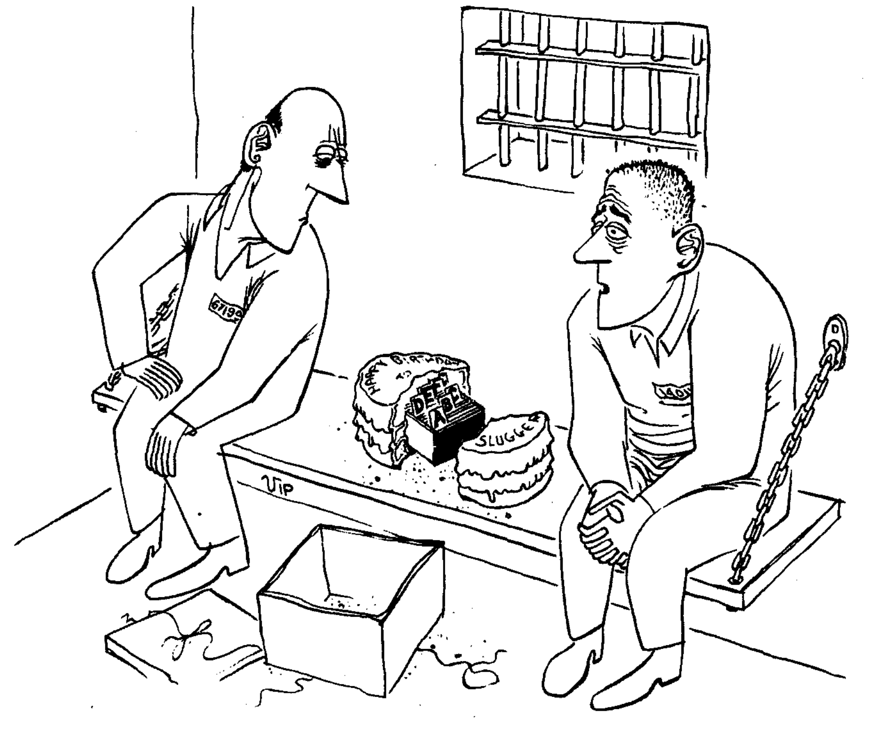
"I have told you never to do that again," she said with distant and perfect calm. "I am not your slave, and I am not one of your soldiers."

"I command here," he ground out, "and I take orders from no one." He stopped, fighting visibly for mastery of himself.

When he went on, his voice was a little quieter: "You are the only hold your father has on me. You're helping your father, not punishing him, by this crazy refusal to get married. If you'll marry me, I'll order him out of here within the hour."

"Order him out now."

"You know what would happen. I would be relieved of command as soon as he could get word to Washington. I



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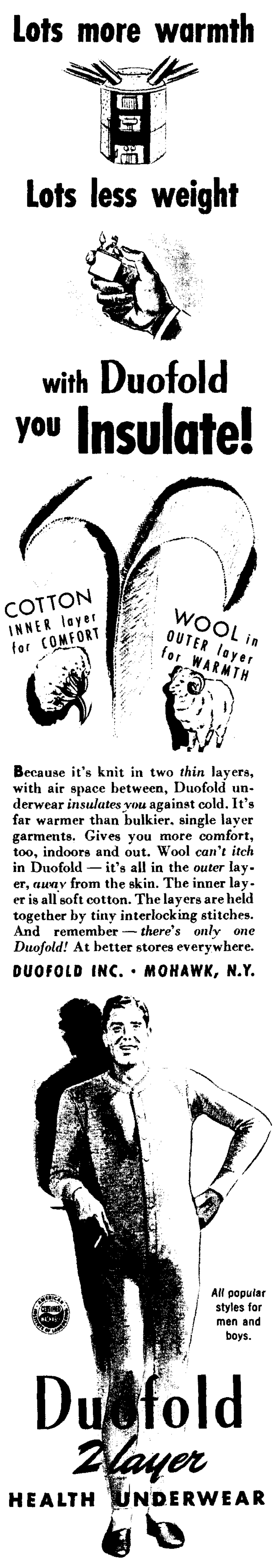

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would have to go—and you would still be here."

"It wouldn't make any difference if I married you. He would still force you out."

"Ah. But then you would be my wife. We would go together." He took her hands. His tone became urgent: "I'll leave the Army, Harriet. We'll get away from this heat and scum and stupidity. I have an income. We'll go to Vienna and study music together." His voice rose higher, exultant with the dream of his plea. "I should have been a gentleman violinist, a composer. I'll be one now. And you'll be the most beautiful woman in Vienna, in all of Europe. Harriet! Don't shake your head. You know you love me!"

"I have never said I loved you."

"But you do. Harriet, you've given me everything but—"

"I've given you nothing," she said remorselessly. "If I gave myself to you or any man, I would cease to belong to my father."

The bite of despair came into his voice: "I was wrong about your mind being pagan. You have a pagan body. But your mind is a witch."

Her laughter beat up at him. "Perhaps that is why we are drawn to each other," she said. "For you are a martinet, you know. You have no more heart than one of the rotting logs in your fort. The martinet and the witch."

Traut stared straight ahead of him, his eyes on her but not seeing her. The violence had died out of him. He began to smile a little. "Cruel, am I? That young Royall is due back tonight. I think he has learned now that there has to be a little cruelty in every commander."

"Don't be too sure," she said, smiling, "He will come to me again."

"He won't have the opportunity. I shall find another assignment for him."

She said slowly, "I think I want to see him again," and watched detachedly the quick blaze of jealous hate in his eyes.

TRAUT wheeled out of the sutlery and walked with his rapid, imperative stride through the warm night to the west gate. The sergeant's guard recognized his voice from his sharp response to the challenge, and stood stiffly as he passed through.

Entering his headquarters he turned the lampwick high and placed it on the tabletop before the big chair. He sat down, thrusting his body back. This chair had been designed and made to the order of Colonel Arbuckle, to encompass and support his big body. It swallowed Traut.

When Frank Ollers walked into the room, only Traut's head turned to acknowledge the other's presence. Ollers seated himself beside the table, pulling comfortably at one of his thin, black cigars.

"A good dinner," he said idly. "Beth Sprague knows how to do things with your commissary slop."

Traut regarded him steadily, not replying.

"The Spragues will be leaving you for a few weeks," he continued. "He has to come to Little Rock to open bids on the Choctaw removal."

Traut said with abrupt curiosity, "How many bids?"

"You know the answer to that," said Ollers. "One bid. Mine. The specifications call for assembly of the Choctaw at Vicksburg, their transfer by steamboat to Little Rock, and from there to the new country by wagon train. Who else has both steamboats and wagon trains?"

"Who wrote the specifications?"

Ollers' smile broadened. "Stop insinuating, Ed. This was the logical route. And the cheapest. Even Sprague could see that by himself."

"And I can see by myself," growled Traut, "that you have always been too damned anxious to move 'em. You made that trip to Washington in the spring to make sure you'd have Sprague under your thumb before he got here."

"Of course I did. When you do business, there's only one way to do it. Do it right. But that wasn't the only reason I went, Ed. When you run the politics of a territory you always have matters to attend to in Washington." He paused and looked full at Traut as he added meaningfully, "For instance, sometimes you have to insist that the Army protect your people."

Traut met the gaze, his mouth tightening. But he pursued the subject he had started. "Sprague was suspicious of the Army when he arrived here. He's a pompous fool who likes to think he's running things. But there was no reason for his being dead set against us. Somebody planted that in him."

Ollers seemed to be enjoying himself. He asked affably, "What's eating on you, Ed?"

"I think you know," said Traut. He leaned forward. "Sprague has called a big council here for right after the first rains. All the plains tribes and the immigrant nations. Even bringing out an advance delegation of Choctaw from Mississippi. Going to make big peace talk. Settle everything for all time. And he has ordered me"—Traut's voice climbed angrily—"ordered me, mind you, to make no show of military strength."

"I know." Ollers nodded. "He told me tonight. But I had nothing to do with it. What are you going to do?"

"Do? Sprague is commissioner to the Choctaw West. You and he can move them without Army help and be damned to you. But he is not responsible for order on this frontier. I am, and when an Indian council is held on this post I'll decide whether I need to make a show of force."

"Right, Major. I'll back you up."

"I need none of your help," snapped Traut.

Ollers removed the cigar from his mouth with a careful deliberation. His eyes smoothed away to blankness. At length he said softly, "How many men did you lose this summer?"

Traut examined the question before answering, showing his faint puzzlement. "Twenty-six," he said.

"A confoundedly unhealthy place, I'd say."

"What are you driving at?"

"The Arkansas legislature has petitioned the War Department to abandon Fort Gibson and return the regiment to Fort Johnson. It was a mistake ever to move out here. The people of Arkansas are tired of being plundered by thieving Cherokee and Creeks. Now's the time to stop it, before the Choctaw get out here and make it worse. We want this regiment back in Arkansas to give us the protection we're entitled to."

"There has been no raiding into Arkansas," said Traut coldly.

OLLERS leaned forward until his bulk towered over the other man. His voice was level and unemotional: "You're going to send a detachment at once back to Fort Johnson to survey the old buildings and make estimates on reconstruction costs. Then you will forward those estimates to Washington, together with a letter recommending reoccupation on the grounds that this place is unfit for human life."

Traut left his place and moved around the other side of the table.

"You are under arrest," he barked. "You will remain free of custody but outside the pickets until morning. You will leave at daylight under escort until you cross the line."

"Of course," Ollers said. "And I close the sutlery and my family goes with me."

"No!"

"Come now, Major. You wouldn't use military force to take a free citizen's only daughter from him, would you?" The sarcasm left Ollers' voice, and it lashed at Traut like a heavy whip, "I wouldn't be satisfied to take your command from you. I'd have you cashiered and thrown in prison. And not a man in the Army would stand to testify for you. You haven't a friend left, Ed Traut, if you turn against me."

Traut's fist came up from the table. For a long minute he fought to free himself as from a transfixion, and to hit that mocking face. Then the hand dropped and he collapsed into the big chair.

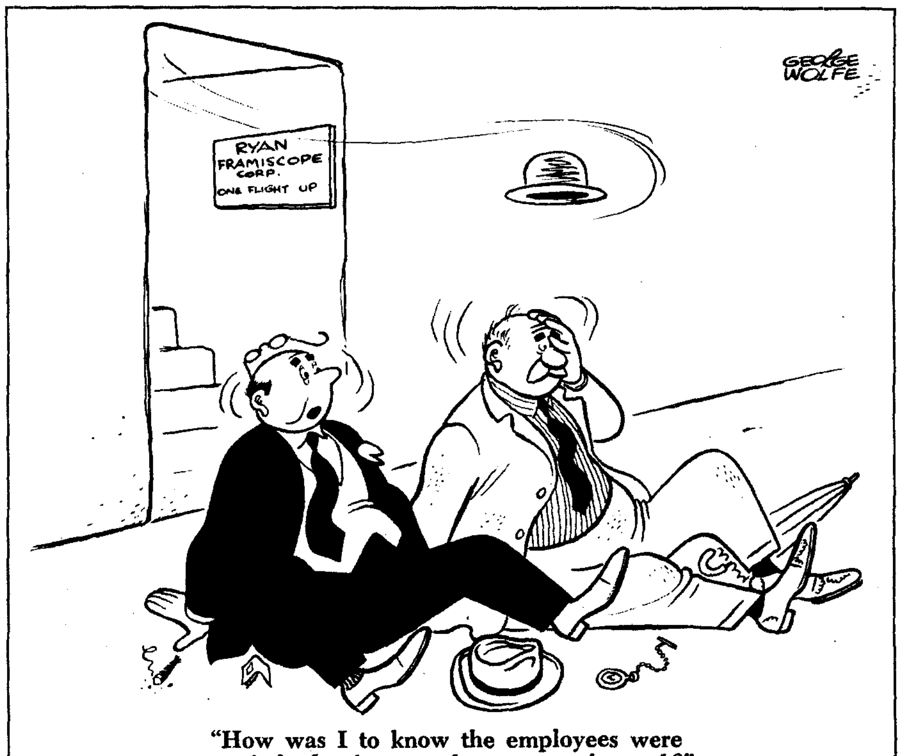
"Harriet must not go," he muttered.

Ollers gazed down at him, showing neither pity nor triumph. "I want my daughter back in my house on my terms," he growled. "If this garrison is returned to Arkansas, the sutlery and Harriet will have to return with it."

Traut's head came up. He said, incredulously, "You would move a whole regiment just to get your daughter back?"

"I would move the whole Army to get her back if I could. And when I do—" His voice rumbled away into nothing.

A new thought came to Traut, restoring life to his face. "You haven't dared for two years to take her from here by



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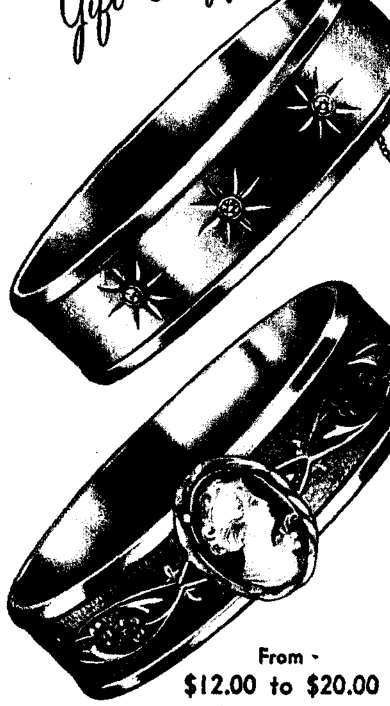

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force. You don't dare now. The garrison stays here. And Harriet stays here. You can't cut it, Ollers."

Ollers brought his attention gradually back to Traut, as if reluctant to abandon the reverie. "Why haven't you been able to take Harriet away from me before now?"

Traut answered sullenly, "How do you know that I haven't?"

Ollers laughed. "I told you she's my daughter. I'll know it if she ever gives herself to any man to defy me. And that man won't have her long. The Indian in her will take hold of her then. She'll be a common slut and go to every man that reaches for her."

"Stop it!" It was a cry of agony. Traut brought his hands together hard. "Harriet loves me," he said. "She'll marry me when this madness is gone from her. I must have the right to call at your house."

"Show some sense, man. If you can win her, then she's yours. But you'll leave the Army first. I won't have a soldier for a son-in-law."

Hope flared in Traut, lifting his shoulders and bringing him forward in the chair. "Fevers and flux," he said cautiously. "An evil vapor out of the canebrakes. Half a regiment in the graveyard. It's true. I could urge that. But I couldn't recommend abandonment of this post on military grounds."

"I haven't asked you to."

"But the military consideration placed us here. A primary duty of this post is to protect the immigrant Indians from hostiles. Colonel Arbuckle even proposed last year that he establish garrisons still farther to the southwest."

"Colonel Arbuckle is taking the waters in Virginia."

"His recommendations are on file. That busybody Clausen writes to him by every mail too, and thinks I don't know it."

OLLERS said impatiently, "To hell with military considerations! That's the War Department's business. Is the Army going to protect a lot of thieving Indians from one another, or protect the white citizens of Arkansas? That's what the War Department has to decide, and I tell you I know how it'll decide."

"There are three thousand Cherokee here now, and about that many Creeks. You'll get three to five thousand Choctaw moved out this winter. Say ten thousand all told, scattered between the Arkansas line and the plains. The Osages don't like them. And the plains are swarming with Comanches and Pawnee Picts that'll take a red scalp as quick as they would take yours. If we pull back into Arkansas, there'll be bloody decimation in this country."

Ollers sucked his cigar tip into a fiery glow and stared at it with absent concentration. "Bloody decimation," he rumbled slowly, "and all of 'em red heathens. It could happen." His jaws clamped down on the cigar with savage satisfaction. "By the Lord Harry, it could happen!"

Traut threw his head back, studying Ollers with the sharpness of dawning comprehension. "You want that, don't you?" he said slowly. "You want that as much as you want Harriet back under your roof. Maybe more."

"I've told you what I want," growled Ollers.

Traut continued as if he had not heard, "No. Not more. They are two sides of the same thing. You blame Harriet's Indian blood for what she's doing to you. That's it. You hate it. With a passion you hate it. You—" he hesitated, astonished at the conclusion to which his comprehension inevitably led him. "Yes, you would. You'd wipe out every Indian on this frontier if you could."

"Careful, Traut." Ollers' tone was deadly.

Traut smiled a little. "Now we understand each other, Frank. You'll get your daughter, and I wish you luck. She deserves it for what she's done to me. But when I come calling I won't beg for her. I won't beg either of you. She's mine then."

For a moment more Ollers held a flat, contemplative stare on Traut. Then he smiled. "I'm beginning to think you'll make a good son-in-law, Ed," he said. "But don't get the habit of guessing my mind."

He turned and walked from the room, neither saying good night nor looking back at the door. Cigar smoke wreathed behind him, eddying above the lamp and drifting over Traut's head.

GOVERNOR SPRAGUE sat at his ease. He had fed well, as usual, and he was a little drowsy and quite comfortable except for the heat that laid a faint perspiration upon his jowls. Beth sat across from him, her hands busy with needles, her thoughts straying restlessly.

"Ollers wasn't pleased to hear about the Indian council," said Sprague. "Probably felt I should have consulted him first. He should know by now I do things my own way."

Beth bowed her head, barely hearing and not replying. This was the way of her evenings. They stretched grayly back through the years since she first was old enough to sit at her father's table. She had long since made her choice and resigned herself, yet she would not give way to hopelessness.

No one knew her father as well as she. His heavy air of assurance, his blustering confidence, his solemn and thoughtful mein of the man of affairs. And behind this his ineptitudes, his inability to grasp details, his blindness to men's natures and motives.

Sprague saw himself making a new political reputation as a man who got things done on the frontier. Beth knew even before they reached Fort Gibson that he would fail again. She had accepted that. But not until her father came under the influence of Frank Ollers did it occur to her that failure might become disgrace.

There was nothing she could do but fight on in a woman's small way, and stand beside her father when failure or disgrace or both should come. And that she would do. Her father was an empty man. But he was an honest man. And he was her father.

Sprague broke in on her thoughts: "How is Sean?"

"He's getting stronger. Doctor Clausen said he can get up in a week or two. I think I shall go see him now."

"Has he ever spoken of taking out American citizenship?"

"No, Father."

Sprague said with vague disappointment, "I had hoped he would. He is a gentleman of the highest worth, as I have often said, and I think one day he'll speak for you. But in my position it would be better if he were a citizen."

Beth leaned over, laughing, and kissed the top of his head. "It is not a good night to choose a young man for me," she said.

The laughter died from her mouth as she left the quarters. She took the road up the hill toward the hospital.

She entered Sean's hospital room to find Harriet there as well as the surgeon. This was not surprising, for Harriet had come often with soups and berries after Sean began to mend.

Sean was sitting up, and his thin face was alive with pleasure. "Come join the party," he said. "We're celebrating the coming return of the prodigal." Beth knew whom he meant, and felt a glad little leap of her heart, even before he continued, "Harriet brought the word that Phil arrives tonight."

Beth turned to Harriet with a friendly

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smile, receiving in return one of the cool, measuring glances with which Harriet always kept her at a distance.

"I must go," said Harriet. "Good night. Good night, Papa Pot."

At the door she paused, saying with an odd little smile that seemed to be directed at Beth, "You'd better enjoy the prodigal while you can. I don't think he'll be here long."

"Now what," growled Clausen when she had gone, "did she mean by that? And why do I ask, for I think I know?"

Sean said to Beth, "You're glad he's coming, aren't you?"

"Yes. Of course."

"I mean, particularly glad."

Clausen broke in, "I'll waste no more of this night on you, Sean. There are sicker men in this slaughterhouse of mine."

As he walked out Beth observed the extreme weariness of his gait. On no man of the garrison had the summer been so hard. He had fussed and grumbled and his tongue had grown sharper each time the muffled drums marched down to the cemetery. But he had never given up, even when he was too exhausted to tie off a vein for his lancet.

"In a way," said Sean, "I am glad that Phil was gone this summer. I had come to rely on him too much, the way the weak always rely on the strong. Even when I was not with him, the thought that he was near by was comforting. You see, Beth, when we first came, all this out here was frightening to me. I needed the support of someone who was not afraid."

"I know," Beth murmured.

"Doctor Clausen said I will never again be so close to death without dying. I think that is true. There are many days of this summer that are not in my memory at all, though I know now that you and the doctor were here through all of them. I'm more than a little surprised that I'm alive, for I think I had always expected to die in this wilderness. And that was what Major Traut meant when he said, the day we arrived, that I wouldn't be here long."

"Sean! What a way to talk!"

"It's true." Against his skin, so pale and waxen it almost seemed transparent, Sean's blue eyes were very large and dark. There was in them an intensity, a light of hope, that Beth had never before seen. "But I am alive. I've won. And I'm not afraid any more. Beth, I believe now I can grow strong out here!"

He stretched out his hand. She took it, feeling the yearning in the weak pressure of his fingers. There was happiness in her for him, and yet she was overtaken by a sadness that was like an ache in her throat.

"I believe it too, Sean," she said. She leaned over and kissed his forehead, then placed his hand back on his lap. "But you will never grow strong without rest now. Good night."

She fled down the hill, acknowledging that this was flight and hating herself for it. This was Sean's great dream and he wanted to talk of it. And she had not had the courage to listen, for fear he was going to speak of love.

She turned at the path to her house but paused there. The music of a violin came to her from the direction of the pickets, and it spoke disturbingly to her.

Two mounted men, riding abreast, came first out of the darkness. Behind them plodded two yokes of oxen pulling a wagon. The horsemen had passed her when the rider on the far side swerved his mount and spurred him directly toward her.

He pulled his horse up beside her and leaned down to peer. She saw the smiling brown face of Philip Royall, more lean and more handsome than she remembered it.

"It is you!" he exclaimed gaily. "Hello, Beth!"

He leaned farther, and though she guessed his intention she could not move as his lips touched hers in a quick exuberant salute. She turned and fled into the house as he galloped back to the head of his detachment.

ROYALL stood beside his lantern at the stables, watching the oxen settle to their prairie hay. Their lowered heads and swinging tails bespoke a melancholy contentment; the beasts knew they were home.

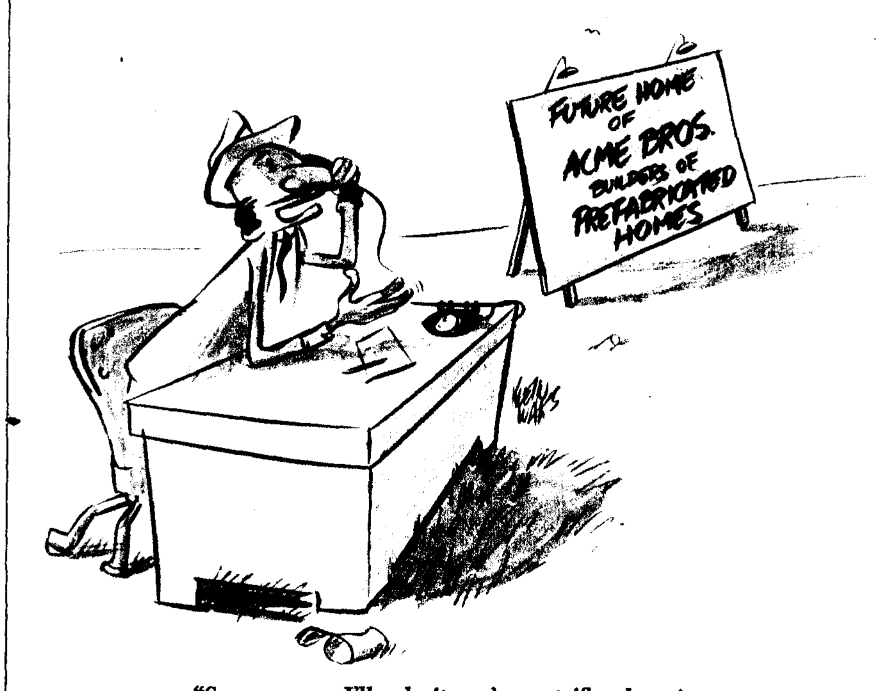
Capper came with Royall's saddle trunk, easing it off his shoulder to the ground at Royall's feet.

"Thank you, Capper," said Royall.

The soldier touched his cap, waiting for orders to carry it to Royall's quarters. The trunk was not large. But then, Capper was small—so small that Hogue had sent him tumbling with a one-handed push that day on the bee log.

"Leave it," said Royall. "That's guardhouse work."

Capper grinned and moved off into the darkness, a slight swagger in his gait. It came to Royall that Capper was proud of his place as a member of the pinery detail, and would show it in B Company barracks tonight. There was a pride of belonging in the whole detail that would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set them apart for months to come even though they merged now back into the garrison. Sergeant Taylor possessed it, and, Royall suspected, nursed it along.

The sergeant came to his side. "Shall I assemble 'em before I dismiss 'em, sir?"

Royall considered that, thinking that Taylor wanted him to say some word to the detachment. He found he did want to say that he felt their pride too. But a wry sense of reality stopped him.

Royall saw suddenly in his mind's eye a bumptious subaltern standing before a collection of laborers who called themselves soldiers, praising himself by praising them. He said, "No, Sergeant."

As Taylor walked away Royall listened again for the sound of the violin. The music had stopped as the detachment passed the east gate on the road to the stables, and it had not come again.

He was not sure that he was glad to be back, although the sight of Beth Sprague a few minutes ago had been a moment of keenest pleasure. He smiled, remembering the astonished tremor of her lips against his and then her flight.

His thoughts were interrupted by a quick pounding of boots, and Lieutenant Ballance came into the lantern's light.

"Major Traut's compliments, Mr. Royall. You will present your detachment on the parade. With packs."

"Acknowledged, Mr. Ballance. Sergeant Taylor!" But the sergeant already had heard from somewhere in the near darkness, and his call to the ranks rang out, a strong and prolonged summons that had disgust in it.

"A good summer?" asked Ballance conversationally.

"A good summer," replied Royall curtly, and left him standing there.

AS HE brought the file in at the east gate, Royall felt the silence and the resentment that had come upon men who a few minutes ago shared a cheerful weariness. It was in him too, blotting out the goodness of the return. He saw a lantern on the ground and shadowy legs beside it, and he halted and dressed the detail on it. Then he went forward and doffed his cap, still not able to see Traut's face in the dead spot of blackness above the lantern.

"Lieutenant Royall reporting with detachment, sir."

"Prepare for inspection, Mr. Royall."

Royall came about and threw his voice, and the ranks spread and placed their packs on the ground before them. There was a quick bobbing of Taylor's lantern as he dressed the line again.

"You will bring my lantern, Mr. Royall," said Traut. "Hold it waist-high, please."

Traut swung before the line and started down.

He stopped before Hogue, going over the man minutely. Even in the yellow light of the lantern Royall could see that Hogue's right hand was paler than the other from the bandages that had covered it until yesterday, and he waited for Traut's eyes to find it.

Traut stepped back. "Open your pack. Mr. Royall, the lantern down here, please."

Hogue bent to his pack, unstrapping and spreading it. Traut stood above him. "The stockings—yes, hand them to me—and the shirts—the drawers too—where's your blanket?" Traut held them to the light, then brought them close to his nose and sniffed. They were clean, as all the packs were clean.

Traut dropped the stockings. They fell beside the pack and Hogue reached for them with his left hand, crossing it over his right to do so.

"Hogue, what's the matter with your hand?"

Hogue straightened, shooting a glance at Royall.

"Speak up, man!"

Hogue said carefully, "Me and the lootenant was chasin' Comanches, sir, and I got throwed from my horse and broke it."

Traut turned to Royall. "Comanches, were they?" he said tartly, and passed on.

Royall waited a moment more, meeting with hard eyes the unyielding stare of Hogue. Nothing was changed between them.

The inspection completed, Traut said, "Report to me at once," and strode away. Royall dismissed the detail, and reached the headquarters as Traut seated himself.

"Mr. Royall," he said, "how do you know a Comanche when you see one?"

"I don't, sir. I acted on the knowledge of Sergeant Taylor."

"And what knowledge did Sergeant Taylor impart to you?"

"These Indians were the best horsemen I have ever seen. And they and their horses wore heavy ornaments of silver."

Traut asked dryly, "Did you examine those ornaments to ascertain that they were silver?"

"No, sir. We were never that close."

"Did you know that the Pawnees load themselves down with shiny kickshaws they get from fur trappers?"

"No, sir."

TRAUT regarded Royall through a little silence, saying then with satisfaction, "You have proved yourself a competent hewer of wood, Mr. Royall, but as of the present your competence ends there. If any plains Indians approach from that direction they will be Pawnees, not Comanches. And the Osages will warn us. Remember that before you send another alarm back."

Royall replied coolly, "My competence in other directions has not been tested, sir. Nor have you the right to question it until it has been tested."

He expected his words to produce a violent reaction, and waited with detachment for it to come. Although temper was mounting in him he found, curiously, that it was no great task to keep it in check. Once, in this room, this man had lashed him to wild fury. Now he recognized the sensual pleasure that Traut sucked from the goad.

But Traut only smiled, saying quickly, "Then we shall test it. Presumably Colonel Thayer exposed you to the principles of engineering at the academy. You will proceed with a detachment to Fort Johnson, survey the old buildings and submit a report on the repairs necessary for reoccupation."

"Yes, sir."

"Governor Sprague and his daughter and Mr. Ollers are going to Little Rock. You will serve as an escort for them as far as Fort Johnson. To assist them, Mr. Royall, not to protect them. You will find no occasion to send back alarms from that direction."

"Very well, sir." Royall grinned, causing Traut to look sharply at him. This assignment was intended to keep Royall out of Gibson. Traut could not know that he found the prospect pleasing. Besides, there would be two days with Beth between here and Fort Johnson.

Traut asked abruptly, "Have you made a soldier of the man Hogue?"

"No, sir."

"You found it necessary to discipline him?"

"Yes, sir."

"What measures?"

"Confinement to camp and extra fatigue."

"So? And did you find such measures effective?"

"No, sir."

"Is he fit for duty now?"

"I believe so."

"Then you will take the same detachment again. Perhaps, Mr. Royall, you will find some touchstone of discipline that has eluded me, and will be able to instruct me in the art of commanding men. That is all."

(To be continued next week)

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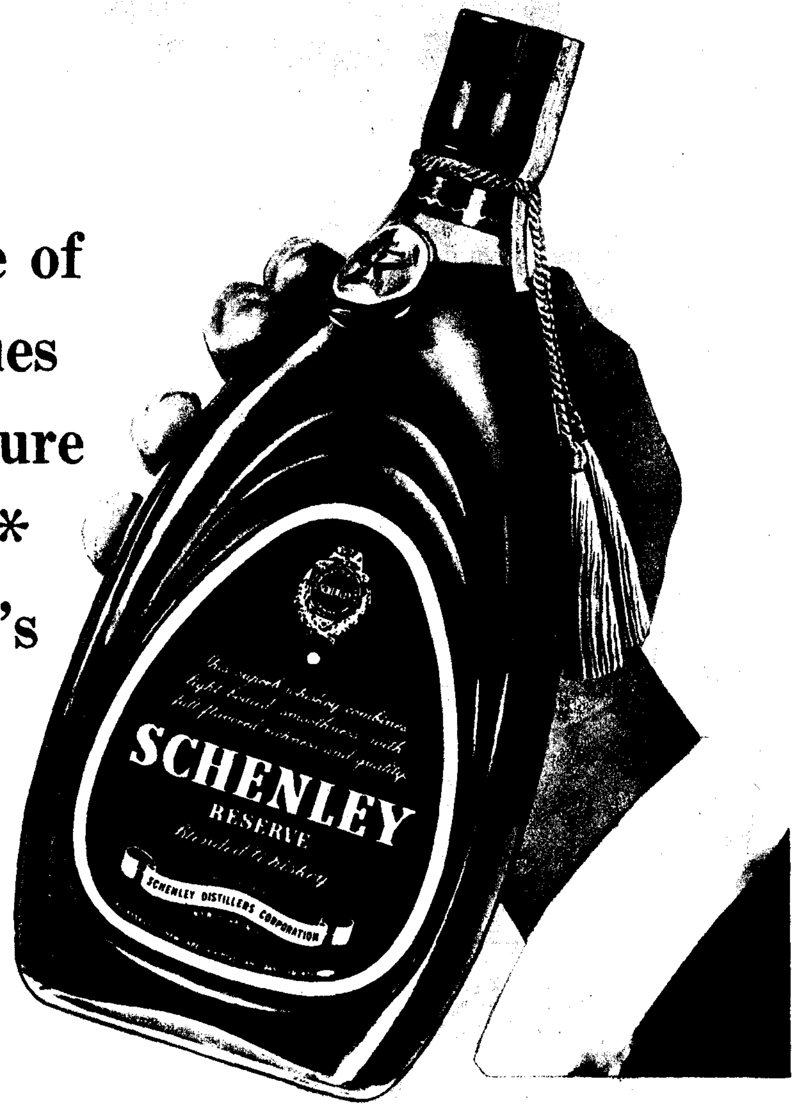
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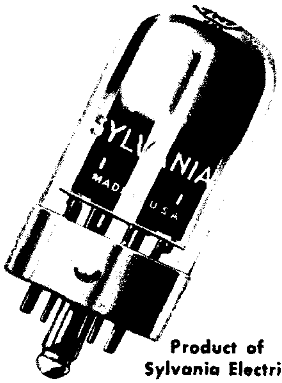

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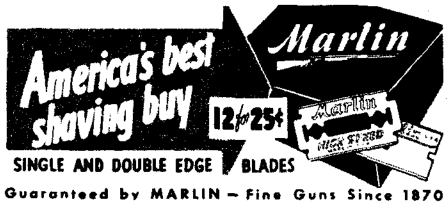

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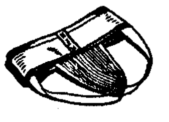
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A MILLION WORDS A MINUTE

Continued from page 14

Telegraph combined handled in 1940. But other means of getting in touch have doubled and tripled. Long-distance telephone calls have increased to two billion a year, or twice their prewar number. Air mail has tripled. Business concerns are now using almost twice as many teletype machines (leased from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Western Union). And now, over the horizon, comes Ultrafax.

When Western Union celebrated a hundred years of the telegraph wire in 1945, cynical radio engineers wondered what the celebration was about. The wire is passé, they said. Now that Ultrafax is here, say these critics, what is Western Union going to do about it?

Western Union has already started to do something about it. The company has installed more than 1,000 miles of radio relay circuits to serve Eastern cities. Over this network, telegrams are already moving by radio, a revolution in itself.

The Wires Are Coming Down

Western Union men indicate that their 1,700,000 miles of telegraph wire are on their way down. The company has bought and leased sites for radio towers as far west as Kansas, and hopes to have a national radio relay network within five to ten years. On this network Western Union can put its telegrams, and then go out for new business. It is already competing for the job of transmitting television programs from city to city; and it could, with such a network, take on Ultrafax.

What's wrong with this picture? For one thing, Western Union's new radio relays can handle telegrams all right, but require more equipment to handle the wide television and Ultrafax bands. (Only the New York-Philadelphia leg of Western Union's network is already so equipped.) To outfit the rest of the network for television would cost an additional 25 per cent. And, by the way, where will this money come from?

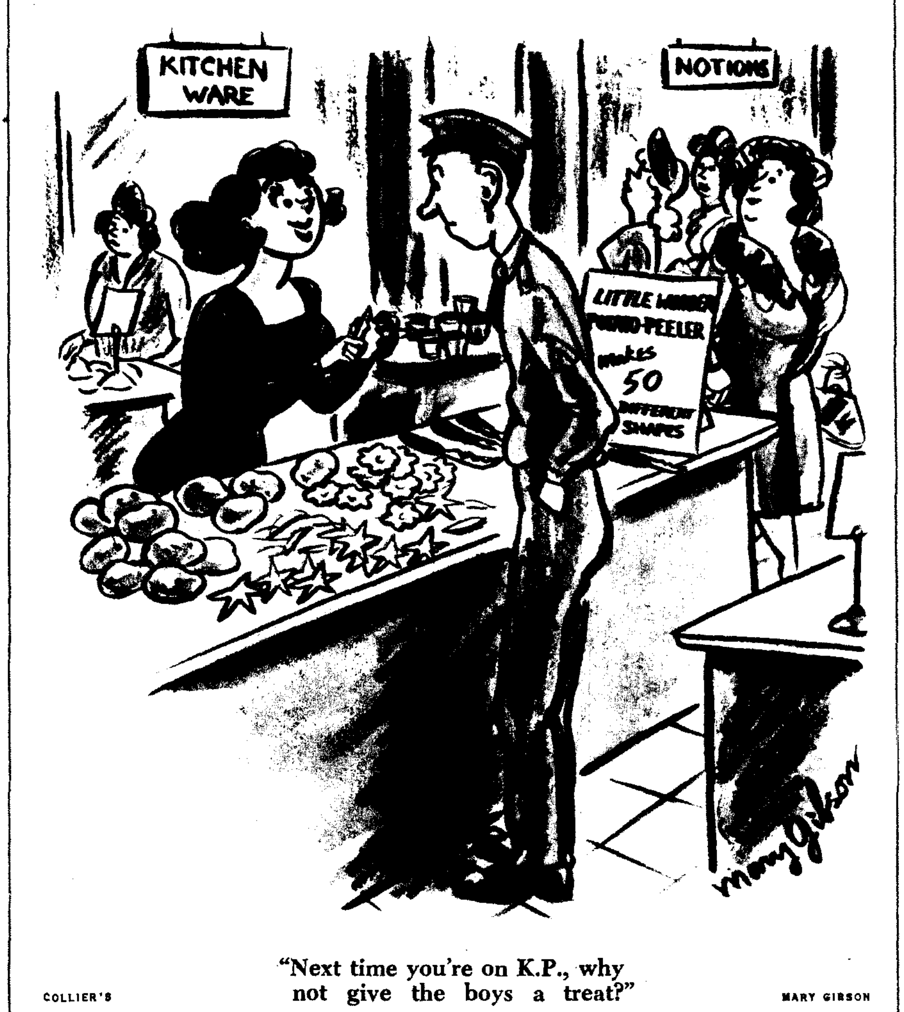
In 1946 Western Union lost $11,000,000. Last year it made some money, but that was the year when you couldn't make a long-distance telephone call for weeks because of a national telephone strike. This year, Western Union is in the red again. The company hopes to get into the black by rebuilding its greeting telegram business the government *barred* during the war, by cutting costs with new equipment, and by convincing Congress to remove the 25 per cent excise tax and so boost business. Even if all these hopes are realized, Western Union will still have to count its pennies.

Then who will bring us the million-words-per-minute service?

There's the corporate giant, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, no mean pioneer in communications itself. In addition to telephone service, the Telephone Company supplies the circuits over which the broadcasting companies channel their network programs. More important, it supplies broad-band facilities on which television can be beamed between cities. The A.T. & T. has just branched out into radio relay circuits, and has built about 400 miles of them to supplement the coaxial cable which the Bell Laboratories developed.

The point is, A.T. & T. already has television circuits on which at least partial Ultrafax service can be launched (in the East between New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and in the Middle West between St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Milwaukee and Detroit). Swinging greater fiscal heft than Western Union, the Telephone Company can keep on laying tracks in the ether (and, by coaxial cable, in the ground) as television business warrants, until the country is blanketed with its television-bearing circuits.

The A.T. & T. seems to have the edge in the race to take over the Ultrafax busi-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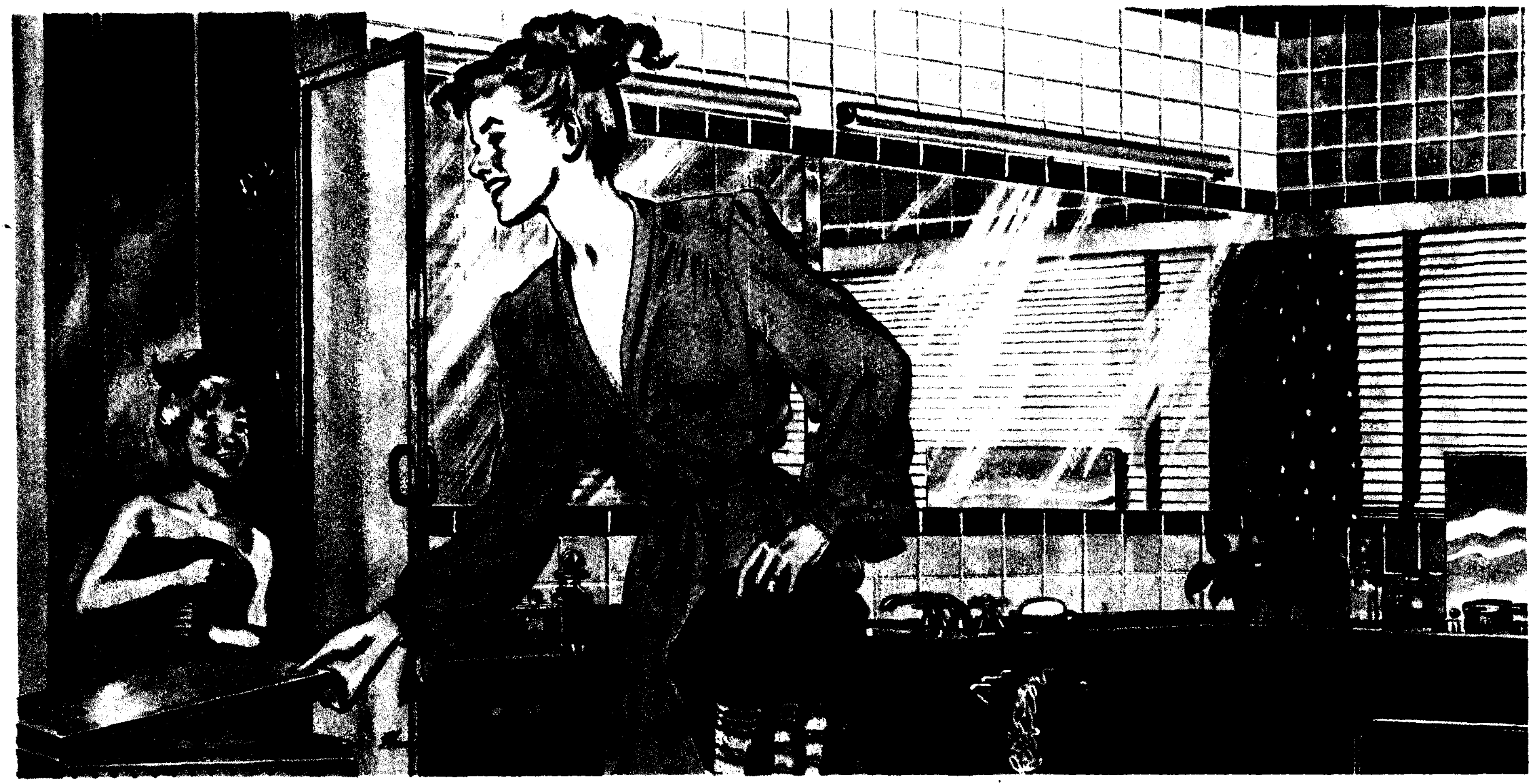

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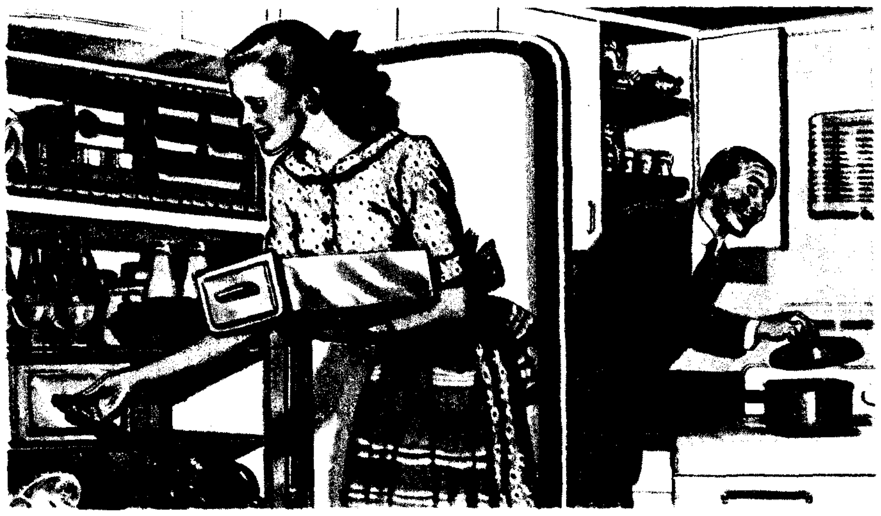

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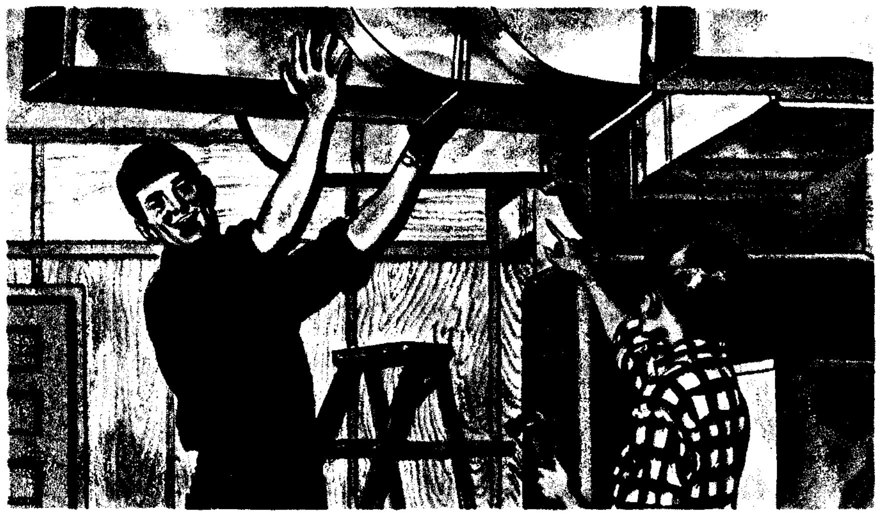

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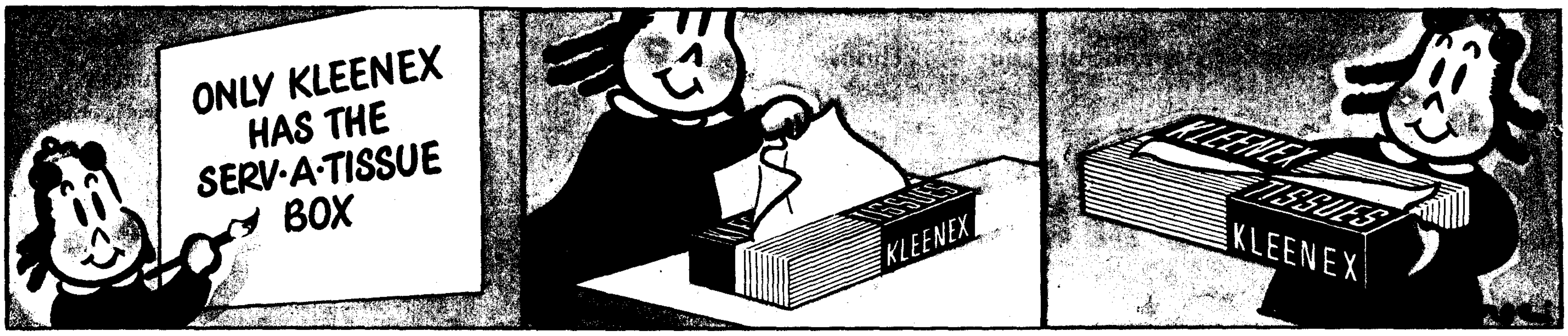
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ness. Except for one thing: The Federal Communications Commission bars the A.T. & T. from the telegram business. The FCC reserves that field for Western Union.

There is one way out: Western Union could be permitted to lease the television circuits from A.T. & T. And while we're on the subject of leasing television circuits, let's not forget the Post Office Department. This could be the way for the government to bring that radio mail of the future to you.

When that radio mail comes, it will mark the end of a long gripe. If you would raise your boy to be an inventor (or president of a corporation) teach him to be dissatisfied. For years the men at RCA weren't satisfied with the telegram as a means of sending recorded messages.

David Sarnoff put it this way: If you sent a crate of fruit from California to New York the way you send a telegram, you would have to knock it down first, send the pieces, then have them reassembled in the East. That's what you do with a telegram when you reduce its sentences to words, the words to letters, and the letters to dots and dashes.

So, as far back as 1920 when RCA built its first radio transmitter, Sarnoff fumed, "We ought to be able to send the whole message just by throwing a switch." It would be faster. There'd be no errors in handling, except those made by the writer himself. And you could transmit more than words. You could send pictures.

The Radiophoto Comes of Age

The idea of sending pictures by wire has fired men's minds for a century, and the first transatlantic radiophoto was transmitted as far back as 1924. RCA's impatient technicians, spurred by Sarnoff's dream of "sending messages whole instead of in pieces," came up with a commercially feasible facsimile in 1935. But that facsimile is to Ultrafax as the Wright Brothers' flying machine is to a jet-propelled airplane. Before you could have Ultrafax you first had to have the wide-band, high-frequency transmission of television, and the long-distance radio relay and "hot photography." These finally became available during the war years. Put them all together (as the RCA engineers have) and they spell a million words a minute.

On television, a sort of uncle to Ultrafax, RCA lavished some $50,000,000 and won for David Sarnoff the title, "Father of Television." On the radio relay, the long line tracks through the ether, RCA also lavished its best inventive brains.

To send long-distance telephone calls, A.T. & T. naturally turned to telephone lines. It developed the coaxial cable equipped with repeaters at every fifty miles to bring up or restore the fading original signal, and these cables are handling network broadcasts and intercity television programs as well. To solve a similar problem of sending long-distance messages and broadcasts, RCA just as naturally turned to radio waves.

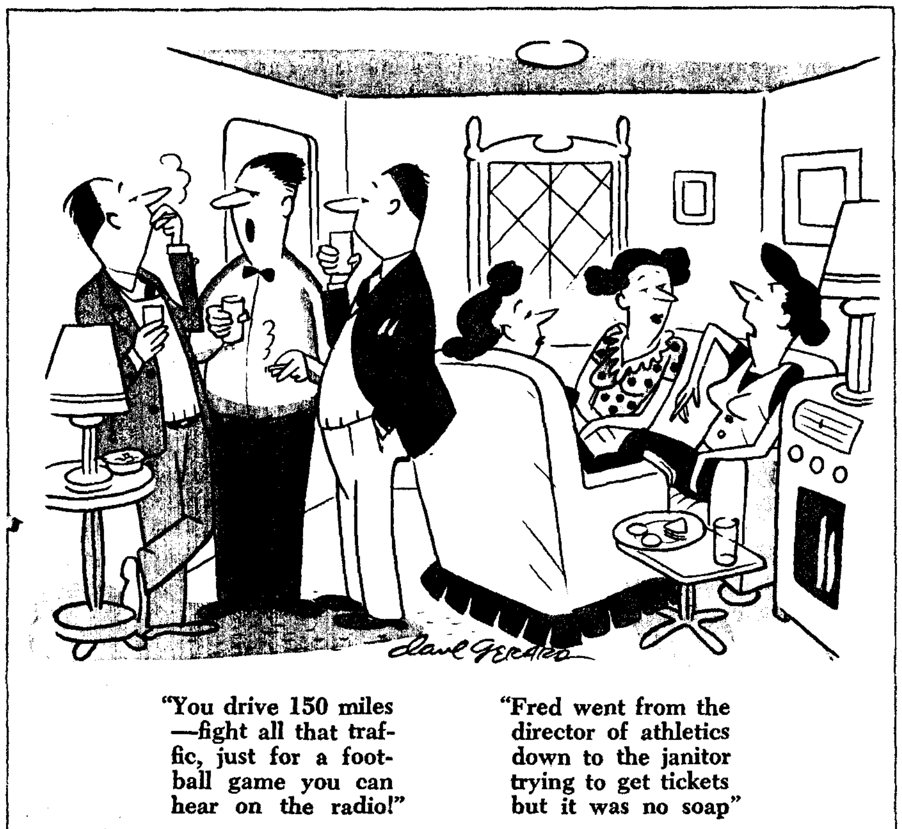
A Man with Many Patents

A stocky Indiana country boy by the name of Clarence W. Hansell, who holds so many patents (250 at the last count) that he's known as the Hoosier Edison, developed the radio relay in RCA laboratories. It bounces short radio waves to the horizon, about 25 to 50 miles depending on the terrain, where they are picked up by repeater stations and reflected on to the next tower. Western Union and A.T. & T., as we've seen, are installing such relays to carry telegrams, telephone calls and television programs. Radio relay's rooters predict that radio relay tracks in the ether will be the long lines of the future.

The "hot photography," which captures the speeding images at the receiving end of Ultrafax, is a war baby born in the Kodak Research Laboratories to photograph the fleeting images on radar screens. Donald S. Bond, a scholarly RCA physicist, adapted the new photography—it delivers a single frame of film ready for printing in forty-five seconds instead of the usual forty minutes—to Ultrafax.

So the scientists and engineers in our society have come through again. Now it is up to others to catch up with them. Before you can flash that picture of your first-born by Ultrafax to grandparents across the continent, or spread today's London Times across your knee, Congress must clear the way. It must give us a 1949 edition of that 1934 law which still governs sound broadcasting, television and radio communications.

Lack of government policy on regulation of the wide band is a barrier. Once this is cleared, money will be found, and the day of the picture message will be here.



"You drive 150 miles—fight all that traffic, just for a football game you can hear on the radio!"

"Fred went from the director of athletics down to the janitor trying to get tickets but it was no soap"

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● "Airfilm" is a registered trade mark of Airfilm Corporation.

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BETTY HUTTON says:

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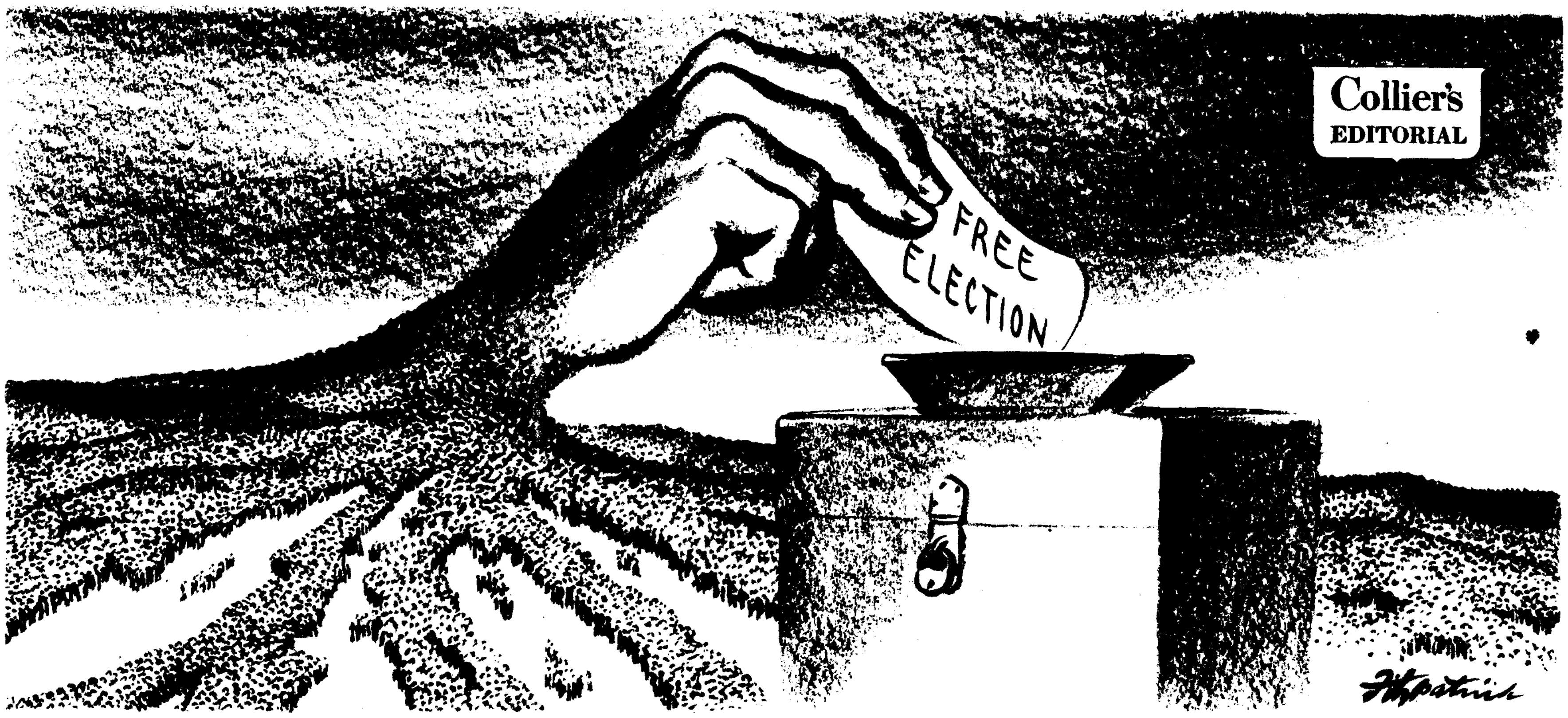
What a terrific team they make! Perfectly paired for romance! Hilariously aided by Barry Fitzgerald and Monty Woolley. Do yourself a favor, see "*Miss Tatlock's Millions*" at your favorite theatre soon.



Collier's believes...

THE ISSUES ARE CLEAR FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO SEE

WE ARE ENJOYING the luxury of a Presidential campaign. Make no mistake; it is a luxury, a very great luxury allowed only to a few highly favored peoples. If we lived elsewhere we might be wondering how it came about that Americans, of all nations, were so highly privileged.

We paid, not merely once, but many times, a part of the price of admission. We inherited quite a lot of the liberty we possess and so did those who came before us. But the young among us have again and again showed the courage and the hardihood to defend what was bequeathed from the past. Yet we can't claim now, nor could we ever truly have proved that we are braver or wiser or nobler than other peoples.

Still the homespun fact is that several men and a number of organizations are trying to win the approval of a majority of the 50,000,000 voters who rule this country. Some man who was born in simple circumstances very soon will get the privilege of residing in the house at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. A four-year lease will be given him as well as the opportunity to exert considerable influence in this land and world.

Here we are less than two weeks away from Election Day. Thirty million, maybe more, voters may favor one candidate and make him President. Even now they may have reached a verdict. Twenty million voters will divide their loyalties between five or six other candidates who will not be elected. By Wednesday morning very early, perhaps before, we shall know what we have done. Whatever it is it will be important.

President Truman and Governor Dewey will divide the larger number of votes. One of them will be elected. So far as foreign policy is concerned there are no important differences between Democrats and Republicans. Both parties have honored themselves and their supporters by keeping international affairs out of partisanship.

There is not even any difference in the international field between Democrats and Republicans on one side and the Dixiecrats and Socialists on the other. The voters would have to elect Henry A. Wallace to get a real change in foreign policy. By electing Wallace we could substitute the policy approved by the Russians for that supported by Secretary Marshall and Senator Vandenberg, as well as by Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, and Governor Thurmond, the Dixiecrat leader.

Not much chance of that although Henry Wallace will have in addition to the organized Communist backing the support of many people who blindly hope that in voting for him they are voting against war. As though any American of any party wanted war!

On the domestic side the differences are not black and white but tones of gray. Labor is not concentrated on one side. Neither are conservatives and liberals. Many Southern Democrats are quite as Tory as Pennsylvania or Illinois Republicans. Many Northern Republicans are at least as liberal as the most progressive Democrats.

The Dixiecrats are running on a State rights issue with some emphasis on race relations although their candidate, Governor Thurmond, disclaims any desire to deny civil rights to any racial group. Norman Thomas is merely restating the peaceful Socialist doctrine. He opposes the Communist idea quite as sincerely as do Democrats, Republicans and Dixiecrats.

So once more we will choose between men and between organizations. Collier's, as a national weekly seeking to interest and to serve readers throughout the United States, deliberately abstains from expressing a choice. We are content to state the issues as we see them.

But we rejoice in the fact that in this perilous moment in world history Americans are able to hold a Presidential election. We are glad that there are no differences of opinon between the major American parties on international issues. We think that if Americans were seriously divided or confused on the questions raised by Russia, the dangers would be increased manifold. We think that American unity on essentials is in fact the one great hope of safety in this world.

We are glad finally that those who dissent from what we consider majority common sense and good sense are free to voice their opinions. We think Henry Wallace is very wrongheaded but we think we are all better for having tolerated his foolishness.

We are confident finally that whatever verdict is rendered on November 2d the spectacle of a free election in a free land of 146,000,000 people will be an example and an inspiration to peoples everywhere who also would enjoy the privilege of making their own decisions. To be an American in 1948 is a very special privilege.

☆ ☆ ☆ "It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER ☆ ☆ ☆

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